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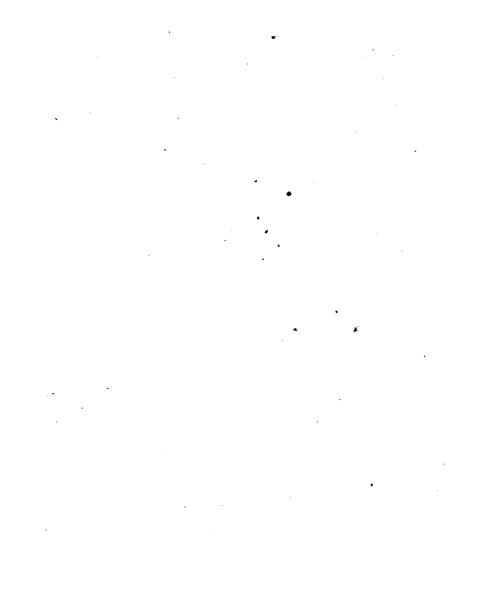
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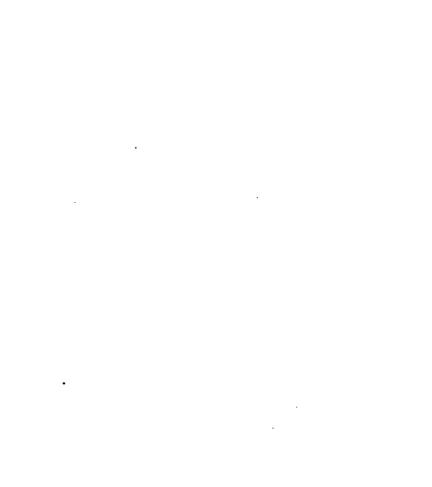
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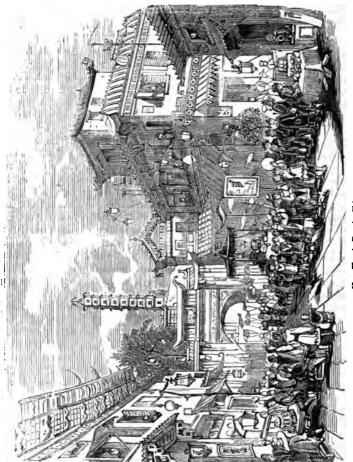


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New Year's Day in Chins.

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN CHINA.

In nearly all lands the coming in of the new year will be the occasion of mutual greeting and of universal merry-making. festival is so general throughout the world as that of New Year's Day. To those who are spared to see it, it may well be a time for thankfulness and congratulation. It should also be a time for thoughtfulness, and no feasting or merriment should make us forget that "a year older" means a year nearer to eternity. Indeed the customs of all nations in connection with the festival of New Year's Day show that in the midst of all the rejoicing there is a shade of sad ness, as when a cloud passes before the sun at noon-day. It could not well be otherwise, since there are few who have not some bitter regrets when they think of the past, and few who have not to mourn the los of loved ones. And so we find that the Chinese, who herald the ap proach of the new year with the wildest rejoicing, observe a perfect and solemn silence during the morning of the first day, and are careful to paste blue papers on their doorposts if any members of the family have died since the commencement of the past year. These touching memorials of the dead are always reverently respected. The Chinesi have a good many national festivals, but none of them attract so much attention as those of the new year, which last three days, and for which preparations are made long before. During this holiday the streets are lined with stalls set out in the gayest fashion, and filled with tempting objects of all kinds, intended as presents for young and old. Strips of red and gilt paper, with "fuh" (that is "happiness"), printed upon them, are sold for distribution; and a friend meets friend, you hear continually the salutation, "Kunghi kunghi!" "I respectfully wish you joy!" On their houses and boats they paste up red paper prayers for the "five blessings," These are long life, riches, health, virtue, and a natural death. Some of their customs might well be imitated by other nations—such as their care to have at this time a thorough cleansing of their house, outside and in, and to pay all their debts. Great importance is attached to their doing the last, as it is considered a disgrace not to

have all accounts settled by New Year's Day, and if any neglect it, their creditors take their doors off the hinges and carry them away, that their goods may be exposed to plunder—though this, of course, is both foolish and wicked.

Very superstitious practices are indulged in by many, such as rushing through the streets and into houses, beating gongs to drive the demons away, and firing off thousands of crackers for the same purpose, and to please their gods. They also present themselves before their idols, that they may settle accounts with their gods, and make atonements by offerings for the offences they may have committed during the year. So, with all their feasting and revelry, they look upon New Year's Day as a time of reckoning. It will be well, if, when we are giving and receiving our New Year's presents, and wishing each other "fuh!" and "kunghi!" we also reflect upon the past year of our life, and confess its sins before the living and true Jesus has made an atonement for us, and the only sacrifices that our God requires are "a broken and contrite heart." while we rejoice in the knowledge of the Gospel, and in the salvation that is offered to all who believe in the Lord, let us ask ourselves at the beginning of the new year how much we have done to spread the knowledge of the Gospel abroad. The heathen are perishing in ignorance and superstition—have we helped to tell them anyhow of the dear Saviour we have found?

The Feast of Lanterns * is observed in connection with the new year at the time of the first full moon. The Chinese then carry many curiously-constructed lanterns in procession through the

streets, accompanied by music and banners.

* See the Engraving.

"MEET ME IN HEAVEN."

A STORY FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

"BREAKFAST is ready, Katherine," said my father.

"I know it, papa, and I am coming," I replied, but still I lingered. My mother had promised to write to me on New Year's eve, and I was anxiously looking for the postman.

"Katherine," said my father again, and this time his voice was reproachful, "breakfast is ready."

I left the window then, and, approaching his couch, began to rattle the cups and saucers in such a manner as to show that I obeyed unwillingly.

"Papa cannot bear that noise," said my brother Norman. "Kate seems to forget,"

"Did you forget, Kate?" asked little Mary from her high chair beside papa.

I did not speak, but my face and neck grew crimson. The fact was that, being vexed because I had to leave the window, I had, for a moment, really wished to distress and annoy papa. It was unreasonable, I thought, to call me away when I was anxious to remain. Could not my brother, for once, have filled the cups, and given little Mary her biscuit?

"I shall be glad when your mother returns," said papa. "We want her sadly."

His tone reproved me, and as soon as we were alone, I threw myself into his arms, and implored forgiveness. It was not the first time during my mother's unavoidable absence that I had give him pain. I who had promised to nurs him so tenderly!

"I can easily pardon you," said paps
"but will you amend? Is this a res
and lasting sorrow, Katherine? Wi
you not grieve me again to-morrow an
the day after?"

"No, indeed, papa."

"What makes you so confident?" I hesitated.

"Have you asked the Saviour to hel you?" continued my father.

I did not reply, for it would have bee falsehood to say Yes, and I was ashame to say No. Papa must have rightly in terpreted my silence, for he said, "I ar very sorry. You will not succeed in you efforts unless you pray."

In the long talk which succeeded, acknowledged that I had given up al hope of receiving assistance from above because a voice within seemed to say that Christ despised me. Papa explaine that this was a suggestion of the enemy of souls, and bade me pray for the Holy Spirit, that I might resist him. I promised to do so, and our conversation ended.

My father had for many years laboure "in season and out of season," and tha beneath a tropical sky, as a preacher of the Gospel. But now his days wernumbered. He was dying. I did no know it, for his physician had decided the await my mother's return before he re

vealed the truth. There was no hope, and the end was even nearer than Dr. B—— imagined.

Norman and I met again at noon that day, and I showed him my new year's letter.

"It is very good," said he, with the thoughtful look which I had often remarked upon his face since papa had told him of his hope that he would one day, in his turn, go forth to declare God's truth in the ears of the heathen. "I hope, dear Kate, you will take mamma's advice, and begin the year with faith in 'your father's God."

"What does that mean?" inquired Mary, who was playing at his side. My brother looked down upon her with a smile.

"It means," said he, "that mamma and I wish Kate to love God this year, and for ever after."

"Don't you already?" said Mary, turning to me.

Instead of answering, I kissed her and went away. But still her question followed me, "Don't you already?"

When Doctor B—— called as usual that afternoon, he took me aside, and asked for my mother's address. I told him she was at R—— with my grandfather, whose house had been partially destroyed by fire, and who was "just such an invalid as papa." He inquired if I knew when she would return, and I replied in the negative.

"It may be to-night, or to-morrow, or next week," I explained, "for grandpapa is very old, and if mamma can persuade him to come and live with us, she will return immediately."

Doctor B—— went away, and, as I afterwards discovered, at once telegraphed to R——. My mother came home that night, and before the morning all the household, save little Mary, knew that my father was dying. The fortnight of apparent convalescence on which we had built our hopes had deceived us all; but now, even more rapidly than Doctor B—— had predicted, the end was approaching.

Dear papa! how I loved him in those last moments! Yet I had so often displeased and disappointed him that his tenderness oppressed me almost painfully. He might, without injustice, have treated me with less indulgence than Norman—whose conduct had ever been dutiful; but he made no difference. I was not banished from his room, or forbidden to minister to his wants; and when I pressed my lips to his cold brow he always smiled, as if he had not only forgiven my follies, but what was far more difficult, forgotten them.

Mamma was one of those women whose presence in a sick room is a priceless blessing. She taught us to help her, and we were greatly soothed by the sweet thought that we were doing something for papa. In the last hour, as we knelt down with her beside the bed, she prayed, at my father's request, forme, —a special prayer, a prayer which I shall never forget.

When we rose, papa fixed his eyes upon me, and said, "Katherine, will you meet me in heaven?"

I did not promise, I felt as if I dared not,—but I asked him to pray for me. He did so, and as he ceased, his spirit suddenly departed to be with Christ.

It was a solemn thing to turn away and try to realise that I was fatherless. It seemed at first impossible to believe that the God who had thus removed the desire of our eyes with a stroke was good and kind. But better thoughts succeeded, as in the solitude of my own room I echoed my father's dying prayer for mercy through Jesus Christ; and before the morning dawned I knew something of the peace which passeth understanding. A childlike faith, no larger, it may be, than a grain of mustard-seed, was mine. I knew that Jesus was able and willing to save; that the Holy Spirit was given in answer to prayer, that God was a God of love, and I was happy. Even as I stood beside my father's grave, there was an under-current of joy and peace within me, and the words, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," came home with power to my heart.

I am older now, and, of course, far more experienced; but I love to remember that year and its holy lessons. Begun with Christ, it was sweetly spent with him, and now, from the distant land in which I expect to labour amongst the heathen until I die, I send its record home, -not without hope that the question which my father asked so long ago may be applied to many hearts. children, dear English children, "Will you meet me in heaven?" The year is young-begin it, I beseech you, by kneeling at the feet of Jesus, and giving your hearts to him. It will not be a happy time, or a useful time, or a safe time, unless you begin it, through Christ. as the friends of God.

MISSIONARY NEWS.

As these lines will meet your eye, my dear young friends, on New Year's Day perhaps, or very shortly after, I must first wish you a happy new year! To you young folks the beginning of another year is a time of rejoicing. Something earnestly desired is either obtained, or its possession is brought nearer. Going to school—coming home—entering on the work of life—beginning to learn a business—and many other such things, which excite hopes and fears, make these oft-recurring seasons, seasons of joy to young people. It is not so with the old. They feel how little time remains in which to do anything, to possess anything, or enjoy anything. Very soon all must

be left. What a sad thing the end of life would be if there were

no prospect of a better!

But the new year is the time for two things especially—thinking over the past, resolves for the future. As to the past, what mercies to be thankful for, what blessings to rejoice over, what omissions and sins to mourn over! As to the future, we know nothing of it. But we may resolve, in a spirit of humble dependence upon God, to do more for others, to take more care of our money, to read our Bibles more, and to pray more for the increase of Christ's kingdom upon earth.

Now listen to the following narrative. I have taken it from one of the recent missionary letters; and I write it for you, in the hope that it may help you to act on the hints I have just given you. The facts have been sent to me by the Rev. J. Parsons of Delhi, that great city in the north of India, and which was the grand centre

of the late dreadful mutiny.

You will remember that some time ago India was threatened with a famine. I told you how liberally people in this country subscribed their money to purchase food, and how rich people in India, both English and native, did the same thing. But a great many people died for all that. Yet thousands would have perished, had not these kind rich people did what they did. Of that famine the following

narrative supplies an incident.

You have most of you either read or heard of that wonderful book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." You will remember a poor little girl who did not know her parents, how old she was, where she was born, nor anything about God or Jesus Christ, or sin or salvation, and she was called "Topsy." And this is the name given to a little girl who was lying on the cold ground at midnight in one of the streets of Delhi, about ten months ago, in a state of starvation, and perfectly naked. The wheels of a carriage were just passing over her frail body, when she was snatched from danger, and placed in safety. When asked about her parents she could only say they were "in the village;" but where that village was she knew not. To the question how she came to be left alone in the streets of Delhi, she answered that her

"mother had forsaken her." Nor does she now know who her

parents are, where she came from, or how she got to Delhi.

It appears that before she was taken up from the street, she had eaten nothing for several days but a few scattered grains of rice and the refuse of vegetables. For some time after she could eat nothing substantial. Even after she wanted for nothing which kind care could bestow, it was with great difficulty that her life was preserved. Her forlorn condition touched a woman's heart, and she resolved to try and save the poor child, and adopting her as her own, to train her up for God's service on earth, and his home in heaven. She fed and nourished her, washed and dressed her; and under her watchful care the poor half-starved "Topsy" becomes a curly-headed, blackeyed, good-tempered little girl, and about as thick as she is long.

Next came the work of instruction, and it was a task! She seemed almost an idiot. One had to repeat, simplify, and explain again and again. For a long time not the slightest progress was made. But month after month the work went on, and apparently without any weariness on the teacher's part. The simple plan adopted was to go over the same ground day after day until some progress was made. The teacher now and then seemed impatient, and looked despondingly. But again her resolution returned; and with all the fidelity and earnestness of a sanctified woman, she kept

true to her mark.

But "Topsy" did learn, after all. Ten months have passed, and she is now a smart, active, clever, and what is better, a really good little girl. She attends to, and amuses other children, watches them while they sleep, gathers flowers for them when they are out, and takes charge of their toys. She is very useful, too, in the house, runs to call the servants, is getting quite handy with her needle, beginning to write Hindi, and to learn "tables." She counts well up to sixty, repeats hymns, reads the gospels pretty well, and it is a beautiful sight to see her night and morning, as with her little hands clasped, and her bright eyes looking up towards heaven, she bends the knee in prayer.

At present I do not know who this kind teacher of "Topsy" is.

But won't you be glad to know that a poor little starved, deserted child found such a friend! Mr. Parsons says, "Our good friends in England who support orphans, must not have an eye on Topsy, for her friend will never give her up." Hereafter it may be that I shall

have more to say about Topsy.

Dear young friends, if no missionary had been in Delhi, you would not have heard of this affecting incident; and this poor child would have perished. Who can tell what she may become one day! Let us commend her to the care and blessing of God. And, dear young friends, may God bless you, and give you "a happy new year."

F. T.

Mission House, 33, Moorgate Street, December, 1861.

A TEMPLE THE TOMB OF INFANTS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Foreign Missionary, writing from Shanghai, China, says, "Not more than a mile distant from the mission premises, there stands a small edifice, closed on all sides, built of brick, and capped with a peaked roof slanting on every side, giving it the appearance of a miniature temple. There is no door nor window, but a small opening near the top, into which the bodies of infants are thrown, not living infants, but the dead. The little form so tenderly cared for by the Christian parent, even after all that gave it life and beauty are fled, is by a heathen wrapped in the garment in which it has died, then tied up in a square of matting, and rude hands toss it into this common mausoleum.

"How vague and comfortless should you think must be the heart of the bereaved mother, who has no knowledge of a resurrection of the body. Jesus alone brings life and immortality to life. She knows nothing of that Almighty Saviour who carries the lambs in his bosom. She does not know of him who called the dead to life, who gave the blind sight, and who suffered little children

to come to him.

"Infanticide in China is not as prevalent, to my knowledge, as in India; but it does exist. This temple is undoubtedly the tomb of many infants committed by an inhuman father or mother to an untimely death. A woman who, when I met her, was a happy Christian, rejoicing in the knowledge of her Saviour, told me that with her own hands she had put one child to death, and very nearly a second, but it was saved by her mother-in-law; and she did it without the sense of guilt. Her husband smoked opium, and gave her no support; and, as these obliders were both girls, she thought it a kindness to save them from the sorrows of life."

THE OFFICER AND THE CONVERTED BRAHMIN.

THE Rev. H. Wilkinson, late of Orissa, of the General Baptist Missionary Society, in the course of an interesting speech, related the following narrative: "I was in the tent of a British officer, who said to me, 'I believe your coming to India is a regular forlorn hope.' 'I should believe the same,' was my reply, 'only God has promised to accompany all I do in his name.' 'But,' he added, 'the Hindus won't make Christians; they are so cunning, they are downright liars. I would not believe a Hindu was a Christian if I saw him.' I told him I had some good native converts that I should like him to see. 'Well,' he replied, 'I should like to see them, and I would show them up to you.'

"Just then our missionary, Gonga, who had been a Brahmin, was coming up the walk to the tent, and I said to the officer, 'Here is one of our native preachers coming; perhaps you would like to show him up.' 'Well,' he said, 'I should like to ask him a few questions.' I said to Gonga, in the native tongue, 'This gentleman don't believe in your Christianity.' 'Well, I can't help that,' said Gonga, the lordliness of his Brahminical character breaking out. 'He wants to ask you a few questions.' 'What is it he wants to ask me questions for?' Does he want to know the reason of the hope there is in me, or to find fault?' Softening, he added, 'Let the gentleman ask me any questions, and I am prepared to answer them.'

"The first question the officer put was, 'How did you get your living before you were a Christian?' Gonga did not quite understand this, and he said, 'Sir, I was an officiating Brahmin.' 'But how did you get your living; tell me that?' Now, just suppose that somebody were to stop the carriage of a gentleman with lawn sleeves, as it was passing along the streets of London, and say to him, 'How do you get your living?' It might be a very awkward question for him to answer, but it would be known very well that he did have a good living. And the officer ought to have understood the case of the Brahmin in the same way. When he did understand that Brother Gonga had had the temple revenues and the offerings of the people, and that he had given them up to become a Christian, he said, 'Well, I did not expect that, anyhow.' He wanted to show that this man had become a Christian just to get a living.

"Old Gonga then related the history of his conversion. He was first impressed with the statements he had found in a religious tract, which led him to put Juggernaut to the test, whether he were a God or no. First, he spent a whole day and night in praying to him, and then he spent the same length of time in cursing him. 'Nothing came of it,' said Gonga, 'and I did not believe he was a God; but to make it more certain still, I went and poked him with a spear, and my arm was not withered.' Then he told of the happy change which had come over his 'ma feelings, and how, by faith in Christ, he had a good hope through grace.

The tears stood in the officer's eyes, and he seized Gonga's black hand, saying, 'God bless you! I am glad to have met with you.'

"Then it was Gonga's turn. 'You have claimed the right,' said he to the officer, 'to examine me; and now, perhaps, you will allow me to examine you a little. You come from a Christian country—you call yourself a Christian; now, I want to ask if you are really a Christian?' The officer got up, and walked into an inner room. Gonga followed him, saying in a gentle voice, 'I did not mean to offend you; and I would only ask you, as a Christian, to pray to God that I may be found faithful until death.' I am happy to tell you that officer dated his conversion to God from that time."

COULD I KEEP THE GOOD NEWS?

A New Zealand girl was brought over to England to be educated. She became a true Christian. When she was about to return, some of her playmates endeavoured to dissuade her. They said—"Why go back to New Zealand? You are accustomed to England now. You love its shady lanes and clover fields. It suits your health. Besides, you may be shipwrecked on the ocean. You may be killed by your own people—everybody will have forgotten you."

"What!" she said, "do you think I could keep the 'good news' to myself? Do you think that I could be content with having got pardon, and peace, and eternal life for myself, and not go and tell my dear father and mother how they

may get it too? I would go if I had to swim there."

A BOY'S SUBSCRIPTION.

SEVERAL years ago, the Rev. —— was addressing a congregation in the western part of Pennsylvania. He had newly returned from India, and described with great power the wretchedness of the heathen, as they rush blindfold into the gulf of despair, with none to tell them of the way of life. How his other hearers were affected, I am unable to say, but among them was a boy, whom I shall call David, whose sighs and tears betrayed his inward emotion. A sigh may be as empty as the moaning of the wind, and tears are often but the soft spray from a transient wave of feeling, producing nothing, and reflecting nothing. But with David, feeling led to action.

A paper was passed round to receive the names of those who promised to give something to aid in the conversion of the heathen. On this, David wrote his name in a clear, bold hand, and over against it the large sum of "one dollar." He had

no money, and at first was at a loss how to get any; but pity for the perishing sharpened his wits, and stimulated his exertions. It was harvest; and he bethought himself of attempting to raise the money by gleaning the waste ears that lay scattered over his father's field. By the end of the week, a yellow heap of three bushels rewarded his industry. This realized three dollars, and after paying his subscription, David had remaining twice as much as he had given, as the Lord's blessing on a "cheerful giver."

But for David there was in store a yet greater blessing. He was brought to know and rejoice in that Saviour whom he was so anxious to make known to

the perishing heathen.

How many of my young readers will give "a dollar" for the cause of missions?

— American Paper.

THE NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

PSALM XXXIV. 3.

WHATSOEVER time may bring. Whether weal or woe betide. Gratitude requires we sing Mercies past, and wants supplied-Ye the new-born year who see, Magnify the Lord with me! We through dangers have been brought, Seen and unseen, night and day; Past deliverances wrought, His parental care display— Ye another year who see, Magnify the Lord with me! And shall not the eye of faith See the future in the past? Firm rely on all he saith, Trust his promise to the last— Ye another year who see, Magnify the Lord with me! Universal blessings pour'd, With our several mercies came: Let us then with one accord. Joyfully exalt his name— Ye the new-born year who see,

Magnify the Lord with me!

RIPE FOR HEAVEN.

A BEAUTIFUL girl met a venerable old man on the roadside. The patriarch was stooping to pick up a pear which had dropped from a tree whose branches hung over the wall of an adjacent orchard.

"Don't you get weary, sir, stooping so often, and living in such a poor old shed as you do?" asked the maiden.

The silvery-haired old man smiled, handing the young girl a few ripe pears, and replied:—

"No, no, miss; I don't weary. I'm just waiting, waiting. I think I'm about ripe now, and must soon fall to the ground; and then, just think, the Lord will pick me up!"

Wasn't that a beautiful expression of a beautiful faith? To that old man, dying was simply dropping to the ground to be picked up by the Lord! With such a conception of death, who would fear to die?

"The Lord will pick me up!" Can you say that, young reader? If you are ripe for heaven, yes; if not, no. If you can adopt it, rejoice; yea, rejoice greatly; for you have won the prize of life. If not, then, as the old man (whom the Lord long since picked up) said to the young lady, so say I to you:—

"O friend, perhaps you are young yet, and just in blossom; turn well round to the Sun of righteousness, that you may ripen sweet for his service on earth, and for his presence in heaven\"

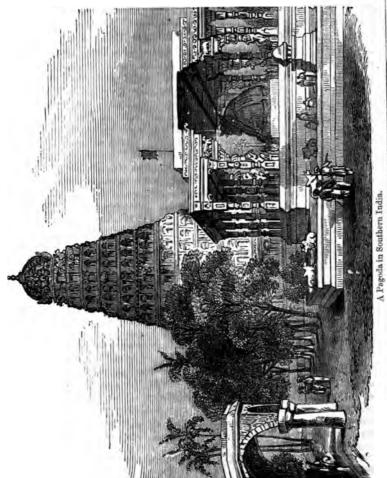
SOMETHING FOR JESUS.

Saviour! Thy dying love
Thou gavest me;
Nor should I ought withhold,
Dear Lord, from Thee.
My soul would humbly bow,
My heart fulfil its vow,
Some off'ring bring Thee now,
Something for Thee.

O'er the blest mercy-seat,
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to Thee.
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for Thee.

Give me a faithful heart—
Likeness to Thee,
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of goodness done,
Some sinful wand'rer won,
Something for Thee.

All that I am and have,
Dear Lord, for Thee;
In joy, in pain, in life,
In death, for Thee;
And when Thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Something for Thee.



A PAGODA IN SOUTHERN INDIA.

OUR picture this month represents the ordinary style of architecture adopted by the idolaters of Southern India for their larger pagodas or temples. A traveller in that part of the country cannot fail to have his eye arrested by the peculiar outline of these vast buildings long before he reaches them. Towering far above the common dwellings of the people, and the tall palmyra and other lofty trees around them, they stand out in bold relief against the open sky; and as their summits, which are often profusely gilded, gleam with the first rays of the rising, or the last of the setting sun. they become objects too conspicuous and striking to be easily overlooked. Many of the accompaniments of idolatry seem fitted, by their littleness and meanness, only to awaken the disgust of full-grown men: but these massive pagodas have a different tendency. They awe the spirit of the worshipper, and impress him with the grandeur and immoveability of that system of faith in which he has been brought up, and which has come down to him from venerated forefathers who, centuries ago, reared these mighty structures. One of the largest and most magnificent pagodas in Southern India is that which is built about five miles from Trichinopoly, on the island or peninsula called Seringham, between the two rivers, the Cavery and the Coleroon. "It consists of a central building, not large, but highly ornamented with sculptures, gilding, and valuable stones, and enclosed within seven square walls, each twenty-five feet high and very thick, and about one hundred and twenty yards apart from each other. Besides common entrances, there are twenty very large and lofty triangular towers over as many gateways, each forming a highly ornamented pagoda. The circumference of the outer wall is about four miles, so that the enclosure occupies about a square mile. Besides the central building and the pagoda-like gateways, a great number of sacred edifices are scattered about, some of which have halls of vast size; the flat roof of one of them is supported by a thousand columns of carved granite. A great number of pilgrims resort to this temple annually, and nearly 8,000 Brahmins are permanent residents."

A visit to a large pagoda is well calculated to impress the mind with the strength of that system which Christianity seeks to overthrow. A missionary who entered one of them said that the sight so affected him, that he could hardly keep himself from trembling. Nothing but faith in the Gospel, and in the omnipotence of God, could ever uphold the missionary's heart when he is thus confronted by Hindooism in its strength. But by faith he can say, "Who art thou, O great mountain? Before Zerubbabel, thou shalt become a plain."

"I CAN SAVE SOMETHING."

A STORY FOR RICH AND POOR.

The February of 185- was cold and stormy, and but few snowdrops and crocuses adorned the gardens of Hazeldean, as Mary and Arthur Grafton walked briskly beside their father, the superintendent, to our village Sunday school. It was a great occasion, for a missionary from India had promised to talk to the scholars that afternoon, and "anecdotes" were to be given. Mary and Arthur were on the tiptoe of expectation. The very idea of a missionary story was delightful, and as Mr. M—was known to be kind, and cheerful, and clever, his address wast be interesting.

"I should have given sixpence if there had been a collection," said Arthur to his sister.

"And so should I; my new one, which Aunt Hester gave me," whispered Mary. "But there will be none this year, because times are so hard."

"Why don't you speak out?" said her brother; "papa knows all about it." "Of course; but the Crofts are behind us, and they are poor."

"Who told you so?"

"Aunt Hester, who knows all about them. Their father is out of work, and their mother is quite blind. That eldest girl, Ellen, almost supports the family."

"She does not look more than sixteen," said Arthur, as a tall, womanly girl, in a cotton gown and plaid shawl, passed by with a friendly, and yet respectful bow.

"No, but she is as thoughtful and as clever as a woman," replied Mary. "Aunt Hester says her parents have seen better days, and are very respectable; and all the scholars think as much of her as if she had money."

As Mr. Grafton and his children drew near the school-house, they saw the Crofts join themselves to a group of scholars at the corner of the building. Ellen had evidently been expected, is every face was turned towards her say passed into the circle, and several voices asked, "Do you mean to propose it?"

The superintendent's children paused, for, as Ellen Croft said "Yes," a girl in Mary's class held up her finger and beckoned.

"May we go over and hear what it is?" asked Arthur, turning to his father.

"Yes, I can trust Ellen Croft," said the superintendent.

The brother and sister drew near, and listened eagerly. It appeared that Ellen Croft had formed some plan for missionary effort, and was anxious to secure the aid of her companions.

"I think we can do it if we try," she said, "and if we ask God to help us."

"It seems a deal of money, though, for children to give," said Bertha,—the child who had beckoned Mary Grafton and her brother to approach.

"Not more than ixpence each," replied Ellen, "and we can all save that in a fortnight, if we try,"

"I can't," said a boy of ten, little Bertha's brother; "and I don't see how you can, Ellen."

"Don't be so rude, John Briar," said his sister. "How do you know that Ellen can't save sixpence in a fortnight?"

"Because her father is out of work, and it's hard times," said John.

"But still," said Ellen, "I can deny myself so as to save a halfpenny a day, and you—"

She stopped, and Bertha finished the sentence by saying that John could do without sweetmeats, and nuts, and oranges, and sugar, — of which, in a

fortnight, he often bought a si worth.

John, however, would make mise, and Ellen turned to Ma: Arthur with an inquiry as to the which they would be willing to bute.

"We wish the money to be sa earned by the scholars in the ne: night," she explained. "A pres tained from parents will not do."

"I think I could save a shilling little Mary.

"And I a florin," cried Arthu least a florin."

"And will you explain it to Mr ton?" pursued Ellen. "We must his consent."

"Have any of the other schola mised?" asked Arthur Grafton.

"I have asked nearly all the replied Ellen; "and one of my has promised that he will speak t of the boys. But the best plan to ask Mr. Grafton to explain it fr desk."

"I suppose the girls in your cla give pretty much," said Arthur, are all such big ones."

"But some are very poor," said with a sigh. "However, I quite we shall do our utmost."

The latter part of this conve had been held in the girls' school while Arthur and Ellen waited opportunity of speaking to Mr. G It was succeeded by silence, during the boy found himself wonderin persons so poor as the Crofts

"worry," as he called it, to give assistance to the missionaries.

"God cannot require it of them," he thought, "for he has not given them the means of doing more than feed and clothe their bodies. I should almost think it would displease him to give away what we really want ourselves."

As these ideas floated through his brain he looked at Ellen, whose eyes were fixed on a picture opposite, and following her calm glance, was reproved. The engraving was highly coloured, for it had been purchased for the instruction of the little ones, and Arthur, who had helped to frame it, required no explanation of its lesson:—

"And he looked up, and saw the rich men casting their gifts into the treasury. And he saw also a certain poor widow casting in thither two mites. And he said, Of a truth I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast in more than they all: for all these have of their abundance cast in unto the offerings of God; but she of her penury hath cast in all that she had."

It was, then, pleasing to God. The offerings of the poor were not rejected. It was decidedly right for Ellen Croft to deny herself, in order that she might help on the great work which was so dear to her heart.

As Arthur decided this question, he perceived that Mr. Grafton was at leisure, and hastened to rejoin him and describe the character of the assistance which Ellen and her friends proposed to render to the mission.

Then Mr. Grafton looked inquiringly at Ellen, and drew her aside to say exactly what Arthur had thought a few minutes earlier, "Does God require this of you?"

"Does he permit this?" said Ellen, unconsciously but gently correcting her questioner, "Yes sir, I am sure of it."

"But can you spare it,—are you called upon—." Mr. Grafton stopped. It seemed almost rude to remind her of her poverty, and yet he had heard so much about it that it seemed impossible to be silent.

"I want to share the privilege," exclaimed Ellen, with tears in her eyes. "It seems as if all my fellow-Christians were doing something for the heathen, and telling me to keep back because I am poor! I can save something, sir, I can indeed."

The superintendent pressed her hand in silence. He dared not hinder her, but as he went home that day to his well-spread table, the thought of Ellen Croft denying herself that she might "lend unto the Lord," presented itself so often that he began to question whether he, too, might not save enough for an additional gift to the Great Giver of all. The result was a resolve to borrow. rather than purchase, certain books, and to forward the cash thus saved to the Society. In this way, five pounds flowed into the coffers of the mission. Five pounds! The fortnight passed, and the time for Ellen Croft's collection came. On the last Sunday of the month, the children assembled earlier than usual, and,

after a little talk with the superintendent, made their offering. And they gave liberally. Even John Briar, who had never before been known to give away a penny, brought two new fourpenny-pieces for the mission, while Arthur and Mary Grafton—who had been saving to buy a new story-book, gave half-acrown each, with smiles that were pleasant to see. So many who were known to be very poor, denied themselves for the sake of the distant heathen, that the more wealthy members of the congregation blushed for their own indifference. and sent more money to London that year than they had ever sent before.

The hour in which Ellen Croft f solved to deny herself for the of the mission was a happy o Hazeldean. As generosity became common, and covetousness more the good cause prospered, and the were built up and purified. begun to understand how beautif the feet of him that bringeth tidings and publisheth peace: and. glorious result of their awakenin Gospel message was heard in many and thoughts of Jesus found their to many hearts.

Reader, cannot you save somethin

MISSIONARY NEWS.

It gives me very great pleasure to tell you that a kind lady. takes a deep interest in young people, will write a letter to you e month. The first appears in this number; and I am sure you read it with special interest. It is very kind of this lady to take trouble; but she hopes to do you good, and I trust this hope not be disappointed.

Some time ago I read a very interesting account of a little living in Assam, in the East Indies. I intend to give a few ticulars of her youth, of her conversion, her marriage, her de I don't think this can be done in one letter, so you must try recollect the substance of one, and then the next will fit on n

to it.

The name of this child was Harriet Elizabeth Martin, and she born in Jaipur, Upper Assam, October, 1840. Her father about ten years after she was born, leaving five children, of w Harriet was the eldest. Through the kindness of an English of four of these children were placed at the Free School in Calcutta; but Harriet remained at home with her mother. About this time a good missionary and his wife, named Whiting, heard of her, and in 1852 they took her to live with them.

She was very ignorant, but she was very teachable, and had a loving tender heart. On her arrival she was shown into a small room, where a bed had been prepared for her. Before she retired Mrs. Whiting asked her if she had ever been taught to pray to God.

"No, Mem Sahib, I don't know what praying to God means."

"You know there is a God who made us, and takes care of us every day and night; do you not?"

"I know there is a Supreme Being above; but I never heard He

took care of us."

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"Have you never been told of a Saviour, who died for sinners?"

"No, Mem Sahib, I don't understand about these things; I was

never taught."

In simple language Mrs. Whiting tried to explain our obligations to God, and then asked her to kneel with her by the bed, and repeat after her the Lord's prayer. She did so; but afterwards said she was so amazed at the novelty of the proceeding, that she was continually raising her head from its bowed position, and with

great difficulty refrained from laughing outright.

When Harriet had been about two months at Sibsago, Mr. Whiting was seized with jungle fever, and for the recovery of his health, took a voyage up the river with his family. As they were going along her kind friends took every opportunity of instructing her in the great truths of the Christian religion. She seemed much interested. After speaking of the Saviour on one occasion, Mrs. Whiting asked, "Will you try to obey him, and become a Christian?" "A Christian," she exclaimed, starting back, "no, never! Mamma said, 'Christians were low, outcast people,' and she told me never to become a Christian, and I promised her I would not." Thus you see, dear children, how strongly rooted prejudice is in the minds of children in India, and how their mothers try to keep there.

in the darkness of idolatry. Be thankful to God that you were no born there!

In a few days after this conversation they reached Dibrooghor, at when Harriet arrived at her old home, she bounded into the hous embraced her mother with great affection, and leading her to when Mrs. Whiting was standing, said, "Mem Sahib, this is my mamma

She was a good-natured, motherly-looking woman, with a qui manner that denoted self-respect, neatly dressed in a costume has European, half native; and she gave her visitor a cordial welcom The next day she came to see Mrs. Whiting, and told her somethin of her history. "I spoke to her of Christ," said Mrs. W., "ar Harriet listened most attentively to our conversation; and whe I referred to heaven, she exclaimed, 'Mamma, only those who as Christ's disciples can go to heaven?' Her mother, with a has so well, why don't you become one of Christ's disciples yourself! She hung her head abashed, and said not a word; but when I sai 'Are you willing your daughter should become a Christian?' sl replied, 'Yes, Mem Sahib.' 'Harriet told me you made her prominever to become a Christian?' 'Yes I did, but then I did not knowhat a Christian meant.'" They spent a few days at Dibroogh very pleasantly, and then returned to their own home.

Å few months after, Harriet's mother came to see her. She taugher the Lord's prayer, read the Scriptures to her daily, and the mother became so interested, that she promised, on her return, have a native teacher, and learn to read the Bible for herself. She was faithful to her promise, and on her second visit the following year, to Harriet's great delight, she was able to read the Ne Testament.

Thus far the Scriptures seemed to have awakened this dear child interest, but merely as something new and entertaining. She had not made any application of their truths to her own heart. She had not yet felt that she was a sinner. But in the latter part of the year the Holy Spirit opened her understanding. She now saw had need of forgiveness, and became anxious for the salvation of her source.

Often she asked her friends to pray with her; and sometimes her distress was so great that she joined audibly in the petitions offered on her behalf, and thus made them her own.

And here I must leave off. Next time I write about Harriet, it will be to tell you of her having found joy and peace. Thus you see that the Book is just as good for heathen children as for you, and when they read it and believe what it says, they speak of it, think of it, and love it, quite the same as do pious children in our own land. Let us all do our best to send it to every child in the world.

F. T

Mission House, 33, Moorgate Street, December, 1861.

INFANT MEMORIALS.

DEAR CHILDREN, -During my long life I have seen many young faces, and spent many happy hours in talking of the precious Redeemer to the children of our Sabbath and day schools, and the young people in my Bible class. I wish you could have seen how quietly even the children in the infant school sat, for half an hour, and how attentively they listened to the sweet story of the Saviour's dying love, singing, at intervals, one or two of their favourite hymns. Some of them were called out of this world in infancy, and as I stood by their dying beds, and heard the expressions of love to Jesus which fell from their lips, I was forcibly reminded of the words of the Psalmist, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength." You know where to find this passage. Turn to it; and find also the occasion on which our Lord himself quoted it, and be encouraged yourselves, now, in your young and bright days, to seek the same Saviour, that you may know him, and love him, and praise him, not only by singing "Hosanna" here, but by joining in that beautiful song which is sung in heaven, and which none can sing, or ever will sing, but such as are redeemed by Christ, and washed in his precious blood. You will find this song in the Book of Revelation: I do not tell you the chapter, as I like to give you the pleasure of finding it vourselves.

I was lately looking over my papers, and found some notices of visits to my sick children, which I will now give you in as short and easy words as I can. They may please and, by God's blessing, instruct you. Only let me say one word. If I tell you how peacefully some of our dear children have died, you must not think that all good children die; no, no, many such live long and happy lives; and they all confirm the truth of that text from the Book of Proverbs—"Her ways (wis-

dom's ways) are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." You can find the passage, and read the whole chapter, and commit it to memory.

The notice my eye now rests on is dated June, 1848. Here it is. "Our school have been thinly attended during the past half-year. Many children ill with measles and whooping cough. Several have died. Some gave pleasing proof of their love to Jesus, and that they were going to be with him. One little boy aged about five, I think, William C——, was ill a long time. He took all the medicine so well; medicine, you know, is not what children like. Willie was good and obedient, and took it all without crying. He was so meek and patient, too that every one loved him. Willie felt a great deal of pain. I once saw a neigh bour crying to see how little Willie suffered; but Willie did not complain. He often talked of Jesus, and all the pretty lessons he had learned at the infant school Willie and his little sister Ellen used to sing many of them together, when the pain was not too great. Here is the first verse of one of Willie's favourites:—

GLORY.

'Around the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band:
Singing, Glory, Glory, Glory.

You know this hymn, and can repeat it. A little before Willie died, his father and mother sat by his little bed, crying. They did not wish to lose Willie. His father said, 'Willie, would you not like to get well again, and live a long time here with father and mother?' And Willie said, 'No, I am going to Jesus—I am going to heaven.' Willie could not speak much after this, but he asked Ellen to repeat his hymns to him, which she did. Just before he died, Ellen sat on his bed and sung 'Glory' to him: Willie tried to sing it with her, and then gently passed away from this world to be for ever with the Lord. After his death, I told our children that they would see Willie C—— at school no more; but if they loved Jesus they would meet him in heaven at last."

So will you, if you believe in Jesus Christ who died to pardon all sinners, both young and old, both rich and poor. I trust the soul of our little infant scholar was washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. Ask Jesus thus to wash away all your sins. He vill, for he came from heaven on purpose to save sinners: he can, for he is God as well as man, and has "all power in heaven and in earth." You remember what he says for your comfort, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

I am your loving friend,

E. R.

WHAT ONE CHINESE CONVERT CAN DO.

ABOUT five years ago, a Chinese convert came to Hong Kong from Pok-lo, a town about a hundred miles in the interior, in the Quang-tong province. He had been converted through the labours of a colporteur, and sought the missionaries for advice and instruction. He was baptized and instructed, and shortly returned to his native town. The next year he came again, bringing with him a new convert, who had been brought to Christ by his teaching; the next year, and the next, he came again, each time with two converts. Early in 1860 he came a fifth time, bringing nine converts for baptism, and in the spring of that year a missionary visited the place, and baptized forty-four more. At the commencement of the present year the aged Christian came again with sixteen more; and on a subsequent visit, the missionaries, Messrs. Chalmers and Legge, found a people prepared for the Lord. A great number offered themselves for admission, and a chapel and mission house were to be purchased and fitted up at once, the Chinese in Hong Kong furnishing the means. Such a movement is unprecedented in China, and we may well hope it is but the precursor of still more glorious progress for truth.

SMALL STONES NEEDED.

THE living stones, of which the church of Christ is constructed, are not necessarily of the same size, nor are they employed to edify the same parts of the building. Did you never see a country house built of stones of all sizes and shapes, from the rock to the pebble, round, square, long, short, all chinked and plastered in together, and forming a warm, substantial building? Just so it is with the members of a community; the big stones make a great show, and go a great deal further towards making up the great structure. But they would look very woe-begone if the little ones should rebel, and conclude they were of no use, and drop out. What a ragged, desolate habitation, fit for owls and bats, they would leave behind them! The stones in the heavenly temple are all living stones, not all great ones.

GIVING GOLD TO THE LORD.

ONE of the most interesting gifts that we have heard of for a long time, was presented by a very poor woman at Brighton. After a missionary meeting in that town, one of the poorest widows in the parish where it was held brought a sovereign to her pastor as her offering. He knew her deep poverty, and declined

to receive it, saying that she must not think of giving so much, for he was sure she could not afford it. Her countenance fell; she appeared disappointed and distressed; and with irresistible eloquence—the eloquence of a full heart—she thus pleaded with him to accept it: "Oh! sir," she said, "I have often given copper to the Lord, and two or three times I have had the pleasure of giving silver; but it has been my earnest desire to have the great happiness of giving gold once before I die. I have long been engaged in saving every little mite that I could spare, that I might give this sovereign to-night. You must take it for the mission."

Her pastor could no longer refuse the gift. It was added to the collection—the

precious offering of a loving heart.

Reader, never be content with giving that to the Lord which costs you nothing. He gave himself for you!

"Love so amazing, so divine, Demands my soul, my life, my all."

A LITTLE CHILD MAY BE USEFUL.

I MAY, if I have but a mind,
Do good in many ways;
Plenty to do the young may find,
In these our busy days.
Sad would it be, though young and small,
If I were of no use at all.

One gentle word that I may speak,
Or one kind, loving deed,
May, though a trifle poor and weak,
Prove like a tiny seed:
And who can tell what good may spring.
From such a very little thing.

Then let me try, each day and hour,
To act upon this plan:
What little good is in my power,
To do it while I can.
If to be useful thus I try,
I may do better by-and-bye.

A SAD SCENE IN AFRICA.

It was said in one of the Psalms many years ago, "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty." They are just as full of such habitations now as they were then, and this is one of the reasons why we should send missionaries to all the heathers. A short time ago a missionary in Africa left his home to preach the Gospel in some towns several miles away from the mission station. As he entered one town his attention was attracted by two women. whose conduct was very light and trifling, and who appeared to be watching some object under the eaves of the opposite house. What was that shapeless object they were looking at? He drew near to see. It was a poor little boy, about three years old, reduced almost to a skeleton, but still breathing. Every rib in his little body might be seen, while his back appeared to be broken. By his side there was a raw cassada (a kind of root somewhat like a potato), and a little gourd holding water, which, with his poor thin hand, he was trying to lift to his mouth. But the strength of the little fellow was unequal to it, and his low wailings of distress were most piteous, and filled the heart of the missionary with distress. He pointed the laughing women to the sufferings of the poor child, but they laughed all the more at his concern. He then learned that the child was an orphan, and had become the charge of one of the women of the family. Either through her neglect or from disease it had become this miserable object, and only a trouble to her, and she had left it there to die while she went to her farm in the bush!

Two or three native Christian young men were with the missionary, who proposed to take the child to a little out-station on the opposite side of the lake and take care of it. What a contrast between the conduct of these young Christians and that of the women who had left that child to die, not caring what might become of it! And what made the difference? Only the blessed Gospel; the entrance into their hearts of the knowledge of Him whose name is love.

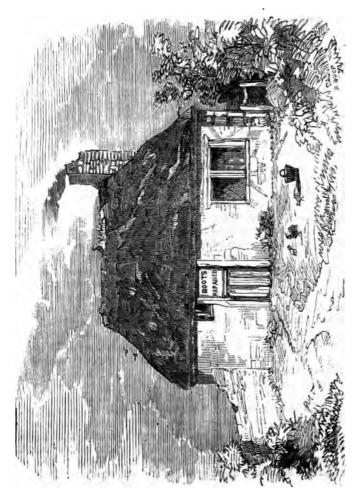
LITTLE BY LITTLE.

One step and then another,
And the longest walk is ended;
One stitch and then another,
And the largest rent is mended;
One brick upon another,
And the highest wall is made;
One flake upon another,
And the deepest snow is laid.

So the little coral-workers,
By their slow but constant motion,
Have built those pretty islands
In the distant dark-blue ocean;
And the noblest undertakings
Man's wisdom hath conceived,
By oft-repeated efforts
Have been patiently achieved.

Then do not look disheartened
O'er the work you have to do,
And say that such a mighty task
You never can get through;
But just endeavour day by day
Another point to gain,
And soon the mountain which you feared
Will prove to be a plain.

"Rome was not builded in a day,"
The ancient proverb teaches;
And Nature, by her trees and flowers,
The same sweet sermon preaches.
Think not of far-off duties,
But of duties which are near;
And having once begun to work,
Resolve to persevere.



Dr. Carey's Shoe-shop.

DR. CAREY'S SHOE-SHOP.

In a former number of this magazine we gave a picture of Carey's birth-place. This month we are able to give a view of humble shoe-shop at Hackleton where the afterwards great and man first learnt the "art and mystery" of shoemaking,—thoug must say that it appears to have been the only thing that he did learn well; for tradition tells us, that though he could make shoes, he could never manage to make them the same size. Ever own estimate of himself as a shoemaker does not seem to have a high one, for we are told that, many years afterwards, being dinner, where he was in some way taunted with having been a smaker, he said somewhat quickly, "No, sir, only a cobbler!"

At Hackleton, in the shop represented on the other side, C was apprenticed to one Clark Nichols. In the little collectic books in this shoemaker's shop he found a commentary on the Testament, which was interspersed with Greek words. He ignorant of the Greek alphabet, but he made a rude delineatic the characters which occurred in his reading. In the villag which his father resided there lived a journeyman weaver, of name of Tom Jones, who had received a liberal education at derminster, with a view to the medical profession, but had constrained, through the unsteadiness of his habits, to seek a lihood by manual labour. When young Carey could obtain permit to visit his father, he took the Greek words he had copied to J and obtained a translation of them, and was thus led forward to tivate the language.

His master died about two years after his apprenticeship menced, and he engaged himself as a journeyman shoemaker Mr. Old, who is described as a "worthy and respectable man." Rev. Thomas Scott, the author of the well-known commentar the Bible, was in the habit of paying pastoral visits to the fami Mr. Old, and it is recorded that on one of these occasions "Mr. entered the room with a sensible-looking lad in his working-at Young Carey's attention was riveted while Mr. Scott addressed

of rustics, and he exhibited great intelligence. He said little, ccasionally asked appropriate questions with much modesty, led Mr. Scott to remark to those around him that the youth prove no ordinary character." At a subsequent period, when cott had occasion to pass the old shop where Mr. Carey had employed in making shoes, he observed to those who were with 'that was Mr. Carey's College;" and seldom has so humble a e turned out so distinguished a graduate.

nat Carey, the shoemaker of Hackleton, became, it is not need: us to tell our young readers. His history shows from how beginnings great things may come. It is interesting to know the was while he was at Hackleton he was first invited to preach. Hackleton he was invited to Earl's Barton, which was his first rate. God be praised, that, even while in obscurity, HE knew am Carey, and knew the great work for which he was fitted, hich He meant him to do!*

ON TROPHIES.

A CHAPTER FOR BOYS.

w happy Mr. Jarvis must be!" red Frank Worthington.

, going out as he does to explore gions, and so forth. Of all things d like to travel!"

d with what motive?"

s—why would you travel?" k hesitated, for he knew that his

friend, Walter Stuart, was a clever fellow, and would be able to "take him up," as he called it, if he chanced to make a rash answer. However, the truth came out at last, "He would travel for travel's sake."

- "In other words, for adventure."
 "That's about it!"
- "And what would you bring back?"
- "Trophies."

he engraving which we give this month is copied, by permission of the from one which appears in Old Jonathan for February. It is said to have then from an original drawing, made nearly fifty years since, by the late Mr., of Olney. In another number we shall complete this series of engravings, ng a view of Carey's dwelling-house at Piddington.

"Ah!"

"Why 'ah'? Is there any harm in trophies?" asked Frank impatiently.

His friend smiled, shook his head, turned over the leaves of the book on African travel which had set young Worthington "a-thinking," and remarked that "everything depended—"

"On what?" asked Frank.

"On the kind of trophy which you covet," replied the other. "If, for example, you refer to lions' skins—"

"I do, for one thing. I should like

to bring home a few."

"And elephants' teeth?"

"As many as I could get."

"And gold?"

"Ah, that!" Frank stopped, for he had two cousins in Australia, and it had long been his wish to join them, and go to the "diggings." When he resumed the conversation, it was to say, "A month at Ballarat for me!"

"I expect you will turn out a miser," said Walter, gravely.

"Not I! What I like is the excitement, and, as you said just now, the adventure! Imagine what a life one could lead in New Zealand, for example. I think I shall go there if I give up Melbourne,—eh?"

"If you asked my advice, I should say —don't think of it."

"Of course you would, for you are a regular old stay-at-home; but I am of another stamp," cried Worthington. "As soon as I leave school," he continued, "I am off. I shall be seventeen then, and fit for anything; and I shall go

away somewhere and make tune."

"And if you succeed-"

"Don't 'if." I mean to do it years from this time I shall about twenty thousand pounds

"How different your ambition mine," remarked Walter, a fevafter this "prophecy." "I she satisfied unless I do somethithan make a fortune."

"What can be better?"

'Winning souls for Christ."
Frank looked up suddenly.
now his turn to say "Ah!" an

it seriously.

""He that goeth forth and bearing precious seed, shall come again with rejoicing, bri sheares with him." Those are the I long to win," said Walter. " truly glorious."

"You are thinking of such Livingstone and Moffat," rem: friend; "and I confess that y sionary has a better motive for than any other; but, you see, I a missionary."

"Do you wish to be one?"

"Why, no. It doesn't seem for a fellow to be jolly if he with religion; and I like being jo

"What do you mean?"

"By what?"

"By saying that you like to b
"Oh, I can't tell,—good-temp
merry, and ready to put up w
thing: you know what I m
enough!"

naps I do, at any rate I ought; for in call me a jolly good fellow, u?"

course, and so you are,—always belend, or to spend, or to give, any reasonable thing for a friend ulties. There is not a better in the school than old Wat

ak you. I asked for praise, and e given it heartily. Now let me why I asked it. I am religious." smiled, and said, "I know it." id continued.

efore, according to your own it is possible to be 'jolly,' in sense of the term, and at the re religious!"

ppose you are right, but I have many starched up professors of that I have a notion I won't thing to do with it."

on the principle on which you give up the search after gold so many peculiar people have rtunes!"

your drift; but surely making and becoming a Christian are two erent things."

7 are; but, according to your oning, you ought to despise both r. If you will not lay up treaheaven because persons whose loes not please you are doing so, t, to be consistent, refuse also ip treasure upon earth, since the men are extremely stiff and "

e, and I'll think about it," said

Worthington. "You certainly are a capital fellow, your religion notwith-standing!"

"Or rather, my religion helping," interrupted Walter. "Whatever in me is worth praise is God's," he added reverently.

"Do you think I shall ever be head of the school?" asked Frank.

"Yes, if you will only be steady and honourable." Frank started.

" Honourable ?"

"Yes, 'doing to others as you would have them to do to you," explained the senior.

"Well, I must try; but I shall never be able to come it like you!" cried Frank.

"You will, with the same assistance."

"But how can I get it?"

"Do you not pray?"

Frank blushed. "The fellows in our room are not like Barnes and Morris," he began.

"And you are afraid?"

"Not exactly; but they would laugh. You know they would."

"Just the old story!" exclaimed Walter. "You are a coward!"

Young Worthington drew back. "No other fellow dare call me so," he remarked; "but I forgive you."

"It is for your own sake that I speak plainly," continued Walter; "soon we shall part, and perhaps have the world between us."

"How so?" cried his friend. "You are going to settle in Leeds."

"I have given up Leeds," said Walter:
"I intend to be a missionary."

Frank was too much astonished to reply. They had entered the school-house before he spoke again, to say, "I envy you."

"In it is useless. But if you think I am wise, take my advice about prayer."

"I will," replied Worthington, firmly, and he kept his word.

Years have passed. Walter Stuart is

a preacher of the Gospel, and Frank Worthington is head of the school. There is some probability that the latter will, in due time, become a missionary; and, since we have reason to believe that he is a Christian, we say, "God grant it!" heartily.

Are there no boys amongst our readen who will give up all for Christ?

MISSIONARY NEWS.

HARRIET'S CONVERSION.

Last month we left our little friend in an inquiring state of mind. She was greatly concerned about her soul. But she was not happy. At this time Mr. Whiting started on a preaching tour, and Harriet went with him. One day, after a long and tiresome journey, her anxiety overcame all sense of weariness, and at evening worship she wept much. The next morning, having left their tent, the poor child stole back to it alone, and there poured out her heart to God. They then went on their journey, and subsequently came to Jorhat.

While Mrs. Whiting was resting in an inner room, Harriet came in and said, "Mem Sahib, there is something I want to tell you very much." "Tell me now, while I am resting." "I am so happy, I cannot express it." "What makes you happy?" "Jesus has forgiven my sins." "Why do you think he has forgiven your sins?" "I feel it in my heart. The burden is all gone." Well might her kind friend weep tears of joy as she listened to these words, which plainly showed that Harriet had been taught as the truth is in Jesus.

From that day Harriet read the Scriptures with a different interest; not simply as something new and pleasing, but as a guide—as a rule of life—as the teachings of her Saviour. To her dying

day her acceptance with God was never doubted. He had chosen her as one of his children.

About a year after this she made a public profession of her faith in Christ by baptism, and was united to the little church at Sibsagor. She always referred to this day as the happiest of her life; and the anniversaries of her conversion and baptism, and the first day of the new year, were observed as special seasons of self-examination and prayer. On one occasion, when lamenting the coldness of her love to Jesus, she was asked if she never neglected her secret devotions. "No, I never neglect them, but sometimes my mind is not in them; and sometimes when I pray, worldly thoughts creep in, which show that my heart is not right." Ah! dear children, Harriet's experience is just the same as that of good children in England.

Soon after her union to the Church, her mother paid her another visit. It was a pretty sight to see the daughter, humbly but earnestly, explaining to her mother the Scriptures she was reading. It was a source of great comfort to her, when the mother returned home, that she could now read for herself the good book. These visits were repeated, and ere Harriet died, she had the joy of hearing her mother

avow her faith in Jesus.

Harriet was diligent, and made good progress in her studies. She seldom forgot any duty. It was a privilege to watch her Christian course, and to see her struggling against temptation, and conquer it, looking alone to Jesus for help. Religion was her delight. She usually went out with her kind friends on their mission tours, and there was no work she loved better than telling the poor heathen women of Jesus. She might often be seen surrounded by a group of women and girls, her Bible open, and looking tenderly upon them, entreating them to believe in Christ.

A fine sphere of usefulness opened for Harriet when her friends took charge of the girl's boarding school. The children soon became warmly attached to her, and made her their confidant in all their little troubles. They called her sister. While they loved her, and trusted her, they knew very well that she would never connive at disobedience or sin. During the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Whiting

she used to have the entire charge of the school, and she fulfilled her trust most faithfully. She wrote to them every week. "I am," she wrote on one occasion, "surrounded by temptation, so that I must continually look to my loving Saviour for wisdom and strength, and I feel that he will direct and keep me." How soon do those who are taught of God grow in grace and in the knowledge of Christ Jesus!

So her days passed on, usefully employed in doing good, when in 1859 she reached her nineteenth year. She was a lovely girl, with winning manners, and amiable temper. To these were added great conscientiousness and firmness of principle. When she felt a thing to be right, nothing could induce her to yield. No wonder that she was beloved and respected; and no great marvel either, that she was sought in marriage by Sergeant Martin, overseer of the public works. She consented to become his wife, and the 8th of March was fixed for her wedding-day.

And here I must leave off. You will be longing to hear the rest. It will come in due course; but meanwhile think of what you have

read, and may God bless it to you.

F. T.

Mission House, 33, Moorgate Street, February, 1862.

HARRIET K---.

DEAR CHILDREN,—My acquaintance with Harriet K—— began some years since, in our Sabbath school. Her father sent her and two or three of her elder sisters there. He was a tailor, a good workman, and might have supported his family well; but he had been a drunkard, and had long spent at the public-house the earnings which rightfully belonged to his wife and children. Mrs. K——was a tidy, industrious woman, but broken-hearted; the children were ill-clothed, and often seen crying for bread: so true is that saying of the wise man, "The drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty." Find out that verse, and a few more on the subject, in the holy Scriptures, especially one which says, "Drunkards ahall not inherit the kingdom of God." May the lesson they teach be writtends ahall not inherit the kingdom of God." May the lesson they teach be writtends ahall his grace and Spirit, to keep you from ever falling into so foul a sin. This is only

one of the many sad and harrowing scenes I have witnessed; it would make your heart ache were I to detail more. One thing is certain, were the sums which are yearly spent on unnecessary drink given to the Missionary Societies, we should have the various secretaries saying, as some good men said when the Tabernacle was being prepared in the wilderness, "The people bring much more than enough for the service of the work which the Lord commanded to make."

While on the subject of drunkenness let me say, never forget that your strength to resist this temptation, or any other, must come from God; lift up your heart to

him in prayer, thus, "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe."

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To return to Mr. K---. He had lately gone to hear the Gospel preached by a faithful clergyman, who gave up his living and came out of the Church of England for conscience' sake. Through the grace and mercy of God Mr. Kreceived the Gospel into his heart. He became a changed man; no more drunkenness, nor swearing, nor quarrelling; in passing his house one might hear the voice of praise and thanksgiving; and if one looked in, there was K--- hard at work on his long board, with his Bible beside him, that he might refresh his spirit with some precious promise during the hours of labour. One thing more I must tell you of the father, and then I will return to his little daughter. Mr. K---- had now learned to prize that "Pearl of Days," the Sabbath. He could carry out no more work on the Lord's day, and another thing pressed on his mind heavily. "Wife," he said one day, "do not let us have any more Sunday dinners baked at the baker's or cooked at home. I want all to go to chapel, and enjoy the day of rest. Cannot we have our Sunday dinner on another day?" This was gladly done, and Wednesday henceforth became the day on which the family looked for a better dinner than usual. Mr. K---- was right; much as it is to be wished that every family in England could enjoy a really good dinner once a week or once a day, it must be for a lamentation that so many oblige the baker to carry on his worldly business on the Lord's day. We pity the heathen who have no Sabbath, but toil on, every day alike, until they drop into an untimely grave. We try to give them a Sabbath, by sending them the good news of the Lord of the Sabbath, while a class of our own countrymen work on like Chinamen without any proper rest. The labourer has his day in seven for rest; other tradesmen have their day of rest; should we not like to see the Sunday-dinner baker and others enjoying their full day of rest, going with us to the house of God, and singing in the words of the good and great Judge Hale :-

"A Sabbath well-spent,
Brings a week of content,
And health for the toils of the morrow;
But a Sabbath profaned,
Whatever is gained;
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow."

The conversion of Mr. K made a little stir in the town. Some said, "The

must be something in the religion that so changes a man; he is never seen at the ale-house, and as to his cottage, 'tis like a little heaven." They admired the grace of God in him.

"Wonders of grace to God belong, Repeat his mercies in your song."

Calling to see the family some time after the change referred to, I found the spiritual awakening had not been confined to the father. One of the elder girls had become thoughtful, and Harriet, the youngest, was intent on seeking the salvation of her soul. As I have told you so much about her father, which I hope may not be lost upon you, I will leave further notice of the girl until next month, if it please God. In the mean time let me say one thing,—always answer my Scripture questions to your teacher, if you are in a Sabbath-school, or to your parents, if you are not. They will be pleased. I may tell you some day why I ask you to do this, and am

Your loving friend,

E. R.

Heathfield, March, 1862.

WHAT HEATHEN WILL DO FOR THE "REMISSION OF SINS."

THE October number of the Oriental Christian Spectator gives an instructive, if melancholy, account of the last days of a high-born Hindoo lady, which is worthy of a wide circulation. The lady, Baka Bai by name, was of the royal family of Nagpore; and so influential was her position in that province, that a word from her would have rendered its annexation in 1853 a matter of some difficulty; but, we are told, she was too far-seeing and prudent to measure her strength with the British Government, and, even in the most critical months of the disturbances in Northern India, none could tempt her to swerve from her policy of friendship or submission. A woman of this stamp was not likely to be a mere superstitious, weak-minded devotee; yet here is the description supplied to us of her religious services:—

"Rising at five A.M., she devoted the early hours of the day to the worship of cows and the tulsi tree, after which she sat down to repeat the names of her gods, and, with the help of her rosary, to mark her progress. When interrupted, was ready to converse with any one on worldly business. In the forenoon she was waited on by her priests, when she bathed, adored the sun, presented offerings at

the shrines of her idols, and listened to poems in their praise. Having repeated her homage to the sun and a cow, she went round a certain number of ants' hills, and fed the tiny insects with sugar. This was followed by the worship of Brahmans. Those who had assisted in her devotions were joined by others, who sat down with them to dinner in the Palace. Before they commenced, the old lady, approaching the first, applied to his forehead the coloured mark usually made on idols, set before him a small spoonful of water, into which he thrust his toe, and ended by presenting him with an offering of bel leaves, flowers, and money. When she had thus gone through the whole company with the holy water that each Brahman had manufactured, she retired to an adjoining room, and drank it off for the remission of her sins. In the afternoon alms were distributed to the poor. The evening, when she partook of her only meal, witnessed proceedings similar to those of the forenoon, especially the adoration of cows. Every day did this zealous adherent of the Puranas spend at least twelve hours in the rites of her religion, and at her own expense entertained fifteen Brahmans, and double the number of Gosains, and, in addition, all the priests and mendicants fed by the Rajah."

How should we admire the devotedness of these people in the worship of their false gods, and how should we try to lead them to that *true* God, whom to know is life eternal!

A HALFPENNY A DAY.

ONE million of persons contributing one halfpenny a day, would raise daily a mission fund of £2,000. In one year this would amount to nearly £750,000. At a salary of £100 a year, this would keep in the field 7,300 missionaries. Or two millions of Christians contributing one halfpenny a day, would keep in the field 14,500 missionaries.

This system adapts itself to the poor, and gives to all and every one alike opportunity of glorifying God with their substance. It asks not for rich nor great gifts. Could the yoke of Christ be made more easy, or his burden more light, than this system makes it? Who through the day would feel himself the poorer for the want of the halfpenny which in the morning he dropped into the mission-box?

One halfpenny a day would preach the Gospel to every creature. Shall it not be given?—American Messenger.

THE CHRISTIAN BRAHMIN.

A CONVECTED Brahmin, named Dondaba, had, on his baptism, lost his lis fields, his wells, his wife, and his children. Although a Mahratta, he sufficient Hindoostani to understand me when I asked him how he bosorrows, and if he were supported under them.

"Ay," he said, "I am often asked that; but I am never asked how I bear for I have joys within with which a stranger intermeddles not. The Lord J he added, "sought me out, and found me, a poor, stray sheep, in the jungle brought me to his fold, and he will never leave me. To whom else should if I were to leave him?"

TO-DAY.

Lo, here hath been dawning Another blue day: Think, wilt thou let it Slip useless away?

Out of Eternity
This new day was born;
Into Eternity
It soon will return.

Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did:
So soon it for ever
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning Another blue day: Think, wilt thou let it Slip useless away?

HUMILITY BEFORE HONOUR.

Dr. Morrison was, as our young readers know, a distinguished missionary in China. As his labour was great, and almost too much for one man, for he translated the whole Bible into Chinese, he sent home to the society in England to send out a young missionary to help him. When they got his letter, they set to work to inquire among their friends for the right kind of young man to go to China as a missionary to help Dr. Morrison. After a while, a young man from the country—a pious young man, who loved Jesus Christ—came and offered himself. He was poor; had poor clothes on; and looked like a countryman, rough and unpolished. He was introduced to the gentlemen of the society, and had a talk with them. They then said he might go out of the room, till they consulted with each other about him. When his back was turned, they said they were afraid the young man would never do to help Dr. Morrison; that it would not do to send him as a missionary, as he was but a rough countryman. Finally, they said to one of their number, Dr. Phillips:-"Doctor, you go out and tell the young man that the gentlemen do not think him fit to be a missionary; but if he would like to go out as a servant to a missionary, we will send him."

The Doctor did not quite like to do it, but he told the young man they thought he had not education enough, and lacked a great many other things necessary to a missionary; but if he would go as a servant, they would send him out. He quietly said:—"Very well, sir, if they don't think me fit to be a missionary, I will go as a servant. I am willing to be a hewer of wood, or a drawer of water, or do anything to advance the cause of my Heavenly Master."

He was sent as a servant. But he did not stay one. After a while, he got to do what he longed to do, to preach the Gospel; and he became the Rev. Dr. Milne, one of the best and greatest missionaries that ever went to any country.

What a beautiful lesson!

ARE YOU IN WORK?

The low tuft-grass is not a stately tree,
Nor yet a lovely and all-fragrant rose.
It yields no nectar to the grateful bee,
Nor fashions for their transit o'er the sea
The hearts of oak, revered by friends and foes.

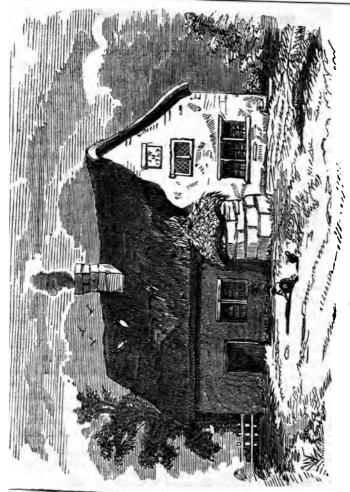
But think of it as lightly as you will,
Passing it over in your careless tread,
It has its own peculiar place to fill;
And humble as its work appeareth, still
Nor oak nor rose could do that work instead.

So, youthful Christian, through life's transient day,
There is a special work marked out for you.
It may be of the lowliest kind; it may
Be such as shall the loftiest powers display,
But none besides yourself your work can do.

Then bend in meekness at your Saviour's throne, And seek to learn the purpose of his grace; Ask Him who has so oft your duty shown, To point you out the work that is your own, And tell you where to find your proper place.

"What wilt thou have me do?" With single eye
To your Redeemer's glory, work for him;
Illumined every moment from on high,
Strive in each action God to glorify,
Nor let one thought of self life's radiance dim.

Work, work, nor covet an ignoble rest;
Allow no sloth thy spirit to beguile.
Those love the Saviour most who serve him best,
And he who blesses others shall be blest
With the full sunshine of his Saviour's smile.



Dr. Carey's Dwelling House.

DR. CAREY'S DWELLING HOUSE.

On the other side we give the last of our short series of v illustrative of the early life of our great missionary, Dr. Carey. first of the views, which we gave last year, was a view of Carey's h ble birthplace; our last number contained a view of his shoe-sho Hackleton; the house of which we now give a picture, was house at Piddington, where he lived a short time after leaving Had ton, before he took the pastorate of the little church at Mou We are sorry to say that no very pleasant associations are conne with this residence at Piddington.* It was situated, says his bic pher, in a swamp, and the miasma brought on ague and fever, w rendered him prematurely bald. The reason why he left Hackl for Piddington was, that trade at the former place had become and that he had been obliged to sell off his stock at great sacri At the same time he had been attacked with fever, which had I about him for eighteen months. While in this enfeebled state had frequently been obliged to travel from place to place, to disof his goods to procure bread. He was reduced at Hackleton to greatest distress, and was only rescued from starvation by the a tion of a brother, who made over to him whatever he could span his own scanty earnings. All this occurred before he was twe four years old. At twenty-four and a half, he removed to Moul thence to Leicester; thence to India.

We have traced with the more interest the early history of Wil Carey, because during all these times of trial, God was training for the great work he had to accomplish. It was at Moulton tha first entertained the thought of preaching the Gospel to the heat It was, we are told, from the perusal of "Cooke's Voyages round World," and while employed in giving instruction to some pupi geography, that he was led to contemplate the moral and spiritua gradation of the heathen, and to form the design of communical

^{*} This engraving, like that of last month, is copied, by permission of the engraving of the

the Gospel to them. What came of that design, we all know. Let us thank God for William Carey! "The weak things of this world, and things despised, God hath chosen." If any of our young readers should be led by these brief sketches to imitate William Carey, and to follow his example, they will not have been written in vain.

WORKING FOR CHRIST;

OB, CAN A CHILD DO ANYTHING?

"What can I do for Christ?" asked Helen Grosvenor, almost impatiently. "Papa will not give me any money, and I am too young to go about with tracts, or visit the sick, like Aunt Marian, and yet Mr. Grant said yesterday, in his sermon, that even children could do something."

"And he was right," said Aunt Sophy, from her couch. "Even you can do something, Nelly."

"I am sure I don't know what, then," exclaimed Helen, who, as Aunt Sophy was only a few years her senior, was wont to be rather familiar with that lady; "do tell me, auntie."

Sophia Grant looked up from her needlework — for she was, as usual, making garments for the poor—and replied by three words from the Bible—

"'Watch and pray."

"I don't understand you," said Helen.
"You puzzle me."

"Watch, dear, for opportunity, and pray for wisdom to use it," explained Sophia. "Will you pray with me?" asked Helen, with more gentleness. "I am so impatient, and I want to do so much, and I can see nothing to do."

"Kneel, then," said Sophy, "and we will ask that your eyes may be opened, so that you may see how you can best serve God in daily life."

The child obeyed, and in a few earnest words her gentle friend and helper implored the aid of God's Spirit in regard to her opportunities. Sophia was one of those who, like the three Hebrew children, have in the fires of affliction an ever-present and almighty companion,even Jesus, the Son of God; * but she could sympathise with friends who were in darkness, and often it pleased God to make her the instrument of great good to those around her. Helen was naturally impatient, and even headstrong; but there were those in the home-circle who expected that the love for Christ which she expressed to one and another, would suddenly transform her into a model for sweetness and patience. Sophy knew

^{*} Dan. iii. 19-25.

better. It never surprised her to find that the old manner returned in the hour of temptation; for she knew by sad experience how great was the strength of the tempter.

"I am very dark," said Helen, as she rose. "I cannot see, even now, that I have any work to do for Christ."

"'Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatever ye do, do all to the glory of God,'" read Sophia, from her Bible.

"I know; but other Christians do more than that."

"Shall I tell you why? It is because they watch and pray. While you are at school this morning, remember my text. If against temptation, and for opportunity, you resolutely watch and pray, trusting wholly in Christ for strength, wisdom, and success, and giving him all the praise, you will not live a useless life, or complain that God has given you no work in his vineyard."

"I will try," said Helen, with a smile that told of hope. "How strange it is that I always feel so much better after one of these long talks with you!"

At these words the pale face which she fondly kissed grew radiant, for it was always a joy to Sophy to be useful to any one.

The school-house was not far distant, so all the way thither Helen Grosvenor prayed for wisdom to get good, and to do good, in her class. She was not very hopeful, for it seemed impossible that any chance of doing more than prepare for the future would be given her, and she had yet to learn that a patient pre-

paration for future usefulness is a noble work for God. However, it pleased Him who pities the weakness of his lambs to give her a special work that bright spring morning, for one of her fellow-pupils, a delicate girl who had just passed through deep family affliction, was too ill to remain in school, and Helen was requested to sit beside her in the drawing-room. Yesterday, this would have been a weariness; but to-day it was regarded as an opportunity. As she looked up from her painting now and again, and remarked the deep shadow which rested on the anxious face of the unrestful mourner. she thought of Sophy, and wished for her assistance.

"I wish you would come and see us," she remarked, "for I have an aunt who would just know what to say to you."

"No one can know what to say to me now mamma is dead," sobbed Mary.

Her sorrow was so great that Helsa almost despaired. The girl was ill with fretting, yet it seemed impossible to comfort her.

"If you would let me read a chapter in the Bible," she began.

"You may do anything but talk," was the reply; "mamma read the Bible, they say, when she was dving."

Helen opened at the eleventh of John, and, praying earnestly the while, reached the words, "I am the resurrection and the life," without interruption. Then Mary stopped her, and said,

"Read that again."

Her friend obeyed. "I wish I believed in Jesus," said Mary softly. "Do 1, Helen? The girls all think

sked him to forgive my sins,"
"and he has heard me; but
ry weak and very wicked."
not be so bad as I am," reorphan. "Just now I quite
for taking mamma, and
aad no pity. But when you
sus felt so much for Lazarus
nd Martha, I changed my

lod!" said Helen, reverently.
good to me."

you read me the rest of the id her friend, "will you pray

; aloud," said Helen, "I have

r so little, just a few words me," pleaded Mary. "Say a has gone to heaven, and may meet her there."

l impossible to refuse, and ed. If Sophy had looked in she too would have said, d."

ow is Sunday," said Mary, arted at noon, "but the day I see you, Helen, and I will erling to let us come here in have a talk. You know I et mamma in heaven, and I that unless I love Jesus,

d No, and kissed her, with eyes, going away with a very humble, prayerful, grateful feeling in her heart. "Aunt Sophy was right," she thought, "for God has given me opportunities."

Encouraged and comforted, she quietly sought her room, and gave thanks to God for his mercy. Then, as she wanted Aunt Sophy to pray for Mary, she went downstairs and told her simple story.

"God has indeed been very good to you," said the invalid; "I quite expected he would be so, because he put it into my heart to pray for you nearly all the morning. We serve a kind master, Helen; let us see to it that we do very earnestly the work he condescends to give us."

It was a beginning of bright things for Helen Grosvenor when God was thus pleased to make her his ambassador to her tried and tempted schoolfellow. From that time she was always watching for opportunity, and praying for grace to use it wisely and well. In the ten years which have passed by since then she has done much work in the vineyard, and many hearts call her blessed, for she has learned to glorify God in the little duties of her life, and she has never been ashamed to speak of Jesus. Praying and watching, watching and praying, she is conscious that she can do nothing of herself, and when any good results from her quiet labours, she withholds not the glory from Him to whom it is due.

Dear readers, if we "watch and pray," we, too, shall be missionaries.

MISSIONARY NEWS.

HARRIET'S WEDDING AND DEATH.

As far as possible I shall give the remainder of this little hist of Harriet in the words of her kind and constant friend, from wh narrative the particulars already communicated have been obtain You will see from what follows how soon sorrow came after

brightest joy.

Very early on the morning of the wedding Harriet sought alone in my room, and sitting down by me, she spoke of its being t last day she should have her home with us, and with great sweetn and affection expressed her gratitude for the kindness and care that been given her so many years; adding, with much emotion, can never, never repay you and the Sahib for all your kindness me."

The school girls, eager that every attention should be shown their favourite on the occasion of her marriage, had gained permision to decorate the room in which the ceremony was to be performed with green leaves and fresh orange flowers, which filled the house with their fragrance, and gave the room a cheerful, please appearance.

Soon after the wedding, Mr. Martin took his bride to her ne home. Here, with a kind husband, devotedly attached to her, as surrounded with every needful comfort, she was a happy, loving

wife.

She had now numberless opportunities to satisfy the longings her heart, in instructing those around her; for many of the wome living near by, won by her gentle kindness, frequently visited he and they seldom left the house without hearing a word of entreal and exhortation to attend to their souls.

Thus the spring and summer passed in her new home, and st looked forward to a life of happiness and usefulness. She we devotedly attached to her husband, who allowed her the most perfect freedom to do whatever her kind heart prompted.

During the months of October and November, the cholera, which

had been raging in the villages around us, broke out with renewed force in Sibsagor, and daily many of the natives died.

It was a melancholy time. But while many of the poor heathen had fallen, the Christian flock had been preserved, and we hoped it would remain unharmed. But it soon entered our midst, and Harriet was the second person attacked. For several days she suffered dreadfully. I said to her one day, "Poor child! how much you suffer!" With much affection she replied, "It takes half the pain away, dear Mem Sahib, to see you sitting there." When alone together, she said to me, "The Saviour is calling me, and he will soon take me to himself."

To the surprise of all she continued for two or three days, though in a state of great exhaustion, and now and then seemed to revive a little. The cholera seemed to have left her, but in such a state of weakness that hope and fear mingled together. But throughout her illness, the longing of her heart was to depart, and be with Christ.

On the evening on which she died, it was thought she would recover, and friends bade her good night, little expecting that her end was so near. About midnight she fell into a quiet sleep, which continued till three in the morning, when she awoke, and as her husband bent over her, she suddenly raised herself, clasped him round the neck, sunk back on the pillow, and died. A brief life of only twenty years, but long enough to prove the power of divine grace.

Late that afternoon, the members of the church and school, with their teachers, gathered at her once happy home to perform the last sad offices for one so dearly loved, and, with her husband and

friends, followed her remains to their last resting place.

The sun was just sinking, when, the funeral service being ended, the coffin was lowered into the grave, by the side of Kopahi's. There, in the mission grave-yard, under the shade of the nahor trees, she will sleep till the resurrection. While we left the Christian disciples with a trembling fear that some might go astray by the way, there could be no such fear in regard to these dear ones, now safely gathered into Jesus' fold.

"On yonder shore, to greet them,
I saw a shining throng,
Some had just begun their praises,
Some had been praising long;
With joy they bade them welcome,
And tuned their harps again,
While through the heavenly regions
Rang their triumphant strain."

Dear children, is it not a good thing to belong to Soci missionaries are the means of saving heathen children, and ing them by God's blessing into such Christians as Hilbert continue to help this good work, that there may be more such as she.

Mission House, 33, Moorgate Street.

HARRIET K---.

DEAR CHILDREN,—In my last letter I told you that Harriet K—on seeking the salvation of her soul. What proofs were there of this prayer, private prayer; and she loved to read her Bible. Search t and you will find many examples of persons, who, as soon as they be to be saved, began to pray. Manasseh, David, and others in the old the dying thief, Saul of Tarsus, and others in the New Testamen might have been said, as of one, "Behold he prayeth." Prayer is t means of drawing nigh to God; of obtaining his favour and forgives have all offended, and from whom we have all strayed, as sheep from

"Like sheep we went astray, And broke the fold of God; Back wandering in a different way, But all the downward road."

When the Holy Spirit touches our heart, as he touched the heart of we begin to pray. What then is prayer? Is it to go through a fevery night and morning simply? Is that prayer? Nay; and yet the people who seem to think it is. Have you thought so? Are you number? Do you say your prayers regularly, and then feel happ think you have been praying? Ponder this question seriously, and

t you have made a great mistake, that you have never yet prayed at all! ll then go to God in language like this, "Lord, teach me to pray." The irit of God will become your teacher and you will soon learn that to pray, criptural sense, is to ask God for anything you feel your need of, in an and sincere manner. True prayer expresses the desires of the heart; it may or without words, in a sigh, a groan, or a tear. If in words, then it is to God as to your best and nearest Friend, for in truth he is such. "In live, and move, and have our being." He searches the very depths of your nd knows what you want before you ask it. But may children pray? Oh, is the duty of all to pray. You ought to pray, for it is written, "I love at love me, and those that seek me early shall find me." One method of God, is by prayer. Only, when you would pray, remember these two God is holy, you are unholy. You cannot draw nigh to God without a r, one who stands between God and you. Jesus is that mediator: go in 1e, plead his merits, and your prayer, however simple, shall be heard in and spiritual blessings shall descend in showers on your head. The is, "Ask, and it shall be given unto you."

Harriet loved prayer. "She will steal upstairs," said her mother, "many the day for prayer, when she thinks nobody sees her; I have noticed it, but hing." What a beautiful sight for the holy angels, was it not? A girl leve years of age, retiring from the family, and, alone in her chamber, kneeln her knees many times a day, and pouring out the wants and wishes of before God in prayer! They rejoice when sinners repent and turn to God.

repented and turned to God: the angels rejoiced over her.

"Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice, Returning from his ways, While angels in their songs rejoice, And cry, Behold he prays."

here was another who saw and rejoiced over little Harriet, even He who has hou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut r, pray to thy Father who is in secret, and thy Father who seeth in secret, vard thee openly." His eye was on the girl in the secret chamber; he saw sful she was to avoid ostentation, how anxious she was to persevere in prayer interruption; he saw that her heart was set on obtaining mercy, and he her desire: Harriet obtained mercy.

what has been said of her habit of prayer, learn two things: to have your prayer, and your seasons of prayer. The place is immaterial; whether in so or out of the house, it matters not; but it should be private, lest you se tempted to pray to be seen of others. The season should be when you free from disturbance, as the early morning, or during the day, and shareys se shadows of evening have made your eyelids heavy. In these respects

you see how thoughtful Harriet was; she retired for prayer chiefly by when her sisters, who slept in the same room, were absent, thereby escap

might have been unavoidable interruption.

I have said there was another proof that Harriet was earnestly seeking namely, her love to the Bible. She read, she searched, she prayed, she ur Christian friends who talked with her were struck with her knowledge of Scriptures, and with her answers. Doubtless she had often cried, "C mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law," and Spirit did reveal to her the will of God, and the way to heaven, as contain in, through faith in Christ Jesus. This same divine teaching you may en seek it in the same way—by prayer. It is for this very purpose that God you his word, that you may learn "to know the ene living and true Jesus Christ, whom he has sent, which is life eternal." And that, havi God yourself, you may help to send the Bible to those who have it nothink, there are in the world seven or eight hundred millions of souls never had the Bible; the majority of whom are bowing down to idols, the men's hands.

O send God's holy book where'er, Or winds can waft, or waters bear; Let India's sons its page revere, Let Afric's land the blessing share."

May you love your Bible! make it your guide in youth, and it will be y panion and support in age, sickness, or death. Such Harriet found it, to show you in a concluding notice of her next month.

I an

Your loving friend,

Heathfield, April, 1862.

HYMNS TO BE SUNG AT THE JUVENILE MISSIC SERVICES, SUNDAY, APRIL 27, 1861.

HYMN I.

Tune, Bradford.

- LORD, let thy grace descending,
 Not on our hearts in vain,
 But, with each purpose blending,
 Ascend in love again
 To thee, whose breath, as showers
 Of spring renew the earth,
 Awakes to glorious flowers
 The seed of heavenly birth.
- Still be thy Gospel spreadi
 Abroad its wings of light
 Wherever man is treading
 The paths of death and:
 From nation on to nation,
 Extend its righteous sws
 Until the desolation
 Of sin be swept away.

HYMN II.

- Our Saviour's voice is soft and sweet
 When, bending from above,
 He bids us gather round his feet,
 And calls us by his love.
- 2. But while our youthful hearts rejoice That thus he bids us come,
 - "Jesus!" we cry, with pleading voice, Bring heathen wanderers home."
- 3. They never heard the Saviour's name, They have not learned his way:

- They do not know his grace, who came To take their sins away.
- Dear Saviour! let the joyful sound In distant lands be heard;
 And oh! wherever sin is found, Send forth thy pardoning word.
- 5. And if our lips may breathe a prayer, Though raised in trembling fear, Oh! let thy grace our hearts prepare, And choose some heralds here.

HYMN III.

TUNE, Hanover.

- Ye nations exult, salvation is nigh!
 The star in the east illumines the sky;
 - The time is arrived by Jehovah's decree,
 - When walkers in darkness his glory shall see.
- Ye Gentiles rejoice, re-echo the strain!
 Break forth into praise, ye isles of the main!
 - The wind to your shores the glad tidings shall bring,
 - Rejoice in your Saviour, rejoice in your king.

- 3. The word is gone forth; the heathen around.
 - The furthest and worst, shall joy in the sound:
 - All nations, all tongues, shall in unison
 - One hymn to their Maker, one chorus of praise.
- 4. Then glory to God, the Father above, Who sent to our world the Son of his love:
 - Like glory to him who came down from on high,
 - To save and to suffer, to triumph and die.

HYMN IV.

1. When mothers of Salem their children brought to Jesus, The stern disciples drove them back

and bade them depart; But Jesus saw them ere they fled,

He sweetly smiled and kindly said, "Suffer the little ones to come unto me."

2. For I will receive them, and fold them I'll be a shepherd to those lambs, oh!

drive them not away; For, if their hearts to me they give, They shall with me in glory live,

"Suffer the little ones to come unto me."

3. How kind was the Saviour to hid those children welcome, For there are many thousands whe

have never heard his name; The Bible they have never read, They do not know that Jesus said "Suffer the little ones to come unto me."

4. And soon may the children of ever clime and nation.

Fulfil thy holy word and cast their idols all away.

Oh! shine upon them from shove, And show thyself a God of love,

And "suffer the little ones to come unte Thee!"

ON PRAYER.

I often say my prayers, But do I ever pray? Or do the wishes of my heart Dictate the words I say?

Tis useless to implore, Unless I feel I need-Unless 'tis from a sense of want That all my prayers proceed.

I may as well kneel down, And worship gods of stone, As offer to the living God A prayer of words alone.

Lord, teach me what I want, And teach me how to pray; Nor let me e'er implore thy grace Not feeling what I say.

THE LITTLE RENEFACTOR.

"MOTHER, I want you to give me a piece of bread to carry to school to-day for little Johnny Himes," said John Martin to his mother one morning, as she was putting up his dinner for school.

"Why, what makes you want to carry a piece of bread to Johnny Himes?" inquired his mother. "Don't he have any dinner of his own?"

"No, not a bit," replied George. "You see, yesterday, I had more dinner than I wanted, and little Johnny stood watching me all the time I was eating, and I thought he was very ill-mannerly for doing so. But he looked very sad, as if he wasn't well, or felt bad about something-and I never see him eat any dinner; I thought it must be because he didn't want any. But when I took out a biscuit, I said I didn't want it, I'd got dinner enough. And Johnny said, 'Won't you please give it to me?' He almost cried, too, when he said so. Then I thought may be he was hungry—I didn't think of it before. So I gave it to him, and he ate it as if he hadn't had anything to eat all day. I asked him why he didn't bring some dinner. And he said his mother hadn't any; that his father was sick, and sometimes his mother couldn't get hardly anything for breakfast or supper, and nothing for him to carry to school. And now, mother." added George, "won't you let me carry a large piece of bread and butter every day for Johnny?"

George's eye sparkled, and his plump little cheek was flushed, as he pleaded for his poor schoolmate. His mother's heart was as generous as his own, and she was glad to see George trying to cheer a sad spirit, and lighten, though but a little, the load of human suffering. So now, every day, George Martin gives Johnny Himes a dinner, for which Johnny's gratitude and his parents' blessing are an abundant reward.—Mother's Journal.

LOSING AND LIVING.

For ever the sun is pouring his gold On a hundred worlds that beg and borrow; His warmth he squanders on summits cold,

His wealth on the homes of want and sorrow:
To withhold his largess of precious light,
Is to bury himself in eternal night:—

To give Is to live.

The flower shines not for itself at all;
Its joy is the joy it freely diffuses;
Of beauty and balm it is prodigal,
And it lives in the life it sweetly loses:

No choice for the rose but glory or doom— To exhale or smother, to wither or bloom:—

To deny Is to die.

The seas lend silvery rain to the land,

The land its sapphire streams to the ocean;

The heart sends blood to the brain of command,

The brain to the heart its lightning motion;

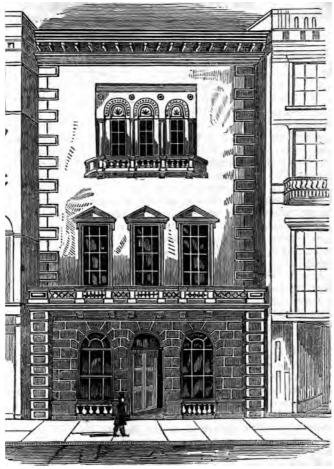
And ever and ever we yield our breath,

Till the mirror is dry and images death:—
To live
Is to give.

He is dead whose hand is not opened wide, To help the need of a human brother: He doubles the life of his life-long ride

Who gives his fortunate place to another; And a thousand million lives are his Who carries the world in his sympathies:—

To deny Is to die.



The Baptist Mission House, Moorgate Street.

THE ANNUAL MEETINGS.

By the time this little magazine reaches the hands of its reader the Annual Missionary Meetings in London will all be over. At the time this article is written, the meetings have not even begun, by as we cannot doubt that many of our readers hear much of the from their pastors and teachers, we have thought it might not be uni teresting to them to see a picture of the house in which some of the meetings are held, and in which the affairs of the mission generally a conducted. The first of the meetings, as most of our readers know, the Prayer Meeting, which is held in the Mission House. in which this gathering is always assembled, is the large room calle the Library. Here, every year, at least two or three hundred frien of the mission gather, and it is always interesting to see so man friends from all parts of the country, come to unite in presenting their supplications at the throne of grace. The meeting this year to be presided over by the Rev. C. J. Middleditch, and we cann doubt that it will be an interesting gathering. We trust that the prayers of the brethren will be guided by the Spirit, and that the will be heard! The next of the meetings is the Annual Member Meeting, which is held on the following Tuesday; at this meeting the affairs of the mission are discussed, and the Committee and Office of the Society appointed. The room is always full when this impo tant meeting is held. We need not tell our readers how mudepends on a right choice being made of those who shall direct t affairs of the Society. The next meeting is held, not in the Missie House, but in Exeter Hall. In the large room in this building n less than two or three thousand friends of the Society annual assemble. At this meeting the Report is presented, and address on missionary subjects are given by returned missionaries and oth friends. We are glad to say that the Report this year is unusual interesting. The operations of the Society have been much bless during the year, and the income has been larger than in any ve since the mission was established. On the evening of the day which the Annual Public Meeting is held, the Annual Sermon

preached in the Metropolitan Tabernacle. The sermon this year is by the Rev. S. G. Green, who, as will be remembered, was once

editor of this magazine.

As we have said, all these meetings will be over when this magazine appears. It will be too late then for us to ask our readers to pray that God will be with the brethren when they assemble; but we may ask them to pray that he will follow their assemblies with his blessing, and that he will not forget to answer the prayers they offer at his footstool. Perhaps some of our readers may come to London to see the Exhibition this year. If they do, some of them no doubt will visit Moorgate Street to get a peep also at the Mission House. We hope they will, for the Mission House is theirs as well as ours. The Baptist Missionary Society is their missionary Society. We trust and pray that in coming years they will be as much helpers to the mission as their beloved parents and pastors have been.

THE BROKEN PROMISE.

A CHAPTER FOR THE ELDER CHILDREN.

THERE was a long line of red light in the sky half-an-hour ago; a line of red light such as I often see from our western windows. Thick, grey, and heavy were the clouds above my head, but between these and the hills on the other side of the river was a glory that spoke of God. There is something cheering in such an appearance at any time, but at the close of a dull, wet, sunless day it is like the smile of a friend who has been vexed with us, and is getting better.

Why do I say this to the children who read this book? Why do I think that some of you will understand me? Because I believe that many of you love

Jesus, of whom it is said, "All things were made by him, and without him was not anything made;" and because I cannot doubt that the sunset and the sunrise speak to you, as they do to me, of patience, love, and power. I do not think you will be sorry to hear how a day which began in shadow has ended in glory, for you like pleasant thoughts, as you like flowers, and music, and pictures, and poetry. You have no objection to stand beside me at the western window, and rejoice in the calm beauty of the sky: I wonder if you will be as well pleased if I ask you to share my ? sgaisum

This day promised little when it began, at its end is beautiful. There are some things which promise much and end in disappointment. For example—

Shall I give you the example? Will you pray over it, and think about its teaching if I do so?

More than a year ago, the children in our Sunday school began to put farthings and halfpence into a box which lay on the superintendent's de-k; a plain mahogany box with a hole in the top, and a drawer with a lock to it at the bottom; a box with no words on it, and yet a box which asked as plainly as possible for a gift to the cause of God. There it stood, by the Bible and the hymn-book, waiting patiently, with its mouth just sufficiently open for the "coppers" which the children had promised to put into it.

Promised? Yes, that was the word. Two Sundays had passed since Mr. Thompson - let me give our superintendent that name—had made a speech, or rather given an "address," in which he talked much of the children in heathen lands, and asked if none of our scholars were willing to help the missionaries who had gone abroad to instruct them. He had been asked by one of the teachers to state that a few pounds collected every year would pay for the education of a child, and that by giving a halfpenny, or even a farthing a week, our scholars might enable the missionaries who had established schools in distant lands to undertake the charge of some boy or girl, who would otherwise

be left to the ignorance and degradation of heathenism.

Our scholars seemed to like the ide and it was decided that they should have an opportunity of beginning on the fel lowing Sunday. I do not think of mahogany friend was made by that time indeed I have a notion that a collecting box had to be borrowed for the occasion and that it was held to be prudent t wait and see how the money came i before any arrangements were made wit the carpenter. Some of the teachers on pected nothing, and some a few peat only, on that first day, and even th most hopeful of their number agree that two shillings would be a very goo contribution.

The day arrived, and the school-galler, was opened as usual. I say school gallery, because we have no rooms as yet and are therefore obliged to hold on meetings in a deep recess over the vertibule of our chapel,—a recess which sloping upward from two pillars at the end of the side galleries towards the great north window, is roomy enough for three hundred scholars and teachers.

Mr. Thompson is punctual—it is a we rare thing for him to be otherwise—and stands quietly beside his deak as one one the scholars enter the gallery. halfpenny, a penny, a farthing, then halfpennies—cannot you see the chil approach the box, and, half shyly, them in? Cannot you guess the hi of some of those coins?—how "fa was told of it last Sunday, and la about it, how "mother" was quite

ly a farthing, how one boy saved t buying sweets last Thursday, her earned it by doing extra And cannot you follow each to e—perhaps a very poor one, in le women ask the amount of the 1, and stalwart men rejoice in edness of giving? a good beginning, there was no

in regard to that. Five shillings and there was great rejoicing. I should not be far wrong if I that some twenty people began ate how five times fifty-two are dred and sixty, and how two and sixty shillings are thirteen and how thirteen pounds would wo children, and leave a balance at the end of the year into the These castles in the air! how n we build them, and how cerare at the time of their erecthey stand on solid ground! was ordered before the third need I say that it was larger al? The money for the educa-

a pleasant thing to see the approach the desk, and shyly he contents of their new box.

n! how much was in those two rds! Would their interest in ever flag? That was the ques-

we children was to be contained

passed, and although many of scholars kept up bravely, there was a falling off in the number of farthings and halfpence brought by the little ones. The teacher who had first proposed the thing to Mr. Thompson saw this with deep regret, for she had dreamed that a happiness like that of the friends of "Little Elizabeth"* would be the portion of those who had begun so well. Five shillings at first, and now but half-a-crown! It was disheartening, for more than two-thirds of the scholars were known to possess the means of purchasing fruit, sweetmeats, toys, and "The Adventures of Jack the Giant-killer."

A year has now gone by, and, in spite of Mr. Thompson's appeals, the children give less than ever. In one of the senior classes fourteen skillings have been raised in six months, and in another more than two-thirds of that sum; but as nearly five pounds a year are required, this is not sufficient.

What shall we do? Here are clouds after sunshine! Our streak of crimson sky came first, and then the dimness. Dear children, will you pray for us! It is bad to begin a good thing and give it up because we do not like to deny ourselves; and I want you to ask God to help us to persevere. Some even of our Christian scholars have grown careless, and I want them to be aroused. When I see feathers on hats that should be trimmed with ribbon or velvet, or a gay flower where plain blond would be more consistent; when boys boast of twopenny

^{*} See Juvenile Missionary Herald for July, 1880.

"alleys" and smell of peppermint, I feel inclined to ask them if they know that for the use we make of pence as well as pounds we must give an account to God.

Next week our teachers hope to have a meeting, at which the question of the collection will be talked over. I believe it will then be proposed that a missionary box be kept in every class, and that the teacher be requested to speak a few words nearly every Sunday about the privileges we enjoy, and the selfishness of refusing to help those who are in darkness. If this be done, I believe that not only in the senior class-room, but in the deacons' vestry, where the little ones sing so sweetly, we may hope to gain a hearing.

It will be beginning again. We shall be more calm this time, and more prayerful. If ever the streak of red should

appear, I will let you know.
I only say—Pray for us.

We need your prayers. A yours to ask in faith, nothing that our scholars may have st perform their work, and may cover in heaven that our Fr. heard you, and that some now child has been sweetly taught as it is in Jesus, in answer to yo appeal to the God in whom J Who can tell bow much good down in answer to one prayer?

I have spoken as to Christian but there are doubtless some my readers who are not Christia ones, awake, the time is ve Kneel down at once and say save me, for Jesus' sake!" and to you are saved, remember the heat

MISSIONARY NEWS.

LATELY a letter has come to hand from Mr. Robert Smi young and devoted missionary in Africa; and as there is son in it about the children there, you, my dear young friends, like to know what he writes.

"The people around the neighbourhood of Victoria are verand degraded, but I rejoice to believe that the Lord is give favour in their eyes; this, I trust, will lead to something a How very much it would rejoice our hearts to see the waters beautiful bay moving through the baptism of believers in During my stay here my heart has been drawn out not atowards the children and youths who reside here; and I cann

believing that, at some future day, there will come out from them some to guide their own people from the darkness and down-trodden state they are in, to that of happiness and peace in the Saviour. They appear to be catching quite a missionary spirit, and have volunteered to grow vam and other things to give to the cause, and help to send teachers to others. To show you that they really mean it, I will give an instance. Last Saturday week a dear boy came and asked to see me; when I went to him, he held out his hands, with six eggs in them, as the first contribution to the mission cause: that lad, sir, made my heart to rejoice; and on the next day, which was the Sabbath, the dear children of England would have been delighted to have seen the little black girls and boys coming, holding a small copper between their fingers, and then dropping them into the ever open but silent mouth of the mission-box; and a thought is just passing through my mind, what would that silent mouth say if it could speak? Would it not tell of the darkness and miseries of millions of heathen children, who have little or no food to eat, and scarcely a piece of wrapper to cover their persons; and, above all, no kind teacher to lead them to the path of happiness and salvation? Would it not also tell of the woes and cruelties of the little slave being torn away from his or her parents, and then bound in chains and made

> 'To labour in the sun, Wishing they were but in the grave, And all their labour done,'

and cruelly treated by the very men who ought to lead their wandering feet to the Saviour's home? From the dark places of the earth would it not tell of, and bid you look upward to, that glorious company of little ones who have washed their robes, and made them white, in the blood of the Lamb? no fear, no hard-hearted master, no lash to dread, but an everlasting home at Jesus' feet; and as

'O'er the silent fields of Canaan they rove,'

they sing in melodious strains,

'I from Afric's barren strand, Guided by a friendly hand, Here together meet at last, Every sin and danger past.'

And from thence would it not cry from the highest mountai heard by every Sabbath scholar? And the response shall be

> 'I from my little store freely will impart, That some kind teacher may be given, To point to Christ, the way to heaven.'"

So you see that sometimes the missionary news comes from East, and sometimes from the far West. Now we have tidin Western Africa. May these letters stir up your young he prayer on behalf of these poor little children in heathen lands

Mission Heuse, Moorgate Street, April 16, 1862.

HARRIET K---.

DEAR CHILDREN,—After what has been said of our little Sabbath sch will suppose she was a happy girl. She was. Fancy you see her, rising her knees, after the holy exercise of prayer, and singing, perhaps, sweetly, such a verse as the following from her hymn book.

"When on thy promises I feast, And there my interest see, The richest monarch of the east Is poor, compared with me."

She then goes down stairs, and discharges the various little househo which fall to her lot, such as plain needlework, going on errands, and with cheerfulness and alacrity, yielding prompt and willing obediene wishes of her parents. This, you know, is according to God's will, who co "Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right. Honour t and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord giveth thee." This law is good, as are all the laws of God, and designed us happy. When young people slight or disobey such plain commands, tain they know little or nothing about true religion. That affects both and the life. The heart being changed by the power of the Holy Ghost,

changed also, and obedience to the will of God in all things becomes, through his grace, easy and pleasant.

I need scarcely tell you that, after Harriet's heart was turned to the Lord, she became doubly diligent as a Sabbath scholar; taking care to prepare her lessons well beforehand, and to be at the chapel in good time, although the hour for opening the school was half-past eight in the summer and nine in the winter. It was a charming sight to see hundreds of happy faces there, ready to greet us at that early hour.

After a time, however, we found Harriet's attendance gradually slackened, and, on calling, found it had pleased the Lord to lay his afflicting hand upon her. She was moving about the house, but much changed in her appearance. The face that lately looked plump and healthy, was thin and wan; her strength was failing, and soon her place in the class at the Sabbath school became vacant altogether, and was occupied by her no more. When God thus lays children aside by sickness, it should be a warning to us not to reckon so much on long life, but to think most of pleasing him. God knows better than we whether a longer or a shorter life on earth be most for his glory and our good. Such events, too, seem to say to the young, prize your privileges while they last—your privileges in the Sabbath school and in the house of God—remember the end of all is to fit you, by God's blessing, for the enjoyments of that higher and holier state called heaven, which Christ has prepared for all who love him. Now you are healthy and strong, and can sing—

"When the morning light drives away the night, With the sun so bright and full, And it draws its line near the hour of nine, I'll away to the Sabbath school."

Soon, however, like Harriet, you may be brought low by affliction, and sigh in vain for one more happy day there. It is true the Lord can, by his presence, abundantly recompense us for the loss of the outward means of grace; and he was very gracious to Harriet in comforting and consoling her, and while he weakened her strength in the way, daily, gave her such holy and heavenly thoughts and feelings as made her heart glad. Her sick chamber was what Bethel was to the fugitive patriarch, the house of God and the gate of heaven, for God was there. It was re-treahing to witness the peace and joy which attended her dying bed. Her countenance, generally placid and serene, showed the quiet submission to the holy will of God which reigned in her mind. When suffering extreme anguish she was obliged to scream aloud on being moved in bed; but there was no word of complaint nor murmur, the language of her heart was, "Not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done."

To her pastor and teachers, who visited her regularly throughout her illness, she said, amongst other things, "I have been troubled about my sins, but Christ forgives sin. I feel my sins are forgiven, and this makes me comfortable." Thus you see it was with Harriet as it is with all who obtain salvation, whether young

or old. The Holy Spirit shows them two things—their own sinfulness, and the power of Christ to save. When we see ourselves as full of sin by nature and practice, like Harriet, we are cast down, as well we may be, for we have offended a loving God. When we by faith, see our Saviour full of pity, love, and power, then, like her, we are lifted up, and we sing from very joy of heart, "O Lord, I will praise thee: though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortest me." Try yourselves by this rule, and see whether you are the Lord's or not.

When a little more free from pain than usual, Harriet would employ her moments in exhorting her friends and relations to fly to Christ in health. So strong was this desire, that on one occasion, during the night, it was difficult to pacify her without calling her sisters out of bed to hear a few more last words. Feeling that her days were numbered, she perhaps thought, who can tell that I shall be here in the morning, to set Christ before them once more? Her school-fellows, too, were not forgotten; she was very anxious for their eternal welfare. "O that they would turn to the Lord," she said; "I hope I shall not see them in that place of torment." As her bodily powers sunk lower and lower, her love to Christ and the holy aspirations of her soul to be near and like her Saviour, rose higher and higher. "I love Jesus," she said, "more than I love my father and my mother. I long to be with him. I long to sing the song of Moses, the servant of Chod, and the song of the Lamb. I long to be with the people of God and with the holy angels."

The state of her mind was generally calm and confiding, yet there were seasons when she was assailed with momentary fears as to her acceptance and final safety. "I hope God will not leave me," she said with much distress one day, adding cheerfully, "I have been thinking of that verse, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Thus a single text from the secred oracles of truth, applied by the Holy Spirit, would quickly disperse the cloud, causing her peace and joy to spring up as the tender grass by the clear shining of the sun after rain. The 23rd Psalm was very precious to her; she would try to repeat it with me, when almost unable to speak. If she saw her mother weeping, she would gently reprove her thus: "You should rejoice, I am going to my Saviour." Communion with the Lord in prayer and praise were now her chief employment. At times her cup of joy seemed full to overflowing. Yes, joy was in her heart while the words were on her lips, "O the pain here," putting her hand upon her chest; joy was in her soul, even though her eye was overcast with the shadow of death; joy was still there—the joy of going home. I never saw a girl so anxious to return home, after long absence, as Harriet was to be with the Lord. Eigenlatory petitions, and short, broken sentences, such as, "Come, Lord Jesus, come, come quickly," were all that could now be heard; enough to show that she still clung by faith to the Rock of Ages which never moves. Her feet had now touched the river of death, that river "without a bridge," as Bunyan says; but neither four nor

marked her death-bedewed brow; neither, for Jesus was near to whisper and to bear her safely through. There she lay, in the attitude of prayer,; and watching at heaven's gate, until He should open who has the keys of een world. Soon the welcome summons came, "Come up hither," and her ed spirit was in the realms of everlasting glory, bowing, with adoring gratiefore the throne of God and of the Lamb.

death of this young girl shows the uncertainty of life. Let this be the subyour thoughts and scriptural inquiry this month. Mark, also, one feature
Harriet's character, before you put down this short notice, namely, her
nxiety for the salvation of others. All who really love the Lord feel this.
love him because he has saved you, you will strive and pray that those
you may be saved. Yea, your love to souls will embrace, not your own
nor your own neighbourhood only, it will be world-wide, and extend to sinevery clime, colour, and tongue. If, by your contributions, you are the
of saving souls in far-off lands, whom you may never see in this life, what
your feelings when you meet in glory, and hear them say—

"I from Greenland's frozen land, I from India's sultry plain, I from Afric's burning sand, I from islands of the main"

nd but for your prayers and efforts, we had now been in that place where weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. There is no joy equal to the aving souls, instrumentally. It exceeds the joy of harvest. May it be said ur readers, they did what they could!

I am,

Your loving friend,

E. R.

field, May, 1862.

THE MISSIONARY BOX.

CH lady was one day overtaken by a shower of rain; so, sending her servant rriage, she took shelter in the cottage of a poor man. Having to wait a ne, she amused herself with looking at the contents of a little room in which seated, and, among other things, her eye fell upon a large money-box. If a kind disposition, she said to a little pale boy, who was sitting by the Bring me your money-box, my lad, and I will give you something." boy's face flushed as he arose, and took the box to the lady, and he was still leased when he saw her about to put in a bright, new half-crown, but sud-ooking up into her face, he said,

"Do you know, ma'am, that this is a missionary-box?"

"A missionary-box!" exclaimed the lady; "take it back, then; I do not wish to give money to missions; and if I make you a present of this half-crown, you must promise me that you will not put a penny of it into that box."

"I cannot promise that, ma'am," said he, firmly; "father, mother, and I, always put part of all the money we get into the missionary-box; and, after all, 'tis little

enough."

"And how came this idea into your heads?" asked the lady; "for I am sure

that you never heard anything about missionaries in the village."

- "No, ma'am, we never did; more's the pity; but I bought a book one day of a pedlar, and it was full of such wonderful stories about the doings of the heathen in far-off countries, that I did not believe they could be true; however, when father read it, he said it was true enough, for he had been a soldier aforetime, and travelled in those very places. So then I asked if we could not do anything to help them; and mother said we might have a box, and put in all the pence we could spare, the same as they used to do at the Sunday school where she went once; so father knocked up this, and 'twas agreed that we should all put in part of what we carned."
- "And what will you do with the money when the box is full?" asked the lady. "I don't know, ma'am," answered the boy, with a puzzled look, "but we could get another box, and fill that."

The lady smiled, and said, "Can you really think it a duty to deny yourself for

such a purpose?"

The boy looked surprised, but answered, "After all that God has done for us, ma'am, don't you think that we ought to try to do something for Him?"

Just then the lady's carriage came to the door; but before leaving, she put the half-crown into the missionary-box, saying, in a laughing manner, "I hope that it may do good."

"God grant it may," said the boy solemnly, "and I thank you in his name."

Many weeks passed away, and one bright, sunshiny day the lady again entered the cottage where she had once taken shelter; but this time she was the bearer of good news. Since her last visit she had been reading some missionary books, and God had led her to see the importance of missions and inclined her heart to help them; so she had spoken to the clergyman, and to some other people in the village, and the result was, that they were going to have missionary meetings, and a Missionary Society among themselves. From that time the lady not only became zealous supporter of missions, but she began to take pleasure in all kinds of good works. Thus did God bless the example set by this poor but pious family. And thus will he assuredly bless all those who weary not in well-doing; for the promise is sure "that in due time ye shall reap, if ye faint not."—Church Missionary Instructor.

THE MINE LAID.

Some time ago, I happened to be in a slate quarry, and saw a man here suspended by a rope tied to a tree or a pole sunk at the ummit of the mountain. He descended by the rope till he came to n abutting crag of the quarry, and there, with his feet upon a ledge f rock, he remained for some time, boring a hole in the rock. He pent a large portion of the day in this manner, boring a hole perhaps wo inches, or thereabouts, in circumference. After giving much toil ad many hours of hard labour to boring this hole, I saw him afterards fill it up with black dust. Now, if I had not known what that lack dust was, I should have said, "What a simpleton this man is to pend his strength, and energy, and time, in boring a hole and then lling it up with black dust!" But I knew that that black dust was owder. And by-and-by he strikes a light and applies it to the fusee, nd whilst it is burning downwards in the direction of the powder, e seizes hold of the rope and seeks safety in distance; for by the ime he has reached his place of safety, the fire has burned down to the powder, and then there is a mighty blast, and tons of stone are brought down.

What was done in that quarry, the missionaries have to a great extent done in India! They have been boring at the rock of heathenism, and have deposited in the hole they have made the powder of God's truth, until the mighty rock is all underlaid with that divine powder. We want now the fire from heaven; for when the spirit of fire descends, there will be a mighty rending of that rock, and stones will be gathered to adorn the temple of our God.—Rev. R. Roberts.

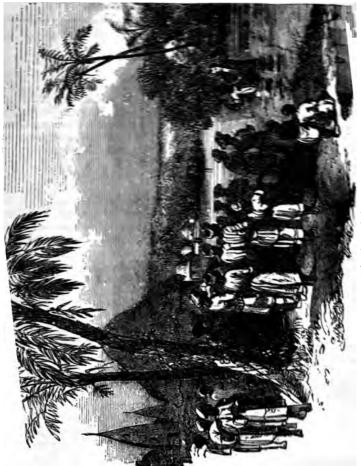
NOW!

LIKE mist on the mountain, Like ships on the sea, So swiftly the years Of our pilgrimage flee. In the graves of our fathers How soon we shall lie! Dear children, to-day To the Saviour fly! How sweet are the flow'rets In April and May; Yet often the frost Makes them wither away. Like flowers you may fade! Are you ready to die? While "yet there is room," To the Saviour fly! When Samuel was young,

When Samuel was young,
He first knew the Lord,
And slept in his smile,
And rejoiced in his word.
So most of God's children
Are early brought nigh;
Oh, seek him in youth!
To the Saviour fly!

Do you ask me for pleasure?
Then lean on his breast;
For there the sin-laden
And weary find rest!
In the valley of death
You will triumphing cry,
"If this be called dying,
'Tis pleasant to die!"

R. M'CHEYN



Baptism m India.

BAPTISMS IN INDIA.

On the other page we give a view of a Baptism in India. The particular baptism chosen for representation took place at Chittagong. Eight persons were baptized on the occasion, among them a Brahmin, named Bishwanath, who, whilst in the water, pulled off his Brahminical thread or paita from his neck (long his companion there), and roughly flinging it in the water said, "Thou hast long deceived me and the world. I have now done with thee for ever for the sake of Christ whom I now own." Another Brahmin, who was

baptized at the same time, followed his example.

We give the picture, however, chiefly to show to our young readers in what style the ordinance of baptism is generally administered in India. We need not say that they have there few baptistries, such as we have at home; and that generally, therefore, they have to content themselves with some stream or river, where, under the trees which grow so richly on the banks, the solemn rite is observed. How interesting it is to see these poor people one after another "putting on Christ"! Surely the Lord himself must look down with complacency when these formerly ignorant Hindoos thus acknowledge him before the world. How much they have to endure from their neighbours and friends, and especially from that system of caste which is not yet overcome, we in this happy land can form little idea. The "Annual Report" tells us that more than two hundred baptisms have taken place at the various stations in India during the past year. Almost every station in Bengal has received converts from the heathen, in some cases accompanied with incidents of a very interesting kind. Thus, at Tambulda, near the Mutlah river, where there exists a church of twenty-six members. having a native convert as pastor, and another as an evangelist, an entire household of six persons has been baptized. The heads of this family are two brothers, persons of some property, which they have been not unwilling to spend in the cause of the Saviour. have erected two chapels, one on their own premises for Sabbath worship, the other in the bazaar for the proclamation of the Gospel to the heathen. In addition, they have given 100 rupees for the general purposes of the mission. The change that has taken place in their character is most decided, and the report of their liberality is acting very beneficially on their fellow Christians. From Barisal, Jessore, and Dacca, encouraging reports have likewise come to hand. In Delhi, sixty-six persons have been baptized during the year.

Let us pray that all these people may remain faithful, and that yet many more may be added to the churches "of those who shall

be eternally saved"!

BERTIE'S LAST SUMMER.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

IT was a pretty garden; there could not be two opinions about that. All the length of the south wall was a sloping "bed" of earth, adorned with some of the loveliest flowers that ever saw the light of a May day in the neighbourhood of an English cottage. There were hyacinths of exquisite smell, pink, white, and cream-coloured; double primroses, modest and pale, resting lightly on fragile stems; a pirus japonica, in full bloom; beside a small but sweet-scented lilac, a white rose-bush, bursting into leaf at one end, and a pink ditto ditto at the other. Add to all these a flowering currant-tree, a lauristinus, a plot of liliesof-the-valley, a clump of sweet-scented violets, and a good show of polyanthuses and cowslips, wallflowers, anemones, narcissuses, striped grass, sweetbrier, and

dainty ferns, and you will have some idea of Bertie's garden.

"I think my bed is as pretty as any in the world," said Bertie, a year ago.

His aunt smiled, but she did not contradict him. It was pretty.

"I think I shall begin to send bunches to market, like Nelly," continued the child. "It would be a very good way of getting money."

"And what do you want with money?" inquired grandmamma; "a child like you!"

Little Herbert blushed, but gave no answer.

"He would send it to his papa," said Aunt Lucy; "would not he?"

"Not all," said Bertie, as he ran down the walk, and pretended—only pretended

-to chase a butterfly; "papa would not wish to have all."

His grandmother smiled. "What a queer boy!" she began; but before she could finish he was at the top of the walk again, saying,

"Auntie, a question!"

Miss Warren put by her needlework, and said,

"Bertie."

The boy understood the signal, and climbed upon her knee. Even that little run had wearied him.

"And now," said Miss Lucy, "the question."

"It is a very droll one," said Bertie.
"Am I precocious?"

His hearers laughed, and one of them said, "Yes, very."

"Do you know what precocious means?" asked another: it was Cousin Marian.

"Yes; forward; and 'too clever by half," said Bertie. And, in a tone which brought tears to all eyes, he added, "And I must die!"

"Who told you that?" asked Aunt Lucy.

"Old Madge," said Bertie. "She was here only yesterday, talking to Susan about me and Marian; and she said Marian had only half my brains, which was very fortunate, for I was precocious, and sure to die."

"Dear Bertie!"

They were all crying now, except the child, and he was looking from end to end of his garden. "I must make haste," he mused, "or I shall not get the money

I want for papa. How many pennies is it to make ten shillings, Marian?"

"A hundred and twenty."

"Then I must begin," said Bertie, "this very evening. You know my text to-day was, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

The boy said this very quietly, and without the least idea that it was odd for a child of eight and a half to be so thoughtful. Then he went off with Marian to gather his flowers.

Herbert Warren was the only son of a clever and highly-educated man, who, counting all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus, had gone into willing exile in order that he might preach Christ's Gospel in heathen lands. Little Bertie had been born abroad, and, as his mother died when he was three years old, he had been committed to the care of his Aunt Lucy. His "money to papa" was designed for the purchase of Bibles, hymn-books, tracts, and "Easy Readers," which might be given to the people in the schools.

"You have so many ferns," said Cousin Marian, as she trimmed an awkward spray of pirus japonica, "I wonder you don't sell a few of them,"

"Would any one buy?" asked Bertie.

"I expect so. For instance, Mrs. Landon, who is beginning a fernery."

"And who lives as near the hedges as I do," said Bertie, laughing.

"And who does not like the trouble of hunting for plants," persisted Marisa. "I have heard her tell grandmother that she paid a shilling for one not long ago." "Then I will send some of mine to the market," cried Bertie, "and tell our Susan to be sure to offer them to Mrs. Landon. We shall be quite rich, eh, Marian?"

His cousin smiled and sighed. She

was six years older than he, and could scarcely have entered into the plan so heartily, had she not wished to give him as much pleasure as possible in this last year.

(To be continued.)

MISSIONARY NEWS.

This month I have a word for you from Africa, about little children in the school at Cameroons. Miss Saker, daughter of our honoured missionary there, devotes all the time she can to teaching the poor destitute little ones at that station. Don't be thinking that, because you had a word from the same mission in the last Juvenile. that I have no news from other places. This is not the same place that Mr. Smith wrote from. His letter was from Victoria, the newly-formed settlement. Cameroons is the old station, out of which Bimbia and the others have sprung. Besides, if you felt any interest in the doings at Victoria, tidings from Cameroons will keep it up, and make it stronger. It is well for your young minds to be fixed sometimes for a good while on an object, so as to become well acquainted with it. The repetition of a tale often deepens the impression first made. An old proverb illustrates this: "The continual dropping of water wears away stone." Water is soft enough, and stone is very hard; but the repeated drip, drip, of the soft thing rubs away the hard one.

Well, Miss Saker says, in her letter dated April, "We have about fourteen children in the mission house, besides four or five living with Mr. Diboll and Mrs. Fuller. They are mostly orphans. The eldest girl is about sixteen years old. It is difficult to know their exact ages, as they keep no account, and have no means of reckoning time." This will give you some notion of their ignorance. They don't even know what time, that precious thing, really is. Surely

you will pity them, and will say they need instruction in And you will try and help the Society to do it, won't you?

In this letter Miss Saker mentions some of their names; are partly African and partly English. When you read the few I intend giving, you may perhaps smile; and there will be no in that, for I like to see the faces of my young friends looking I and happy. Well then, this name of the eldest girl "is Tu Sarah Ann Quan; the next is Keme, or Susan Bell; then Emiri, or Mary Upton Freeman; Sepa, or Edith Bandall; Coc Fanny Lorton; Pondoby, or Mercy Saker; Ndutu, or Julia; N or Jane Lorton." The little girl called Mercy is an orphan, Mrs. Saker took when only three days old, and saved her from put to death!

Besides these girls, there are some boys in the school at (roons. "The eldest, named Henry Quan, is learning to carpenter. Then we have Inman, or Robert Randall, broth little Edith; Ngombi, or Joshua Russell Bell; Ngonzi, or W Quan; Nyambi, or Samuel Nicholson; Silo, or James Coutts (the youngest is between four and five years old. They learn reswriting, and sewing; and some are very quick, especially at wr The number of scholars in the school varies from thirty to Most of the town children have to find their own food, which

prevents their attending school."

I dare say you will find it hard to say how some of these n should be spoken, and it is not easy to explain how words begin with Ng should be pronounced. But you will see that son them have English names given to them out of respect to some excellent ministers in this country. May they grow up to be men and women, and then they will not disgrace these good nai

Now Miss Saker thinks that while reading what I print from note, some of you may say, "What can we do for these children?" And she then goes on to tell you, "A few little or books for rewards, would be very acceptable. One case I shalke to put before them. Some few years ago, a young girl was the by an uncle from her father, and sold to a chief in the town,

not treat her well. She is now dangerously ill, I think dying, s in great trouble about her only child, a little girl two years In a few years her father will most likely take her into the

try, and sell her to buy another wife for himself! Cannot the be redeemed? He may demand a large sum for it, or he may rsuaded to give it up to the mission; but then he will expect dsome present, for in this country girls are considered too pre-

to be given away."

w, my dear children, see what misery sin, and its worst form, ry, will do. It makes men like brute beasts, destroys all love 10 another, and for children. Be thankful, then, that you are ferently brought up, and born in a land of Gospel light. And try and see what help you can give to Miss Saker, to redeem this little girl, and place her in the mission. There she will be care off, and brought up in "the nurture and admonition of ord."

F. T.

on Heuse, Moorgate Street, May 19, 1862.

MY OWN GARDEN.

E CHILDREN,—What shall I say to you this month, this flowery month of Do any of you live in the country, and are you fond of flowers? If so, you te them, and they may be seen climbing up your walls and about your windows, and outside; you trail them over the fences and around the arbours in your garden; or there is perhaps in that garden one small parterre, or flower-nich you prize more than the rest. Why? Because it is your own garden; rown. You plant, you sow, you water, you gather the produce as you: no one ever attempts to disturb anything in your garden. Some weeks n March or April, you were very busy with your light tools—the spade, the r the trowel—transplanting perennials, and scattering the seed of annuals nd there, arranging the place of each with due regard to its size, the of its blossom, and so forth, according to your taste, and then—alt, what

You might have been seen, afterwards, running often, perhaps many day, to the favourite spot, to see if the soil were looking loose, and the seed pringing up, and the bud and blossom beginning to appear. Looking

often in vain, and forgetting that time is required to bring these things to pass, and not time only, you turned away sad and discouraged, saying, "How is it the seed does not come up? I know it was good seed, and I know I dropped it into the earth, and yet-" Here you properly restrain yourself, recollecting that it is the power of God alone which makes the seed to spring and grow. "I must wait," you said: "wait patiently: wait in faith and hope: wait just as we are told the husbandman waits for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and the latter rain." There, by the side of your own garden, you learned a lesson, which it is to be hoped you will never forget; namely, how dependent we all are upon God, the author of our being. He is the giver of all our mercies, temporal and spiritual. Let this thought lead you to love him, to lean upon him, to walk through life humbly and confidingly: so shall you walk safely; for God is faithful, and never fails the soul that trusts in him; and happily, too: for a life of dependence upon God is the only happy life, whether it be of the children of God here or of the blest above. Walk proudly, have a conceit of your own importance, think you can stand alone or accomplish great things of yourself, and you walk insecurely, and shall stumble and fall to your disgrace and ruin, but for God's mercy.

"Unshaken as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains be,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,
That leans, O Lord, on thee."

At length, going to your garden one morning earlier than usual, you were greeted with the long-looked-for green patches of vegetation wherever the seed was scattered; fine, vigorous plants, giving promise of a bright future and a full reward of your labours. Then your joy was great, and it increased daily as you watched the progress of the plants towards perfection, and saw the first flower in your garden opening to the genial beams of the sun. Joyfully you exclaimed, "That will be the finest flower in all the garden—more will follow—and it will be the sweetest, too: the very air, charged with its grateful odour, shall arrest the attention and regale the senses of every passer by."

From all this we may gather a faint idea of the thoughts entertained by godly parents and Sabbath school teachers in regard to the spiritual welfare of the young. Your garden plot may remind us of a little family, or a class of Sabbath school children, such as you. You have been trained up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Your instructors have prayed for you in secret and in public, have opened and explained the Scriptures to you. Thus the good seed of God's most holy word has been dropped in your midst. They have sown, it may be, in tears, but with faith and hope, under a sense of their dependence on God, who alone can give the increase; and how have they waited and watched to see it spring and grow, and yield abundance of buds and blossoms that should open to the beams

of the Sun of righteousness. In other words, they have longed to see the sign of

vork of God's Spirit in your hearts. Like the silent dew, or the gentle er that waters the earth, he descends on the soul and makes all things new. when at length their hopes are realised, and your hearts are opened ceive the Gospel, and you believe in Christ to the salvation of your a shout of joy is heard filling earth and heaven; for Christ is honoured Fod is glorified. May the Lord multiply the seed sown a thousand-fold, and ase the joy abundantly. May you show you are loving and following Christ ecourse of holy obedience, not in order to please the kindest of your earthly is, but, in the first place, to please God, your Maker, your Preserver, who his Son to die for sinners, and at his command who condescends to say, son, give me thu heart." If all the lovely flowers that ever adorned this iful earth, the production of infinite wisdom and skill, were collected into one I bouquet or nosegay, the sight would bear but a poor comparison with that ung, loving, living souls giving themselves to God, taking the yoke of Christ them, and entering his service in the morning of life. And the prayers of new-born souls for pardon, peace, and purity, would far exceed the richest me or the most delicate incense. Besides, flowers the finest and fairest must and die: the soul will never die, but live for ever after the body is dead; t will survive the wreck of ages, and, washed in the Redeemer's blood, live to and glorify God when earth and all her glories are no more.

> "When nature fails, and day and night Divide thy works no more, My ever-grateful heart, O Lord, Thy mercy shall adore."

is pleased the Lord to open the hearts of many young people lately, in ent places, to receive the precious Gospel. My heart has been made glad tidings of the work of grace now going on in Germany. Germany, you, is not far from us: you may reach it in a few days. Sailing down the Thames, s the German Ocean, up the Elbe about seventy miles, you will arrive at burg, a large free town, where there are many earnest and active Christians, whence has come lately

GOOD NEWS FROM THE SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

irst Sabbath school was established by Mr. Oncken, it seems, in 1825. It o contend with violent opposition from some of the Lutheran clergy, against they called the introduction of this "English plant on German soil." By blessing, however, it has prospered, and has sent forth shoots and branches various parts of the country. The Baptists have now 77 schools and 1,700 rs. The "Reporter" states: "From Jever, Mr. Remers, the pastor of nurch, writes: 'This year our faithful Lord has done great things for us, ince the first establishment of our Sunday schools we have never enjoyed.

such a blessing as now. Seven of the scholars have within the last few months been received into the fellowship of the Church; and how did our hearts rejoice at the simple testimony they gave to the work of God in their hearts. They give much pleasure by their good conduct in the world, and their zeal in attending the prayer meetings and other services; some who live at a distance, rising very early on the Sabbath morning, and walking over to the early prayer meeting. The youngest of these dear children has already been made the means of bringing her parents to our services, where the Spirit of God has met with them, and brought them as guilty ainners to the feet of Jesus."

From Varel, Mr. Haese writes: "Our Sunday school now numbers sixty children, some of whose parents are members of our own church, and others Lutherans and Roman Catholics. Most of them are very poor. The Lord has blessed our work so that seven of the scholars have been led in the school to feel their state as sinners, and have found peace in the blood of Christ, and been added to the church by baptism." The good man adds, "May the Lord continue to

bless this arduous yet delightful work to the salvation of many children."

Around us, too, the Lord is making his power and presence to be most graciously felt in the salvation of the young. Two dear girls were admitted to the fellowship of the church on the 4th of May. It was a day to be remembered, and did not pass without tears of joy from some of the graver people, with many prayers to Him who alone can keep them from falling, preserve them through the struggles and conflicts of life, and finally "present them faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy." As they arose and came out of the water, the lines were sung.

"When we devote our youth to God,
"Tis pleasing in his eyes;
A flower when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice."

Let the subject for your meditation this month be early self-dedication to God Find out all the Scripture precedents and portions on it; and may they be applied by the power of the Holy Spirit, so that you may say, in the language of the psalmist, "When thou saidst, Seek ye my face, my heart said unto thee, Thy face Lord, will I seek." May the Lord grant that all Sabbath schools may become truly nurseries for his Church, filled with "trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he may be glorified." And may youthful converts be multiplied, not only in England and in Germany, but throughout the world, until every child that breathes shall call the Redeemer blessed.

I am,

Your loving friend,

c. R.

Heathfield, June, 1862.

THE LITTLE MISSIONARIES.

ALICE and Laura were on their way to Sunday school. As they drew near the little stream that ran by the village, they saw a boy seated on the bank, fishing.

"Why, that is Jack Brown!" exclaimed Alice.

"Yes," said Laura; "mother would say we ought to get him into some Sunday school."

"I am afraid to speak to him," said Alice; "you know he threw a stone at

Mary Clark when she told him to stop swearing."

"Yes, but she first made him angry by calling him a 'wicked boy' and threatening to tell his father."

"Oh, I don't see how she could do that when she knows how cruelly he is

By this time they were quite close to the boy, and Laura, looking pleasantly at him, said, "Jack, will you come with us to Sunday school? I know you would like it."

"I'd rather fish," he answered, sullenly, getting up and holding the rod behind

him.

"Oh, Jack," said Laura, earnestly, taking his hand, as if to lead him away, "Do come! It is wrong to fish to-day. This is God's day; and we want you to hear what our teacher tells us."

"I'll let you have my Testament if you'll come, Jack," said Alice. "I know you learned to read at school. Just see what nice large print this is; and here is a picture of Jesus blessing the children. You shall have it for your own."

Jack looked down uneasily, and said, "I'm so dirty; and I haven't any shoes."

"Oh, never mind the shoes," cried Laura; "you can wash your face in the

brook and wipe it on my clean handkerchief."

Jack did as she told him, smoothed his hair with his wet hands, and put on his old cap and jacket. The fishing-rod was hidden behind the wall, and the children moved slowly on, teaching Jack some Bible-verses to say in the class. When they reached the door school had commenced, and they were singing that sweet little hymn.—

"There is a happy land."

Fack had never been in such a place in his life. He thought the singing delightful, but he couldn't help wondering what was meant by that "happy land, far, far away." He was put on a bench by himself, with a teacher whose face was so kind and pleasant that he ventured to ask "if that was true about the happy land." Then she told him the "happy land" meant heaven, where God and the angels are, and how beautiful a place it is, and that no one is ever sick, or sorry, or sinful there.

"Could I ever get there?"—and then Jack's eyes fell, as he said sorre "But I should be afraid to have God see me. You say he is good, and I bad. I often swear, and tell lies, and—." Here he stopped, and the went on to tell him how Jesus, the Son of God, left that beautiful hear came down to this world to die for us, that he might be our Saviour from hell. She told him that Jesus could see him and hear him all the time: often heard him swear.

"Now," she said, "let him hear you pray." Then she taught him a

and gave him a hymn to learn about Jesus.

All that week Jack thought of what he had heard at Sunday school, and anxiously for the next Sabbath. He wanted to hear more about Jesus. the day came he was in his place; and again the teacher talked to him Saviour, telling how loving he was, how he cured sick people, fed the hung raised the dead to life. Jack began to love his kind Saviour, and to like to him, and to think of the time when he might be with him. After a whi learned more about him and grew to be a man, he thought, "How many there are who don't care or who never heard about Jesus! Now, I might tell them how good he is, and that he will make them happy and take heaven if they will only love him and trust in him. I know that is what he have me to do." So Jack Brown became a missionary, and many a poor was taught by him the way to heaven.

Now, just suppose that Alice and Laura had passed by Jack, perhaps "What a naughty boy, to be fishing on Sunday!" but without asking hi with them and learn better. He might have grown up to be a thief, a dr or even a murderer—lived a miserable life and died a hopeless death. Thi this story when you go to school next Sunday, and perhaps you, too, can p

some little boy or girl to "come and hear about Jesus."

THE MISSIONARY'S REWARD.

A MISSIONARY in a heathen land had been preaching on the Lord's-da heaven; in the evening he was standing by the bed of a dying conve idolatry. "Teacher," said the dying man, "I understand that you ha preaching about heaven to-day; before another Lord's-day I shall be the the first thing I shall do after I get there will be to go to Jesus, and thank sending you from your home across the ocean to this dark land to teach heathen the way to heaven; and then I shall return to the gates of Parad there wait, wait, until you come; then I will take you by the hand and keep to Jesus, and tell him, 'This is the man that taught me the way hither.'"

THE WIDOW'S BASKET OF FRUIT.

cook widow brought a basket of fine fruit to a rich man, and d him to accept it as a present. He did so. He knew that he make her happier by accepting it as a gift, than he would by g her for it liberally.

eight had cost her self-denial. She would not sell her choice that she might have the privilege of bestowing it upon one needed nothing at her hands. She counted it a privilege to se self-denial for the sake of one who was rich, and had need of ag that she could give. Why was it?

at rich man had saved the life of her son. He had found him, at and in sickness, in a distant city. He watched with him recovered sufficiently to travel, when he furnished him with eans of returning to his mother. Hence the mother's grati-

I that rich man place that widow under such obligations to ude as God has placed every one of us? Has not God done infinitely more than that rich man did for the widow's son? To count up his favours to us—his watchful care in sickness and alth, his liberal supply of our wants? Can we estimate the of his "unspeakable gift"?

we count it a privilege to practise self-denial for his sake? Or shrink from it, and try to avoid it? Depend upon it we have little religion, unless we can see and feel that it is a great ege for a sinner to practise self-denial for his Saviour's sake.

TRIFLES.

What are trifles—who may guess
All a trifle's meaning?
Scattered ears on life's broad field,
For a wise one's gleaning.
Naught but hath its work on earth,
Fraught with pain or pleasure—
Links in nature's mystic chain,
Though of tiniest measure.

Trickling from the mountain height,
Through the beech-roots stealing,
See, a thread of silver light
Sunbeams are revealing;
Drop by drop it gathers fast,
Never resting, never,
Till it swells and flashes forth
In a glorious river.

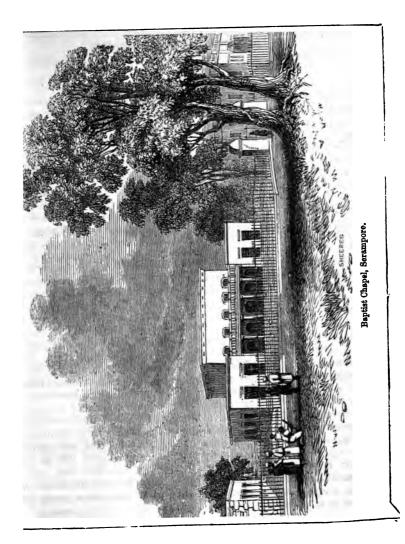
'Twas a single rain-drop fell
On a green bud thirsting—
Strengthened by the fairy draught,
Lo, a flower is bursting;
And an acorn lightly flung
In a pathway dreary,
Spreads an oak's broad shadows out
To refresh the weary.

But a flower's perfume may bear Back through years of sorrow, The sweet sunny morn of life, With a bright to-morrow, And a tress of silken hair
On a young brow parted,
Wake a fount of bitterest tears
For a broken-hearted.

Just a look may waken though
Full of proud resentment—
Just a look may fill the soul
With a glad contentment;
Little prayers of children fair,
By their mother kneeling,
Touch a worn and weary heart
With a childlike feeling.

But a trifle seems a word
All unkindly spoken,
Yet the life-harp waileth low
For a gold-string broken.
But a trifle seems a smile
On a kind face beaming,
Yet a faint heart groweth stroi
'Neath its gentle gleaming.

Trifles! each one hath a part
In our pain or pleasure,
Making up the daily sum
Of our life's brief measure;
All unnoted as they pass,
Scarcely worth our heeding,
Yet a trifle, it may be,
God's own work is speeding.



SERAMPORE.

WE have pleasure in giving our readers, this month, a pictur the Baptist Chapel in Serampore—the chapel in which Mr. Den (whom so many of our young readers will remember) preached v he was in India, and of which our friend Mr. Trafford is now minister. We feel sure that anything connected with Seram will be interesting to the friends of the mission. It was at Seram -then under the government of Denmark-that our early sionaries found refuge when they were refused a residence in cutta, and were driven from thence by the agents of the East I Company; it is at Serampore that that noble College stands w was founded so long ago by Dr. Marshman and his brethren. which is still so great a blessing in promoting the Christian educa of a number of Hindoo youth; and it is there that is entombed dust of so many whose names are still household words amongs and who await the resurrection of the last day. The present int of Serampore, however, is identified chiefly with the College alr The College stands on the river side, somewhat rem from the town, in the centre of a large compound. It is a r building, and contains, besides two large halls, numerous room classes, a fine library, and a large room fitted up as a chapel, in w there is daily service for the scholars attending the institution. president is the Rev. J. Trafford. He is assisted by the Rev. Th Sampson, who also devotes a portion of his time to missionary la in the villages around Serampore. Mr. E. Dakin is the head ma under whose special superintendence the lower classes of the so are carried on, with the aid of a numerous band of native teac The general attendance of youths, drawn not only from Seram but from considerable distances around it, has been of late ste In 1857 the average attendance was about 230 or increasing. in 1858 it averaged 270 or 280; in 1860 it was 325; last ye reached 382, and in the latter half of the year, 400, besides the co classes, whose numbers were from 30 to 55; sometimes more 450 are in attendance.

In addition to the ordinary classes of the College, there exists a native boys' boarding school in connection with it, consisting of the children of native Christians. Several of these scholars have been baptized, and added to the native church at Johunugger. It may be interesting to our readers to know that our young brother, Mr. Etherington, who is about to go out as a missionary from Bristol College, was for some years a scholar at Serampore, and there acquired that desire for the missionary life on which he will so soon enter.

BERTIE'S LAST SUMMER.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

Two months had passed since May began to adorn the earth with garlands of many colours; and in the glare and drought of a hot July the flowers in "the mission garden" must have drooped if careful hands had not watered and sheltered them. Early and late, in those eight weeks, little Bertie and Cousin Marian had made arrangements for the cultivation of such plants as were found to produce the most saleable foliage and blossoms. Mignonette had been allowed to stray just where it liked; sweet peas grew where nasturtiums might else have peeped from behind their rounded leaves; and a large number of poppies had been displaced to make room for two bold carnation roots that would grow bigger and bigger.

"I am sure we never had such flowers

in our lives," said Herbert to Marian. "Just look at those moss roses—beauties—'worth three a penny,' as Susan says."

His cousin laughed, and remarked that he was growing covetous.

"No; do you think so?" cried Herbert.
"It is all for the mission."

"I know," said Marian; "and of course I was only in fun. We have nearly twice ten shillings," she added, a few minutes later.

"Yes; and if these long days would last, we might go on till we had twice that," remarked Bertie, with a little sigh.

"I wish days were always long," said Marian: "it is so lovely in July evenings, isn't it?"

"Yes, very lovely; but I suppose it

would not be good to have such times all the year round. It would make us lazv."

"How?"

"Well, I can't tell you exactly, but I feel it. First you have hot days, and you can't work; and then you have cool, quiet evenings, and you don't like to work. It's that sort of thing, you know."

"But there is always summer in heaven," said Marian, "so it must be good."

"It will be different up there," said the child; "and, besides, I always think of heaven as if it was like *spring*; so fresh, you know, and fit to work in."

"I thought there would be rest in

heaven," said Marian.

Bertie looked up into her face as if to assure himself that she was serious before he said, "Do you call it rest to have nothing to do?"

"Yes, that is my notion," replied his cousin. "What is yours?"

"The same as Aunt Lucy's," said the boy.

"And what is that?"

"Being quite good, listening to Jesus, talking to him, singing about him, and going where he sends me, like the angels."

Marian turned quickly away, and hid her face. Everything seemed to warn her that her little cousin would soon be taken from her—perhaps for ever. She had no real comfort in such a prospect; for, although educated in a Christian home, she had not yet sought salvation through Jesus Christ. If Herbert died, their separation might be eternal. It was a bitter thought, and she tried hard to shake it from her, but in vain. Wherever she went it wearied and distressed her, and even amidst her laughter she was sad.

"Marian cries often," said Bertie to his Aunt Lucy, a few days after their conversation about long days. "Does she feel angry with God for wanting to take me?"

"I do not know; but I feel sure she is unhappy," replied Aunt Lucy.

"It is a very sad thing to be vexed with God," said Bertie. "I will ask Mrs. Landon to talk to her."

Mrs. Landon was one of Bertie's best customers, and he had of late been her very frequent guest. Perhaps the bond between them was the stronger because both were sinking into the grave, and rising towards heaven so rapidly that every hour seemed to bring them both "a day's march nearer home." Marian. who often saw them together, was always sad when she thought that by next summer they would be in heaven. The words which they spoke to each other about the joy of seeing Jesus face to face were unpleasing to her, and she was always ready to interrupt such conversations.

But on the day to which we refer, the dying boy resolved that his cousin should not only hear, but take a part in, what he called a "talk" about the Saviour.

"I will tell Mrs. Landon all," thought he, "and she will give poor Marian a little advice." He carried out his plan with quiet firmness, and then sat down between his two friends to listen.

It was a pleasant thing to rest by Mrs. Landon's window in the shadow, and watch the harvest-men upon the other side of the lake. The child's head sank upon the lady's knee, and he laid one of his hands upon Marian's caressingly. It was very easy to see that he was happy.

"Jesus has given this sweet peace," said one of the watchers, as she turned towards the other; "will you share it?"

"I cannot," said Marian, bitterly.

"Why cannot you?"

"Because I am not like other people.
I am angry with God."

"Could you retain that anger for ever?" asked Mrs. Landon.

"I cannot tell."

"Could you retain it at Calvary, where Christ was crucified that he might be able to offer you pardon and life?"

Marian looked up, for at these words she saw in imagination the cross, the nails, the crown of thorns, the look of love, the drooping head, the dying agony of JESUS.

It was enough. She melted at that sight, as did those who, eighteen long centuries before, "smote their breasts and returned."

Mrs. Landon was silent, for she dared not interrupt that first half-hour of fellowship with Jesus. But she prayed with her happy guests before she sent them home, and lay awake nearly all night thanking God for his great mercy.

The two cousins went no more to Mrs.

Landon's. Just as the twentieth shilling was put aside for Mr. Warren, Herbert was found to be too weak to leave his room; and as the year drew nearer to its close, he became so ill that it was feared that his father, whose return was now expected, would arrive too late to bid him a last good-bye.

The flowers in the little garden drooped and withered, the ground was covered with brown and yellow leaves, the autumn winds sighed round the house like voices that say farewell, as the little boy lay dying; yet he was never sad. He was going home.

One evening in November his father came. They were alone together for several hours, and at the end of that happy time the sick boy placed a sovereign in the hand which clasped his own. "It is what I have earned this year for the poor heathen," he explained. "Buy books with it, and give them to your people, dear papa."

He said no more just then; but, as his cousin Marian soon after resumed her place beside his bed, she heard him pray for a blessing on his offering. "I shall not have much more time for prayer on earth," he whispered, as her shadow fell on the curtain; and he was right. Before the next morning dawned he slept in Jesus.

"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

MISSIONARY NEWS.

You have often heard of Bengal, and the people who live in it, and who are called Bengalees. Bengal is the great centre province of India, and Calcutta is its chief city, and the seat of Government. Here the Governor-General resides. Here also are the chief courts of justice. Here also is the Baptist Mission Press, not the least important concern in Calcutta. The word mofussil is constantly used, and perhaps you may have seen it. Of course you would like to know what it means. Well then, simply the country, as distinct from the town.

But as to these Bengalees, what sort of people are they? They are very dark coloured as to their skin, with fine black hair, bright eyes, and somewhat delicate limbs; not strong, and large, and robust, like the English. Their behaviour is quiet, and they make low bows, called salaams, putting their hands up to their foreheads. They seem to have very little spirit, and no independence of feeling. We might say, in describing them, that they are infantine in everything. Neat and dexterous in making any toy or ornament of which they have a pattern, they do not show a particle of invention; and their work, unless they follow some European model, is flimsy. religious processions constantly remind one of the imitation of some public ceremony which English children would make. seven or eight persons gravely following a fellow who is tapping on a kind of drum that sounds like a cracked tin kettle, and though nobody looks at them, they have the air of being persuaded that they are doing something wonderfully interesting. The temples they build are just such as would be constructed by schoolboys in Europe, had they the habit of dealing in brick and mortar. The edifices are rarely above four feet high, exclusive of two or three steps on which they are raised, and contain some rude and shabby carving or delineation of one or other of their gods.

They are very ignorant and very superstitious. Now you will best understand what this word means by attending to what immediately follows; for an illustration by some fact will make it plain.

The disposition of the Hindoos seems peculiarly turned to venerate rivers; yet against the river Kurumnasa there exists a prejudice which I have not heard well explained. A Hindoo who shall have to ferry over this river, when on a pilgrimage to any of the sacred places, suffers indescribable anxiety lest any splash from the oars should touch his garments. If a single drop of the water of the Kurumnasa rest upon him, all his past labour goes for nought, and he must begin his pilgrimage anew, or pay a grievous sum to the

Brahmins for his purification.

Now it is among these people that the first missionaries laboured. It was among these that Carey, Marshman, and Ward lived, and preached, and died, and most of our Eastern missionaries are still among the Bengalees. I will tell you something more about them in the next Herald. But just think what a wonderful change would take place among them if they knew the Bible. They would not be so superstitious, so foolish, so degraded. Beside all this they are so wicked. Lying, thieving, cruelty, and many more wicked things which I cannot mention, they do every day. That is the reason why we are so anxious to send them the Gospel; and that is the reason why we think it so important to obey Christ's command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." So, dear children, we wish you to think of all this, and we beseech you to help in the good work.

F. T.

Mission House, Moorgate Street, June, 1862.

THE WALMER CASTLE.

DEAE CHILDREN,—You have probably heard of the "Walmer Castle" from your parents or teachers. There was a short notice of it in the "Quarterly Missionary Herald" for May last. You doubtless know what it is, and whence it derived its mame. Walmer Castle is an ancient building on the coast of Kent, commanding a fine view of the Downs and the coast of France. As the residence of the lord warden of the Cinque ports, or five havens, namely, Hastings, Romney, Hythe, Dover, and Sandwich, which, you know, lie on the east parts of England, and, for certain

reasons, are considered of great importance, it is the name of a place familiar to the eye and ear of a noted warrior and military commander, Duke of Wellington—the great duke, "the hero of a hundred battles," as been called. I wonder who you think is the greater hero, he who overcome world and his sinful passions and desires, or he who humbles proud and an nations at the cannon's mouth or at the point of the bayonet? Solome you recollect could solve knotty, or hard questions, has said, "He that is anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that a city." Aim at such heroism as this—moral and spiritual heroism; it is be attained by help from on high; that is promised by a faithful God to sincerely ask it. Aim at this; and although the lot of some of you in thi may be cast among the lowly and the obscure, it will make you really go great; for true greatness consists in fearing God and hating evil. Deper it the most courageous are they who resist temptations to sin, whether from out or from their own wicked heart within, and who strive to show kind enemies, to return good for evil, love for hatred, blessing for cursing; as learn, by the power and grace of God, to control and conquer themselves. this, and you will be good soldiers of Christ Jesus, who, as the glorious ar successful Captain of our salvation, will make you daily more than con over sin, Satan, and the world, and lead you on finally to victory and a Listen to his own words: "Behold I stand at the door and knock; if a hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup wi and he with me. To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his t

"Now let my soul arise
And tread the tempter down:
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown.
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way."

Doubtless it was in honour of the late noble Duke of Wellington tha merchant ship, which left our shores last autumn for the far east, was ca "Walmer Castle." Amongst her passengers were two missionaries an wives, about to carry the tidings of the Gospel of peace to the benighted heace is so much better than war; and surely the message of Gospel peace with God for fallen and sinful man, through the precious blood of C must be the richest freight that winds ever wasted or waves ever bore over of the great deep. Mr. Page, one of the missionaries, was returning to his he having been born in India. One object that brought him to this count to ask for a little money to support thirty native teachers, whom he could in and around the large district in which he has laboured for some years. hoped to have taken back with him a plenty of good, devoted men from E

to instruct the Hindoos in the knowledge of the Gospel. Mr. Rouse was the only one who accompanied him. You can fancy you see Mr. and Mrs. Rouse taking leave of their beloved relatives and friends, embarking on board the "Walmer Castle," sailing down the Thames by the coast of Essex, where Mrs. Rouse's connections live, and along the English Channel, passing Kent, Sussex, Hampshire, Dorsetshire, to Devonshire, a county which must be inexpressibly dear to Mr. Rouse while memory lasts, and that will be for ever, as the place where, some years since, when quite a little boy, younger than many of you, he experienced a new and heavenly birth, and first drew the breath of spiritual life. Can you point to a spot of similar deep interest to you, for the same reasons, dear reader? You know that text, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God;" and that promise, "A new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; " and that implied command, "Thus saith the Lord, I will yet for this be inquired of by the house of Israel, to do it for them." Obey in faith, if you have not yet obtained it, and the blessing is yours!

"For you the public prayer is made,
O join the public prayer;
For you the secret tear is shed,
O shed yourselves a tear.
We pray that you may early prove
The Spirit's power to teach;
You cannot be too young to love
That Jesus whom we preach."

The "Walmer Castle" soon after reached the coast of Cornwall, and on the Land's End appearing in view, Mr. and Mrs. Rouse would prepare to take a last view of England, the land of their birth. Don't you think a multitude of thoughts would crowd into their minds at that moment? Thoughts of home: home scenes and home circles, home pursuits and home enjoyments; all very natural; and as they uttered an almost inaudible "adieu," the sigh broke forth, the silent tear began to start, when, lo! another scene presented itself to their minds, before which the former melted into ashy paleness, as you have seen a landscape fade in the dissolving views, and gradually passed away; while there seemed to be, perhaps, a voice heard in their inmost soul, louder and more impressive than the roar of the surrounding waters which now fell on their outward senses, saying, "He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me." In the place of the scene just passed away, there was portrayed to their mental vision, as we may suppose, a very large continent, or country, six times as large as Great Britain, full of idols of every sort, more than some of you could number; and there were multitudes of people of a black or brown colour, thousands and hundreds of thousands; seven times as many as in the island of Great Britain, most of them our fellow-subjects, governed by the same good Queen who governs you, some of them professing to be followers of a false prophet, but most of them were bowing down and worshipping those dumb idols they themselves had set up, just ex though they were like our God, living, powerful, and good, and could reall them in their necessities and bless them. See a vivid description which lately in a respectable public journal, after I had written this paper, of some

HINDOO IDOLS.

"The images, or idols, are divided into those which have been made and crated for permanent use, whether in the private house or public edifice, and which are fabricated for occasional and special purposes, and after being t rarily worshipped, are utterly destroyed. The former are made of gold, brass, marble, alabaster, porcelain, and mixed metals, and are of all conc dimensions—from the size of a man's finger, and even smaller, to that of a g for there are idols of more than twenty feet in height. Those made for tem purposes are composed of very different materials from those which are in for perpetual use: but whatever the size and whatever the stuff of which the composed, the same form is religiously observed. Mere ceremonial idols, may festivals and similar occasions, have a framework or skeleton of bamboo and To this is added a coating of clay, mixed with chaff and cow dung. Co hemp, dyed black, is used for hair. Two or three coats of paint are laid (last coat being the orthodox colour of the idol, whether white, yellow, b black. Muslin of various hues is employed in the different articles of dres image is made radiant with tinsel, and spangles, and ornaments of false ston mock pearls. Such idols, when they have served the objects for which the made, are conveyed to the nearest river, and are there sunk to the bottom t them from profanation. As the festivals observed by the Hindoos are numerous, and the consumption of idols is proportionately great, idol-make constantly and busily employed, and may be seen in their workshops surro by the articles in which they trade in every stage of preparation. Those and consecrated for permanent use remain in the temples to which they originally attached, or in the houses of those by whom they were first a Family idols are heirlooms, and are the inheritance of the lineal descend: their first owners, and are visited and worshipped as the patron deities domestic dynasty by the collateral branches."

Now take your Bible, and read slowly and thoughtfully the description gethe idols of the heathen by inspired penmen: "Their idols are silver and go work of men's hands. They have mouths, but they speak not: eyes have but they see not: they have ears, but they hear not: noses have they, but smell not: they have hands, but they handle not: feet have they, but the not: neither speak they through their throat. They that make them are lik them, and so is every one that trusteth in them." See also Isaiah xliv. fro 9th to the 20th verse, and then think—there was all that great multitude to I have referred suffering under this delusion, and perishing for lack of the ledge of the true God, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent. It seemed like

Il white unto the harvest, with only here and there a reaper; while at cry was continually ascending, "Come over and help us." ich were the thoughts of Mr. and Mrs. Rouse on taking their final land, and there is little doubt about it, the conviction that they were k in that great field, in that vast moral and spiritual waste, at the bidgreat Lord of the vineyard, under his eye and in his presence, would h the rising sigh, and check the starting tear, and they would set their istly and joyfully toward the shores of their adopted country. And lid so; for we may well ask what are homesteads, and hearths, and rments, all of which are transient, and, in a sense, passing away, when arison with the pleasure of working for God in far distant lands, thus ather together Christ's flock which is scattered abroad, that, with all d of God, they may meet at last in one home, even our Father's house y the pleasures arising from each source—from living to ourselves, at I in comfort, with no special purpose beyond caring for the things of vhat we shall eat, and what we shall drink, and with what we shall be d those which arise from living to God and for the salvation of souls. the balances of the sanctuary, and see which are the most solid, the ring, the most enduring. Put into the one scale all you can collect ne delights of social intercourse, the interchange of family affections, at occasion of the regular yearly reunions, or meetings; add, also, all igh worldly prospects, honours, and distinctions, arising from lucrative ofessions, put them all in; then, into the other scale put but one soul, you like, the soul of a formerly dark and deluded Hindoo, on whom has ght of life through your efforts; estimate them fairly, weigh them well; amazing—down, down goes the latter; up flies the former to the beam; on earth can be compared with the value of the soul, and the joy of ick to the God it had forsaken. It is written, "What will a man give for his soul?" What would not we give, yes, and give up too, to be f saving a soul! Its price is above rubies; its redemption is precious; He only can estimate who formed it, made it immortal, and died to om the power of the devil. Go to Calvary, dear reader, linger there; of God and what he did there; how he suffered and died there from soul of man, and then say its worth if you can.

> "When shall the untutored Indian tribes, A dark, bewildered race, Sit down at our Immanuel's feet, And learn and feel his grace? Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt To spread the Gospel's rays; And build on sin's demolished throne The temple of thy praise."

ask, are there not souls to be sought out and saved in England?

there no work to be done at home, that so much is said about goin True, there is work to be done at home; for there are mournfully dark left in our favoured island, and all souls are equally precious, whether t souls of Englishmen or of Indians. If, however, the question be one of tive spiritual destitution, it is very clear where the greater need lies. I leave you to work the sum, and produce the answer, and show whether instruction be more wanted in England, with her numberless active an private Christians,—in England, the land of religious books and to emphatically the land of the Bible, that holy book of God, which every sons and daughters may read, and, under the teaching of the Holy Spirit and come to the knowledge of the truth,—in England, where we have, it to all these blessings, preachers of the Gospel of Christ, as one to at hundred of the population,—or in India, where there are but few religi and Bibles in circulation, and fewer Christian teachers and preachers, pe one to a hundred thousand of the population. Think of one good man I spiritual oversight of a hundred thousand souls! Dare he undertake it he exercise it? Marvel not, then, that we rejoice when good men and v stirred up to leave country and kin, and go forth with steadfastness a point the dying heathen to the dying Saviour, even the Lamb of God, w away the sin of the world.

We have now, in imagination, accompanied the "Walmer Castle" to t End. I had intended going further, but the time I have allotted to yo Perhaps I may say a word or two more on the same subject next month mean time be busy with your Testament or Bible, and find out all the you can on the ignorant and degraded condition of the heathen world morally, and religiously. I shall be happy if I have succeeded in intere in one company of missionaries, for you will then take an interest in oth in one sphere of labour, for you will wish for its prosperity and that o and as wishing only is injurious, and prevents working, you will not rest t wishing will be followed by working, and prayer will precede and follow will also delight to give of your substance to the Lord, yes, and some of give yourselves to him and to his cause. You, good lads, will be wanting haste and grow up to manhood, that you may be active in assisting to s news of the great salvation at home or abroad. And we should all make be useful in this good work, for time is making haste; life is short and s both young and old, who fear God and love Jesus, will soon be in heav we shall not find missionary societies to call forth our benevolence, because the shall not find missionary societies to call forth our benevolence, because the shall not find missionary societies to call forth our benevolence, because the shall not find missionary societies to call forth our benevolence, because the shall not find missionary societies to call forth our benevolence, because the shall not find missionary societies to call forth our benevolence, because the shall not find missionary societies to call forth our benevolence, because the shall not find missionary societies to call forth our benevolence, because the shall not find missionary societies to call forth our benevolence, because the shall not find missionary societies to call forth our benevolence, because the shall not find missionary societies to call forth our benevolence, because the shall not find missionary societies to call forth our benevolence to the shall not find missionary societies the shall not find missionary societies the shall not find suppose, they are not wanted there. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to

with thy might."

I am, Your loving friend,

THE TWO MITES.

"And Jesus set over against the treasury, and beheld how the people cast money into the treasury; and many that were rich cast in much. And there came a certain poor widow, and the threw in two mites, which make a farthing. And he called unto him his disciples, and saith unto them, Verily I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast more in than all they which have east into the treasury: for all they jid cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did east in all that she had, even all her living."—MARK XII. 41—44.

I AM glad this poor woman came in just as she did. I am glad she did not stop, look at her mites, and say, "There is no use in my giving only there." I am glad she did not look at her little family, and say, "I must not rob my shildren." I am glad she did not look at her rich neighbours, and say, "They will not expect see to give." Because, if she had, St. Mark could not have told us how the Lord loves littles. He does not love stingy littles, or careless littles, or gradging littles. If we give him such littles, we cannot expect his favour or approval, "for God loveth a cheerful giver." This poor woman gave him her little ell; and it was the "all" that pleased the Lord, whether little or much, because God loves to be trusted, not half way, but wholly.

Did you ever hear of the poor woman who gave her tea-kettle? Perhaps not. Well, she did. She was poor and old, and lived with her son, who never gave her a farthing. She had not much comfort in anybody but God: he comforted her; and she took great delight in praising him and praying. She was never tired of saying, "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." And it pleased her to hear the minister tell about preaching Christ to the heathen, and getting the little black children into Jesus' fold; and she wished she could do something. The minister asked her one day if she had not her widow's mite to

give. "Come in two weeks," said she, "and see."

Well, she thought and thought where she should get it, and quite likely wondered how the poor widow in the Bible got hers. She was past earning it, and besides, she lived on the edge of the pine woods, where money was scarce. One might as she lay praying and thinking, she thought of an old brass tea-kettle there was up in the garret, under the eaves of the house, and the next morning she went and found it among the dust and rubbish of years. It was her tea-kettle. She took it under her shawl to the blackemith's shop, and there sold it for—how much do you think? Two shillings! When the minister came back she put them into the Lord's treasury, and how happy and thankful she was. It was one of those "little alls" yery dear to the heart of God.

Then you know how the "two mites" gained, according to God's arithmetic. "This poor widow," said Jesus, "cast in more than they all;" for "two mites" added to love, and multiplied by faith, and that multiplied again and again by prayer, will run up very fast; I expect, faster than we can count, or see to count. Nor can we see the answer; but God can. It is in a rich revenue of blessing; a

treasure laid up on high.

SMALL THINGS.

THERE is nought that God has made, so small
That it has not a destined end;
All things in their turn his purpose serve,
And all to his glory tend.

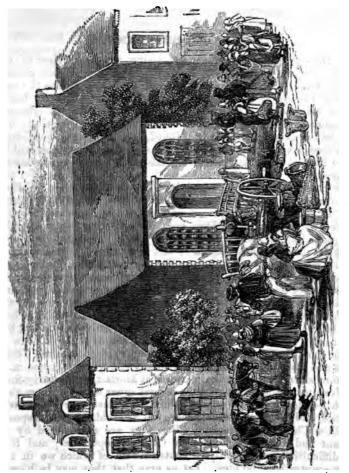
A grain of dust to the eye unseen,
With myriads may combine,
To form a bulwark to the sea,
And its hoarse wild waves confine.

That little drop of pearly dew,
Which on the blue-bell lies,
May dance in the sun's bright beams, away
In a rainbow of the skies;

Or from the bosom of that cloud
With other drops as small,
Upon the parched and fainting flowers
A gushing shower may fall.

Or with other tiny sister drops, In the glassy, pearly deep, It may lave the mariner's lifeless brow, In his long, last, solemn sleep.

And thus the humblest of us all, God's instrument may prove, To bless and shed o'er fellow-man, The bounty of his love.



Baptist Chapel, Morlaix.

MORLAIX, BRITTANY.

On the other page we give our young readers a view of t Baptist Chapel, at Morlaix, Brittany. Brittany, as our read we hope know, is one of the provinces of France, and it is the or place in France in which the Baptist Missionary Society has mission established. For many years Mr. Jenkins has labour there alone, and his labours have been much blessed by God; t lately he has been joined by Mr. Monod, a young French gentlem whom God has converted by his grace, and who it is hoped will a great help to Mr. Jenkins, and a useful missionary and minist of Christ.

The chapel, which was opened in 1846, is a very plain buildin without any ornament, measuring about thirty-three feet by for five. It is not such a chapel as we have so many of at home, we galleries, pews, and everything beautiful: it is, as we have so very plain indeed, and is fitted up only with pulpit and benche but it is at least light and airy; and every Sunday from sixty seventy persons assemble to hear the word of God. Mr. Jenki who generally preaches, preaches in the French language; but also addresses the Bretons who are present in their own dialect, a he also contemplates setting up an entire Breton service, as a number who attend is increasing. There is also a Sunday Sch held in the chapel. The chapel is open not only on Sunday, ton Saturday also, when some thousands of country people come market; and Guillion (one of the colporteurs) attends to sell Tes ments and tracts, and to converse with any one who may come in

The number of members in the church at Morlaix is now thirty-fo Mr. Jenkins and Mr. Monod have several other stations where the preach besides that at Morlaix. During the last year seven we baptized, and there are several others, we are told, who are dispose to follow Christ their Saviour. But they are surrounded by ignorant and superstitious Roman Catholic population; and the have difficulties consequently to contend with of which we in the happy country have no idea. Let us pray that they may be bless

and may be the means of bringing many of the poor Bretons vledge of the truth.

"AFRAID OF JESUS."

peen thinking for the last five w I can best begin to describe er's home, and at last I have ark. It was very pleasant, for it was simply a farm-romantic, for it was only a re, solid-looking place, with a 1, and a cluster of farm-builda large yard, and a row of es in its neighbourhood; but lecidedly pleasant.

s only ten years old; but she ightful, that every one treated she had been fifteen. Her oke of her as "my right r father made her the comhis walks; her governess reas a young but valued friend; rvants looked upon her as a very superior intellect and All this might have turned

ain had she been conscious that other children had not position; as it was, having no l with whom to compare herther accepted her honours as purse.

as clever, there was no doubt Her fondness for reading, and abrance of what she read, her in study, and her reflections on what she studied, all tended to convince her parents that she was gifted. Already she touched the piano skilfully, read French with a good accent, wrote a fair hand, and excelled in arithmetic. Yet there was something wanting in Susan Walters. She was not all that could be wished, for she was not religious.

Clever, kind - hearted, affectionate, agreeable, industrious, she was yet destitute of that one thing which the Bible declares to be absolutely necessary—peace with God through his Son Jesus Christ. It was a great want; and the misfortune was that Susan did not feel it. She was content to live without Jesus Christ; and as to dying, she seldom thought of that. She was only ten years old!

The parents of Susan Walters were earnest Christians. They talked with their child, and prayed for her; but it seemed as if their prayers were all unheard. In regard to all things else, the child was interested and intelligent; in regard to religion, she valued forms alone—and even these only as so many steps to the good opinion of those around her.

"I am quite strong," she thought;

"not likely to be ill, and still less likely to die. There will be time enough when I am old, eb, Richard!"

This question was, one day, addressed to Susan's bird, a canary, remarkable for its intelligence. Dick answered by a shake of the head, which for a moment puzzled his little mistress.

"Do you say 'No'?" she inquired; "how dull of you! but I see you are quite melancholy for want of exercise. Come into the garden, and let us swing together."

They went, and the canary appeared to enjoy the change; for he grew cheerful, and sang a pretty song in Susan's ear, as she swept languidly to and fro between the fir-trees at the end of her father's garden.

"How lovely!" exclaimed the child; "I could stay here always." Then, seeing her father standing at the door of the house, she shouted that it was "nice," and invited him to join her.

"I would swing you myself, dear papa," she continued, laughing, "and Richard would sing on your shoulder."

Her father drew near and thanked her. He would come by-and-by, when he returned from Crofton.

"From Crofton, papa?" exclaimed Susan; "is Hannah Brown worse?"

"Much worse. They all think she is dying."

"May I not go with you? I so want to see Hannah sgain. Poor little Hannah!"

The swing was forgotten, and friend Richard was hastily restored to his gilded cage, as Susan turned quickly garden, and hastened to her parlour to announce that poor was dying, and that she, Susan to say "Good-bye" to her.

"I will come back in time for she pleaded, earnestly, "and H always so very glad to see me."

"But you have never yet see person," said Mrs. Walters, " may alarm you. Think well be decide, and be very serious. I prayerfully to this sick room, receive a blessing; but if you from mere curiosity, its holy les be lost upon you."

The child sat down, and f minutes was lost in thought. The she put on her hat, kissed her and went away. It was a hot Mr. Walters walked but slowly the lanes which led to Crofton. attached to Hannah—the faithfi whom a dying friend had com his guardianship some twenty yer—and it was with solemn feel he went to bid farewell to one so soon to join her beloved frimaster in heaven.

The cottage in which Hanna had found a home stood almost the shadow of Crofton Mills, place very rich in trees, and f flowers—in ferns, and bees, and flies—in tinkling streams and flats, and views of far-distant h touched, as Hannah thought, above them. A simple creat Hannah, but "rich in faith."

ers and Susan entered, they singing,

s religion must supply id comfort when we die,"

ble but earnest voice. It was ent that she knew that she was d was ready. As the father ter drew near and spoke to said, "I am very happy, for n my heart. I shall soon get

ting of death has been taken d Mr. Walters.

'thanks be unto God who the victory through our Lord ist.'"

would you rather die than ed Susan, as, a few minutes father entered into conversa-Hannah's nurse.

or 'to die is gain,'" said the "and oh, Miss, dear, if you pur poor little Hannah spoak you about your soul, don't oming to Jesus any longer.

Miss Susan, and give a beaug life to Him who died upon to save poor sinners. Don't ng, but come now."

ld's head drooped, and tears swarthy hand which clasped She had been wont to think r negro servant as her inferior; er eyes were opened.

I felt as you do," she murly; "for now I dare not think I am afraid."

to think of Jesus!" exclaimed

Hannah; "that is terrible;" and putting her hands together, she prayed that Christ would reveal himself to her darling.

"Teach her how loving thou art, and how full of gentleness. Make her a lamb of the fold, sweet Shepherd of Israel!"

The prayer was scarcely ended when Mr. Walters came back to read with Hannah. The chapter which he chose was the nineteenth of John; and Susan listened as she had never listened before to its touching and mournful, yet cheering history. The love of Jesus was in some measure revealed to her as she sat musing in the dying chamber; and before she bade a last farewell to Hannah, the child had resolved to search the Bible prayerfully, in order that she might learn the truth about salvation.

Nearly thirteen years have passed since Hannah died, and Susan no longer lives in her pleasant English home. Far over the sea, on the margin of a barren plain, she teaches to the daughters of heathendom the great truths of Christ's holy Gospel. No longer afraid to think of the Redeemer, she feels an intense delight in spreading abroad the knowledge of his love, and is prepared, if need be, to sacrifice even life itself upon his altar.

The talents which were once regarded as her own, are now set apart for Him whose service is perfect freedom; and, like Hannah, she is persuaded that, while for her to live is Christ, "to die is gain." Are there any readers of this book who are afraid to think of Jesus? If so, let me urge them to search the Scriptures, as Susan did, very prayerfully. "They," said the Saviour, "testify of me;" and

none can read them, under the guidance of God's Spirit, without discovering that He who was crucified on Calvary is Love.

MISSIONARY NEWS.

ONE of the greatest blessings which the Bible has given us is our Sunday. It is a pleasant day to you, children, who love what is good. Getting ready in the morning, having your breakfast in good time, your parents smiling upon you, your mother putting out your clean, best clothes, and setting you off to be in time—all this is so nice! And then the singing and prayer with which the school is opened, and the cheerful good morning of your kind teacher, and the lessons, and the service, and the going home, and the coming again, till the day is over, and all so quiet, make the Sabbath a delight.

What a world of toil and restlessness it would be without such a day! Your parents, who have to work hard all the week, know what a pleasant thing rest is—one day in seven. God hallowed and blessed the first Sabbath, and he has hallowed and blessed every one since that first one. Indeed, in the quiet country it seems quieter on that day than on any other. The sheep and the cows lie quieter, the whole landscape seems lulled under its influence, and the little birds sing softer. Oh! it is a blessed day to those

who love God!

But all over the heathen world, and that includes every country where idolatry prevails, there is no Sabbath. You were reading something about India in the last number of the JUVENILE. Now listen to what follows, and you will have some idea of what a sad thing it is for a country to have no such a day.

"There is no such thing as a Hindoo or Mohammedan Sabbath. No one day of the week is set apart for relaxation, either on religious

or social grounds. Friday is only partly kept by the Mohammedan of rank or independence. Of course the recurrence of well-known dates, in either calendar, is the signal for fasting or feasting, for rejoicing at home, or for walking three or four miles to see the huge car of Juggernath drawn by a hundred votaries, the image of Kali dipped in the river, the holy shrines of Kerbela hoisted above the heads of a frantic crowd of enthusiasts. On such occasions, in Bengal at least. Hindoo and Mohammedan will look indifferently on any show. We saw more Mussulmans than Hindoos this year at the great festival of the Rath. We have been told of Mohammedans hiring themselves to be swung at the Hindoo festival of the Churruch The French revolutionists tried unsuccessfully the experiment of annihilating the Sabbath, and of giving man and beast only one day's rest in ten. At first sight, it might seem that what signally failed in France, had gone on successfully for centuries in India. But the fact is, that festivals, visits, the course of the seasons, the facility with which the mere necessaries of life are procured, and constitutional laziness, give the peasant relaxation, which, in some measure, makes up for the absence of any regularly allotted day of rest."

You see then, dear children, by such illustrations as this, what real good missions do, in giving to the poor benighted heathen the Bible, and good men to preach the truths which it contains. By these they not only are brought to know their own misery and danger, but the remedy and the means of safety. And all this is not for the future only. The missionary's work will promote their happiness and well-being in this life as well as in that to come.

You will be glad to hear that this season Mr. Waldock and Mr. Pigott will go to Ceylon, Mr. Edwards and Mr. Etherington to India, and Mr. Wenger and Mr. Kalberer are returning to their posts of labour. By the time these lines meet your eye, some of these will be far on their way, and the rest will be about departing. Let us pray that God may give them a pleasant and a prosperous voyage.

THE WALMER CASTLE.

DEAR CHILDREN,—You remember that, last month, we left the missionary party on board the "Welmer Castle," off the Land's End. Their long voyage progressed pleasantly. Just think of being four months at sea; of sailing over eleven thousand miles of deep water, yet being as safe and happy, under the care and protection of God, as you are under your own father's roof, or in your own bed. You know that God, who first made the world and all the creatures in it, still sustains and governs it and them. His eye is ever watchful, for he neither slumbers nor sleeps; and his power and willingness to bless, keep, and defend all who love him and trust in him, who can tell? Of such, he himself has said, "The very hairs of your head are all numbered." O what a thing it is, is it not, to have this God for our Father and Friend for ever? David says, "The Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods. In his hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is his also. The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands formed the dry land." The same Almighty Being who first formed the sea, measuring the waters in the hollow of his hand, gave it his decreed place: of soft sand making bars and doors, and saying, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further: and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." I say, the very same God still rules and controls the ocean. At his bidding the storm arises, and the storm subsides, and thus the mariner, and all such as go down to the sea in ships, and do business in great waters, see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep, and may learn, if they will, where their safety and prosperity lie, and that their wisdom, as well as their duty, is to fear, love, and obey God.

> "His hands the wheels of nature guide, With an unerring skill; And countless worlds, extended wide, Obey his sovereign will."

From all the dangers of the deep it pleased God to preserve all on board the "Walmer Castle." They reached Calcutta, the place of their destination, early in February last, doubtless with hearts filled with gratitude. "Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men." We must now leave the missionaries in the land of hot suns, amongst a people with dark faces and darker minds. Let us agree to remember them, and all the faithful labourers in the Gospel there: the Wesleyan missionaries, the Church missionaries, missionaries from the London and Baptist Societies; let us pray for all who are working in that wide field, all white unto the harvest, with only here and there a reaper. On behalf of India let the petition ascend daily to God, one united, full, prevailing petition, from old and young, Thy kingdom come.

At some time we may visit some other part of the heathen world together, should life be spared. Let prayer for the spread of Christ's kingdom be the

of your Scripture researches this month. You will find one whole Psalm subject, and many other portions. May the Spirit of God write them on eart.

I am,

Your loving friend,

E. R

ıfield, August, 1862.

ABOUT PRINCE RADAMA.

many princes would have dared to do what this prince did-Prince 18, of Madagascar. Madagascar, you know, is an island in the Indian five times as large as England, peopled by a superior coloured race. As go as 1819, some English missionaries carried the Gospel there. Old King a bade them welcome. He liked what he knew of England, and thought uld like the Englishman's religion also. They planted the Gospel in the eart of his kingdom. It took deep root, and branched out on every side. teen years the good missionaries worked with great success. Schools were , churches gathered, the Bible was translated, and more than twenty nd tracts were printed in the native language. Those were precious days dagascar. 828 the good king died, and his wife reigned in his stead. When she was d, she took two idols in her hand, and said to the idols, "I put my trust ; therefore you must support me." The queen, alas! was a heathen, and she hated her Christian subjects, and very soon let them know it. Passhapel one day where a little company of believers were praying and singing to God, she said she should not rest until all their heads were off. And here began a long and bitter persecution of the Christians, such as was ever before equalled. They were flogged, speared, burned, and thrown precipices. The missionaries, of course, had to leave, and their Bibles were I could not dare tell you all the cruelties that were practised; it would your blood curdle. The poor Christians behaved in a way that took their persecutors by surprise. "There is in the white man's religion," they some secret charm, which takes away the fear of death." Yes, there is. must think the Gospel was pretty nearly crushed and rooted out. It so, indeed. But the fact is, the religion of Jesus Christ is a heavenly life. not be conquered or rooted out. Satan has done his best to kill it for n hundred and sixty years; but Satan will have to give it up, for Christ is r than he. The Gospel is spreading everywhere. All the while it was so by this cruel queen, it was gurgling and sparkling in little underground I all over her realm; for the Christians used to meet in caves, in the forests, on the mountain tops, in the dark midnight, to take sweet counsel with Jesus,

comfort themselves with his blessed promises.

And then what happened? The queen had a son, an only son, Radama, darling. He became a believer in Jesus; and when one day the queen was ur severer measures, "Madam," replied her prime minister, "your son is a Christ He prays with the Christians; he encourages the Christians. We are lost if y majesty does not stop him." "Oh!" cried the queen-mother, in an agony of and love, "he is my son, my only son, my beloved son! Let him do as he will is my son." Radama was only seventeen when this happened. At an age w too many boys in Christian lands disown their early piety and forsake the wor God, Radama professed his faith in Christ, and chose the Bible for his guide. mother despised his religion, he knew. The great men of the kingdom hated He took the unpopular side when it was not only unpopular but highly danger The popular side was heathen, as, indeed, the popular side is too apt to be. the prince took his stand, and never flinched. He stood bravely up between mother's persecuting rage and God's little defenceless flock; and her arm palsied, for if she struck again, she must strike her son, and a more tender affectionate son a mother never had.

After this she indeed relaxed something of her severity; but she would repeal the wicked laws which had been passed against the Christians. banished missionaries, then in England, occasionally received letters from the 1 saints in Madagascar; and Bibles were sometimes smuggled into the islam casks of nails or bales of cloth. A revised copy of the Malagasy Bible, printe England, was privately sent to the young prince, who wrote back, "I thank and pray Jehovah God to bless you. I am doing all in my power for the pe of God in trouble here, as God blesses me. Pray much to God to bless me, the Christians, and the people of Madagascar. I am extremely glad with words when you say you will come back again to teach us all true wisdom. God-Jehovah grant what you and we desire!"

About eight years ago, one of the missionaries ventured to go back; bu could not stay. There was a strong heathen party, headed by a cousin of prince, who threatened the queen in case any favour was shown the Christ Indeed, the prince's life was in constant danger. His mother found it neces to place a strong body-guard to protect him. Better than body-guard, God

his defence and his shield.

A few months since, news came of the wicked queen's death. The hea party is put down, the leader of it banished, and the prince is seated on throne, King Radama II. Good things are in store, we trust, for Madaga One of the first acts of this pious king was to write to the missionaries, te them that his whole land is open to the preaching of the Gospel. He is resc to establish Christian schools upon a large scale for all his subjects; and e step thus far is full of wisdom and promise.

WHITEWASHING EXTRAORDINARY.

THE Rev. James Williams, the well-known and philanthropic missionary, so long resident in the South Sea Islands, taught the natives to manufacture lime from the coral of their shores. The powerful effect produced upon them, and the extraordinary uses to which they applied it, he thus facetiously describes:—

"After having laughed at the process of burning, which they believed to be to cook the coral for their food, what was their astonishment, when in the morning they found his cottage glittering in the rising sun, white as snow! They danced, they sung, they shouted, and screamed with joy. The whole island was in a commotion, given up to wonder and curiosity, and the laughable scenes which ensued after they got possession of the tub and brush, bassled description. The high-bred immediately voted it a cosmetic and kalydor, and superlatively happy did many a swarthy coquette consider herself, could she but enhance her charms by a daub of the white brush. And now party spirit ran high, as it will do in more civilised countries, as to who was and who was not best entitled to preference. One party urged their superior rank; one had the brush, and was determined at all events to keep it; and a third tried to overturn the whole, that they might obtain some of the sweepings. They did not even scruple to rob each other of the little share that some had been so happy as to secure. But soon new lime was prepared, and in a week not a hut, a domestic utensil, a war club, or a garment, but was as white as snow; not an inhabitant but had a skin painted with the most grotesque figures; not a pig but what was similarly whitened; and even mothers might be seen in every direction, capering with extravagant gestures, and yelling with delight at the superior beauty of their whitewashed infants."-American Journal.

DO YOU UNDERSTAND THE GOSPEL?

A VERY old woman, on the coast of Africa, came regularly to hear the missionary preach, and listened with great attention. Now, if people have not learned when they are young, it is difficult to teach them when they are old. So the missionary tried to speak very simply, that all might understand. This poor woman seemed to be made very happy, by hearing about Christ. She became a new creature. She left off worshipping idols, and served her Saviour with her whole heart.

811 S aller 17 S 11 ...

One day the missionary was catechising her, and he said, "Do you understand the Gospel?"

Tears rolled down her cheeks, as she lifted up her hand, and said, "O my minister, my head thick, my tongue heavy; but" (pressing her hand upon her

bosom) "my heart feels. Me poor Guinea woman, minister; me no a speak good; but what you say comes in here" (pointing to her ears), strikes me there" (pointing to her heart). "Understand you, minister! could all this change take place in our hearts, and conduct, and families, did not understand you?"

"Well," said the missionary, "what think you of Christ?"

"O massa, me love Jesus. He died for me. Me have nothing to think but Jesus. Me give myself for ever to Jesus."

Did not this African understand? Aye, and though she said her tong: heavy," I think it spoke very well.

THE LITTLE PILGRIMS.

The way to heaven is narrow,
And its blessed entrance strait;
But how safe the little pilgrims
Who get within the gate!

The sunbeams of the morning
Make the narrow path so fair;
And these early little pilgrims
Find dewy blessings there.

They pass o'er rugged mountains,
But they climb them with a song;
For these early little pilgrims
Have sandals new and strong.

They do not greatly tremble
When the shadows night foretell;
For these early little pilgrims
Have tried the path so well.

They know it leads to heaven,
With its bright and open gates,
Where for happy little pilgrims
A Saviour's welcome waits.

THE HOLE IN THE POCKET.

I VISITED a house not long age, and the chief thing on the centre table was—what? An elegant vase? No. A splendid red picture-book? No. A new game? No. It was a mission-box. "It stands there," said the father of the little family who live in that sitting-room, "a silent preacher, but preaching always, 'Deny thyself for Christ's sake."

I examined the box, and found reading on it. On one side were Christ's last words; and last words, you know, are very meaning words: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." On another side there was this: "Not because I desire a gift, but I desire that fruit may abound to your account" (Phil. iv. 17).

Every Sabbath morning father recounts the goodness of God through the week, the mercies of God to his little flock, the privilege and the blessing of their all having been born in a Christian land; and then, as a testimony of his gratitude, he puts a part of his weekly earnings in the mission-box, to help to give others their share of the blessings so highly prized by them. Mother and all the children follow father's example, and put in their mites.

One day Georgy came into the room where I was reading alone, and he seemed very uneasy and restless. "Want anything, Georgy?" "No," he said, "nothing." He kept putting his hand into his pocket, pulling out something, looking at it, and poking it back again. At last, after a great while, he marched to the table, and there was a clinking in the mission-box. "There you are, and I'm glad of it," said the little boy, speaking aloud to himself.

"What is it, Georgy?" "Oh," said Georgy, "I had a penny-piece, and a big orange down at Corson's seems to keep saying, 'Buy me; eat me; I'm real good testing.' Now I don't truly want the orange; do I? but the heathen truly want Christ; don't they?" asked the little boy, looking up with sweet earnestness in his face. "Indeed they do," I said. "Well, I thought so," replied he; "so I put my penny-piece in the mission-box to-day, lest there might be a naughty hole is my pocket before Sunday."

The naughty holes in the pocket! Oh, I am afraid there are a great many of them, and a great deal of missionary money gets out through them. Georgy's stand, and Georgy's stand alone, will save it!

SOW!

Sow with a generous hand,

Pause not for toil or pain,

Weary not through the heat of summer,

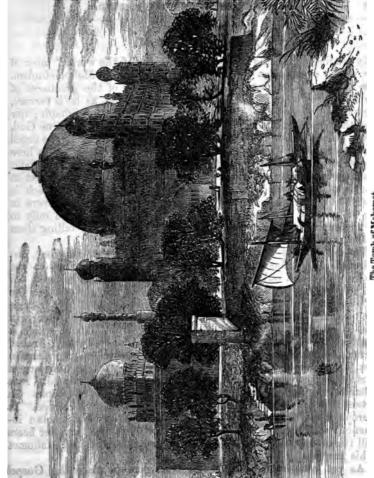
Weary not through the cold spring rain;

But wait till the autumn comes,

For the sheaves of golden grain.

Sow, for the hours are fleeting,
And the seed must fall to-day;
And care not what hands shall reap it,
Or if you shall have passed away,
Before the waving corn-fields
Shall gladden the sunny day.

Sow—and look onward, upward,
Where the starry light appears—
Where, in spite of the coward's doubting,
Or your own heart's trembling fears,
You shall reap in joy the harvest
You have sown to-day in tears.



The Tomb of Mahomet,

MAHOMETANISM.

In reading or hearing about "the religions of the world," most of our young readers have, no doubt, often heard of Mahometanism. Few of them have probably any idea, however, of the greatness of the number of the followers of the false prophet, as he is termed, nor of the extent of the surface of the world which they inhabit; nor have they any idea of the superstition and ignorance of the true God, which prevail among this vast multitude of people. As to the creed or religion of the Mahometans, indeed, it is not possible for us here to give any description of it; that our young readers may hear about from their teachers or parents, who will be able to tell them at length of the strange mixture of truth and falsehood, which is credited by the poor deluded people who live and die believers in the religion of Mahomet. In this brief article we intend only to try to induce our readers to inquire into the subject, by telling them of the great number of Mahometans.

The religion of Mahomet is not, like some other religions, distributed over different parts of the globe. It is confined to one part of the world only. But the extent to which it is received will be judged from the fact, that the portion of the globe which the followers of the prophet possess, extends from the west of Africa on the one side, to the borders of Tartary and Thibet on the other: and that it embraces nearly the whole of that part of Africa which is north of the Niger and of Babelmandeb, as well as Turkey, Arabia, Persia. Affghanistan, and the region which borders on the Caspian If our readers will turn to the map, they will see how larges part of the world is included in the countries we have named. inhabited by at least one hundred and fifty millions of people. extent it is nearly three times as large as the whole of Europe. In Europe itself the whole of Turkey is still under Mahometan in fluence; and there three times a day, or oftener, the traveller hear still the oft-repeated cry, "There is no god but God, and Mahomet is his prophet."

As yet comparatively little has been done to place the Gospel

the reach of these millions. For long centuries it has been most imminent risk of life that any Christian, or Christian nary, could whisper a word against the religion of the people; ven now, though, in some parts, the restrictions are to some extent removed, still the intense bigotry of the people is of enough to prevent much being done amongst them. Oh, how a part of the world remains yet "in darkness and the shadow th"! If we can do but little, compared with what appears to aded, at least we can pray, "Thy kingdom come!" Let us all that prayer, earnestly and sincerely, every day; and the time ome when Christ our Lord shall reign "from sea to sea, and the river to the ends of the earth."

COUSIN MARY'S STORY;

OB, "LOST IN THE EXHIBITION."

U had better leave them to their exclaimed one of Mary Roscoe's r relatives, when he discovered e was endeavouring to teach some the children of her neighbourhood by of salvation; "it would be wiser to do so, for they do not you, and it is all waste labour." hope not, Walter. We shall see y-and-by."

ile was Walter's answer. He did lieve it. His cousin Mary might er than he, and, in some things, but in this he would not yield. Mary herself, she was by no discouraged. It would have taken number of Walters to damp her or check her hope in Him whose she loved. But some time after and leisure to write a parable,—or, if you prefer a more common word, a story, on the subject. It was true from beginning to end, and it had a simple moral interwoven, as you will find if you read it carefully.

I wonder what you would have done if you had seen what Martha Newman saw, and heard what Martha Newman heard, on a certain day in the autumn of 1851.

Martha was standing in Hyde Park, at the Prince's Gate, waiting for friends who had promised to meet her there, and looking up now and then, with very great interest, at the glass house which had been built for the first Exhibition. Scarcely fourteen hours had passed since she arrived in town after a long journey, undertaken for the express purpose of seeing "the world's fair;" and, although not a stranger in London, she had already seen, as she said, new "things" enough to make her feel just like one. Nothing, however, had so much interested her as a lost child.

Lost?

Yes, there she was, in the kind but firm grasp of a policeman, who had, to her great dismay, put a sudden stop to her wanderings in the Exhibition, and brought her to the lodge at the Prince's Gate.

"All lost things, whether parasols, umbrellas, sticks, jewels, purses, or children, are taken to the Prince's Gate," was an announcement which Martha had read in the newspapers not long before. It helped her to understand the scene before her. The child was lost, and the policeman, as in duty bound, had brought her to the lodge.

Ah me! what tears were shed in that dreadful time. How often the words, "I shall never be found!" were spoken between deep sobs. How passionately the name of the kind guardian, who was more to her than all the thousands and tens of thousands who "passed by on the other side," was repeated with trembling lips by that little child!

Now I ask you, what would you have done had you been Martha? Would you have turned away as if the pain which caused those tears had been nothing in the world to you? Would you have paced to and fro without speaking one kind word to the wee lost one, who was now, for the first time, in the hands

of the police, and to whom a kindly voice would be sweet music? I am quite sure you would not. I am quite sure you would have gone forward, as Martha did, to talk with the little sufferer.

You would have had more pity for her than you wish me to feel for sould that are neglected and forlorn. You would have drawn the child towards you, kindly, that you might console her. You would not have said, then, that you had no right to speak or act in her behalf; and yet, it would not be what selfish men call your "business," any more than it is mine to teach the children whom you would abandon to dark ignorance and misery.

"You will be 'found' if you wait here," said Martha; "but if you try to manage for yourself you will be lost."

The child looked up and listened anxiously. It was quite clear that she trusted Martha Newman much more than she trusted "the dreadful men," whom she regarded as her gaolers.

They were alone—the Samaritan and the patient—for something like half an hour. Was it absurd in Martha to give so much time cheerfully, or to be sorry when at last her brother came to take her away?

You tell me no: you would have felt some interest in the child yourself, and you would expect a woman or a girl to be still more tender-hearted. You have some kindly feelings, and would go a little out of your way to save a fellow creature from bodily pain. Why not allow me to go a little out of my way to

at the means by which many can ued from sin?

ha Newman's heart was the as she went on, for she had loing a kindly thing, and that t hope of recompense. We say out hope of recompense," yet she ir reward, for the day was but iours older, when, standing by the ates in the great transept, she child's voice say—und!"

t a word it is! Lost, but found.
ring, but restored. Happy child!
comforter! Looking into each
eyes through those bars, and
, for a few brief minutes, of their
g at the lodge, they rejoiced to

Then the crowd parted them, it no more until that greater and awful day when all nations shall hered together before the bar of

w hours more, and Martha, in her was separated from her friends, ndered through that crowded nave How pleasing it was, then, to ber that she had soothed the little 10, unlike her, was unhappy and ger when thus parted from her nions. And when, in continuing amination of the wonders spread her, she received very great and kindness from exhibitors dicemen, a pleasure such as the 12d felt in receiving her attentions ike a refreshing thought to cheer 1eliness.

ly she was, at times, in that great

house, and amongst that crowd of strangers. Her interest in all she saw was unabated; but she had, for the time, no friend at hand save God and his good angels. I am not prepared to say that she wished herself a few years younger, in order that she might be taken as "lost" property to the Prince's Gate, but I am sure that when the great gong sounded, and the building was cleared for the night, she felt very much like a wandering sheep.

She was "found" at last, however, on the couch at her mother's lodgings, where, after an omnibus ride, more lonely than the Exhibition walk—if that were possible—she had sought society in a book, pausing sometimes to rejoice over herself and her little friend, the lost child of the morning.

"I am glad I was able to comfort her," she thought.

She thinks so still, I am sure; for now, as then, she cannot, in such a case, "pass by on the other side." Other "lost" children claim her aid, and it is given. Sometimes a little wanderer, by God's blessing on her efforts, is restored. Then she is thankful to him, who alone can prosper the work.

Dear Walter, I have but one thing more to add.

I am Martha Newman; and you have here the story of my experience. If it shall induce you to look more favourably on my work amongst the children, I shall thank God heartily. The time is coming, let me hope, when you, too, will go forth to call back wandering lambs to

the fold of God. But you must first return thither yourself. When will you do so? God, and the Church, and the | ject him, and you are lost.

Bible say, Now. There is only one Saviour. Accept him, and you shall be saved; re-

MISSIONARY NEWS.

Or late the intelligence has been mostly about the mission abroad. This month I must say a little about home. This is the month when missionaries going to India generally set sail. For, as the voyage takes four months, and it would be very injurious to them to land in the hot season, it is so managed that they shall get there as near

to Christmas as possible.

Mr. Edwards, pastor of the church at Llanfighangel, in Monmouthshire, had been accepted as a missionary for India. A public service was held at Pontypool, to designate him to the work. and the next day, at his own chapel, his friends met in large numbers, and presented him with several books as expressions of their regard for I saw many, especially among the young, in tears, for his preaching had been blessed to their conversion, and they were sorry to lose him; though they willingly consented to his going as a missionary to the heathen. Mr. Etherington, a student of the College at Bristol, who had spent most of his life in India, and had been baptized by the Rev. R. Williams, late of Agra, was set apart to the work at King Street Chapel. At the close of the College Session, I heard him deliver an address on "Missionary Life," and a very beautiful one it was, and showed that he was entering on his work in a right spirit. He goes to Meerut, where the late mutiny began, and Mr. Edwards to Monghir.

Mr. Pigott, formerly of Dublin, and Mr. Waldock, of the Regent's Park College, were set apart to their work, at the chapel in Lambeth. The service was very interesting, and the attendance large. They both go to Ceylon: the former sailed in July, and the

latter late in August.

Besides these dear friends, the Reys. J. Wenger, of Calcutte,

F. Supper, of Dacca, and L. Kalberer, of Patna, who had been in England for some time on account of health, had been so far restored as to admit of their returning to their work. A Soirée, which was attended by a goodly company of Christian friends, was held, on Monday, August 11th, at Freemasons' Hall, Great Queen Street, to commend them to the Divine care and blessing, and bid them farewell. W. H. Watson, Esq., presided, and after singing a hymn, and the offering of prayer by Rev. S. Green, Mr. Underhill, one of the Secretaries, introduced the brethren to the meeting. Mr. Wenger spoke on behalf of the senior missionaries, and Mr. Etherington on behalf of the junior. And as two brethren of the General Baptist Mission were going to India in the same ship, Mr. Wilkinson, of Norwich, but once a missionary in India, spoke as representing them. The Rev. W. G. Lewis, of Bayswater, spoke on missionary life and work, and the Rev. J. E. Giles addressed a few words of sympathy to the departing brethren. The proceedings were brought to a close by the writer of these lines, who read the 569 Hymn, Selection, and besought the blessing of God on the missionaries who were about to sail.

On the following day these brethren embarked in the "Shannon," a fine large ship, which had never been to sea before. A large party of friends went on board with them, and after some time spent in looking into their cabins, talking about their work, and blessing God for all his goodness to them, the painful hour of parting came. One group after another left the ship. It was affecting to see near and dear relatives weeping while they bade good-bye to those they so ardently loved, never, perhaps, more to see them until the last great day. But there was one great thought which eventually dried up all tears, and that was of the work to which these friends were devoting themselves. They were not going to spend their lives in amassing wealth, but in preaching the Gospel to the heathen, and saving perishing souls. May the great God have them in his holy keeping, and give them a speedy and a prosperous voyage!

Since these lines were sent to the press, letters have come from the brethren, brought by the pilot, who left the ship off the Isle of Wight. Not having much wind, the progress was slow, but all was very pleasant on board; arrangements had been made for worship on Lord's days, and they were all looking forward to a pleasant voyage, the ship being found to be a fast sailer, and the captain most kind. Let us commend them to the blessing and care of God.

F. T.

Mission House, Moorgate Street.

LITTLE JANE AND THE GREAT CHANGE.

DEAR CHILDREN,—Have you ever read, "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting"? Then you know who wrote it, Solomon; that he said it because he believed and felt its truth: and it was recorded for our benefit, and the sentiment it breathes holds true to this day. Many of you, during the past month, have enjoyed your yearly gatherings: treats of cake and coffee or tea, with as much harmless, innocent play as you liked. Your teachers and friends, too, were happy to see you so happy. Only think that there should be something better even than all these. That it is better to go to the house of mourning; better, because we often learn a profitable lesson there, which makes us happy throughout our life, and that must be better than being made happy for a few hours. Now I want you to go with me, in imagination, for a few minutes only, to the house of mourning; to sit with me by the sick and dying bed of one of our infant scholars, Jane W---. By an infant, I mean a child under six years of age. Although so young, little Jane had learned some of the great leading truths of the Holy Bible. Who was Jane's teacher? The Holy Spirit; and he loves to teach all those who love to learn of him. Before Christ went back to heaven. where, you know, he was before he came here to suffer and to die, he said he would send the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, to give his disciples greater knowledge of him, and of the doctrines he had taught them; and to lead others to know and love him who had not known and loved him before. You will find all this in Christ's last conversations with his disciples. Where are they to be found? In the Gospel of John; turn to them, and read them at your leisure. It would be well if all the words Christ ever spoke were treasured up in our hearts or memories, for he spake as never man spake. As I have said, the Holy Spirit was little Jame's teacher. He showed her things which are often hidden from the great and learned men of the world. And when the truth enters the heart, even of a little child, it makes wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus. And what was it that the Holy Spirit taught little Jane? That she needed, and that all mankind needed, a great change—a change of heart, before they could please

r be fit for heaven. Jane saw that her heart by nature was sinful; she mes had naughty thoughts, or showed naughty tempers; so she wanted a art, that, instead of being ignorant of God, or displeasing him, she might and love, and enjoy him for ever. All this Jane had learned by the teachthe Holy Spirit, and having learned it, she was anxious that all around her know it also.

had fallen sick of the disease which took her away. During her sickness came much concerned for her father's salvation. Jane loved her father, as d little girls do; but Jane was afraid her father did not love Jesus. What e to do? Pray for him. Yes; that, we hope, she did. Anything more? speak to him, modestly and affectionately, as became a child. True; and ttle Jane did. Calling her father to her bedside one day, just before she he said, very sweetly and tenderly, "Father, our heart must be changed we are fit for heaven: old things must pass away, all things must become The voice of his child, tremulous from weakness and emotion, speaking om the verge of the grave, from the portals of heaven, deeply affected her and all who heard it. What must be have felt, when, soon after, he pressed of his darling child in her little coffin, cold and speechless, yet seeming to in his ear, "Father, our hearts must be changed before we are fit for ; old things must pass away, all things must become new!" all tell you only this one thing which little Jane said. I want you to think t, to pray about it, much as the psalmist did when he said, "Create in me heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." Search the Scriptures:

st they teach about the nature of this great change, what it is; about its y, that we cannot understand the things of God without it; and about ho works it in the soul, the holy Spirit; and about the means or instrueuses, the word of God: making all things new—all new within and t; the heart new and the life new. Though dead, little Jane speaks to effect, as she did to her father: "Ye must be born again." Let her words ep into your heart. If little Jane needed this great change, must not you, twice as old, or more? Seek the blessing, and you shall find it; and ser with gratitude and joy your visit to the house of mourning, as better to n the house of feasting.

" Mighty Redeemer, set me free From my old state of sin;

O make my soul slive to thee, Create new powers within."

n you have felt this *great change*, and not till then, you will feel, deeply perly, for the sad state of the unconverted at home and abroad. Notice tile Jane did as well as what she said. She tried to win a soul. All who us will try to spread the knowledge of his precious name throughout the rorld. Thus, if you love him, to your friends and companions at home you.

will speak the Gospel, as opportunity offers. To the heathen you will s Gospel, often praying, in the language of the Psalm to which your attendirected last month, "God be merciful unto us and bless us, and cause his aline upon us, that thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health all nations."

I an

Your loving friend.

Heathfield, September, 1962.

THE SOUTH SEA CONVERT.

A MESSENGER, says a missionary, came to say that Kaisara was drawing his end. I went directly to see him, and found him very weak, scarcely speak.

"Well, brother," I said, "how is it now, on the borders of Jordan?"

"My ship," he replied, "is moored; the anchor is within the vail; all there will be no shipwreck; all is calm."

Calm, indeed, it was. Not a ruffle was on the surface of his soul; not of safety was expressed. We spoke together of the labours of past ye talked of the great love of God to the South Sea Islanders. It was a soulvisit to one just entering the unseen state.

"What shall I say to the church after you are gone?"

"Tell them," he replied, "to hold fast their confidence to the end—t in Christ is necessary to salvation;" and then, as strength would all quivering lips repeated John iii. 36.

"This may, perhaps, be our last meeting below."

"Well," said he, "ere long we shall meet again in the far brighter worl to dwell for ever with the Lord, there to 'see the King in his beauty,' a land," pointing to the heavens, "which is afar off."

I prayed with him, and left his humble cottage.

Just as I was going to the out-station, a little after this, I was again ser see our dying friend.

"You will soon leave us," I said.

"Yes; the chariot is at the door. The body is the clog which keeps spirit; but soon the thread will be cut; then shall I fly away."

"Have you any fear in the prospect of leaving us?"

" None at all."

"What is the reason of this peace of mind as death approaches?"

"Christ is mine. To him I have committed my soul; why should I fe

"Is your trust entirely in Christ?"

"In Christ alone I trust for salvation. He is the true foundation—the way—the door."

As I prayed with him, and asked the Divine presence with his soul, he joined with much feeling. I then took my leave. Next day his son came to say that he was near death. I went. His pulse was searcely to be felt; his breathing was short.

"How is it with you?" I asked.

He replied, "With Christ is my soul."

"Entirely?"

"Yes, entirely."
"No fear?"

"None at all."

"This is the hour of your death."

He was unable to speak, but pressed my hand. After a while he revived, and opened his eyes.

"You will, I trust, soon be with Christ," I said.

"Yes, I shall."

"To-morrow," I said, "is the Sabbath."

He said, "I shall be in heaven."

"How great the love of God in not leaving you in the ignorance of your heathen state!"

Raising his eyes upward, he said, "Great! great!"

With his son-in-law and daughter I then conversed on the difference between the death of a saint and sinner, all of which he heard and understood, as a reply he made fully showed. I left him for a little; but ere I could return, his spirit had fled to be with Him who had redeemed him with his precious blood.

Thus died Kaisara, a good man, a consistent follower of Christ, who was born a heathen but died a Christian.

WHAT IS YOUR HOPE FOR ETERNITY?

Some time since, as a Christian missionary was travelling in India, he came to a retired spot, where, at some distance before him, he saw a man lying on the ground, apparently asleep. At first sight he supposed that the individual was one of those religious devotees, so frequently to be met with in India, who, wearied with the fatigues of his pilgrimage, had lain him down to rest. As he approached nearer, however, he thought that the man appeared to be in pain, and on reaching the

place where he lay, he discovered that he was in the agonies of death. Anxious, if possible, to afford some consolation to a fellow mortal in the hour of his extremity, the missionary knelt by the side of the sufferer, and addressing him in the native language, said, "Brother, what is your hope for eternity?" The dying man opened his eyes with an expression of surprise and pleasure, and faintly whispered, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin." He could say no more, for the tide of life was fast ebbing, and in a few moments the spirit of that poor and lonely wanderer was before the throne of God. As the missionary gazed upon the lifeless corpse, his eye rested on a piece of paper which the dying man had kept firmly grasped in his hand, and on examination he found that it was a single leaf of the Bengalee New Testament, containing the verse which the expiring Hindoo had repeated as the confession of his faith. The mingled feelings of joy and sadness which filled the heart of the missionary as he pursued his journey, may be more easily imagined than described.

Young reader! what is your hope for eternity? You have not a leaf of the Bible only, but the whole Bible: will your answer be as ready and beautiful as his?

THE LITTLE MISSIONARY IN HEART.

A LITTLE boy in Paris who attended a missionary meeting, was very deeply affected with the accounts he heard of the state of the poor heathen children. His mother was a poor widow, and he was her great comfort. She loved the Scriptures, and had taught him to love them too. The next morning after the meeting, this little boy collected together all the money he possessed (only thirty-six sous), and took it to the minister, saying, "I hope, sir, the people will soon be converted to God." The minister told him that there was a great deal to do, and he feared it would be a long while before the work would be all done. "I hope, sir," he added, "it will be finished before I am a man." The minister expressed his fear that it would not. "Well, sir," said the boy, "I prayed to God whea I grew up, he would make me a missionary, and permit me to be useful in this work." Is there not such a desire as this in the heart of some of our young friends?

THE POWER OF A SINGLE WORD.

Some sixty years since, "a boy overheard his mother say that she had dedicated him to the service of God as a missionary."

That was a simple remark, accidentally, as it seemed, dropped into the ear of a happy but thoughtless boy. Had the reader heard it, would he have considered it the seeds of a majestic tree? Let us trace its fruits.

When that boy—Samuel J. Mills was his name—grown to young manhood, gave his heart to Christ, his mother's remark grew into a thought of power within him. Driven for shelter from a grove prayer meeting one day by a thunder-storm, to the shelter of a haystack, with four other youths, he uttered his thought by proposing to send the Gospel to Asia, and asserting, "We could do it if we would!" His holy enthusiasm was caught by the others, and the five young men founded a society, "to effect in the persons of its members a mission to the heathen."

This was the beginning of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions!

Fifty years have passed since that memorable meeting beneath the haystack. Behold the fruits of that little assembly in the thirty-nine missions, with their two hundred and sixty-nine stations and outstations; the one thousand two hundred and fifty-eight missionaries sent out; the one hundred and forty-nine churches, with their fifty-five thousand communicants, formed; the three hundred and sixty-nine schools; the ten thousand Sunday school children, and the thousand million pages of Gospel truth printed through the labours of that noble Board! To this grand fruitage has that mother's remark grown in sixty years.—American Paper.

"SUFFER US TO COME TO THEE!"

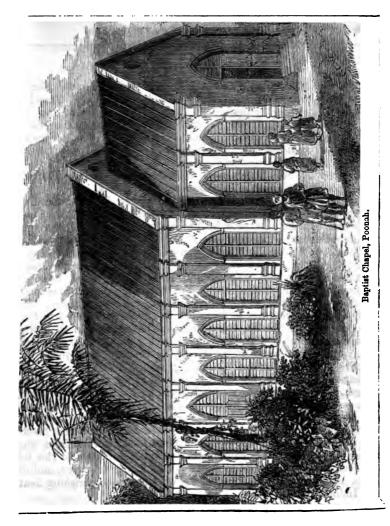
YES! there are little ones in heaven,
Babes, such as we, around the throne,
To whom the King of kings hath given
A glory like his own!
Jesus, thy mercy, rich and free,
Hath suffered them to come to thee!

Oh, let us think of them to-day,
Their sweet and everlasting song,
And hope to sing as loud as they,
In the same heaven, ere long!
Jesus, may this our portion be!
Oh, suffer us to come to thee!

Those blessed children, in the sky,
Went from this sad and sinful earth:
How were their spirits raised so high
Above their native birth?
They came to Christ; and so will we.
Lord, suffer us to come to thee!

To come, with humbleness of mind,
With simple faith, and earnest prayer;
To seek thy precious cross, and find
Peace—joy—salvation—there!
Oh, set our sin-bound spirits free,
And suffer us to come to thee!

To come—while we are young and gay,
While life, and joy, and hope run high;
To come—in sorrow's gloomiest day;
To come—when death is nigh.
Lord, in that day our guardian be,
And suffer us to come to thee!



POONAH.

On the other side we give a picture of the Baptist chapel at Poonah, in which our respected friend, the Rev. H. P. Cassidy, has laboured for many years. Poonah is a city of Hindustan, about eighty miles distant from Bombay. It was formerly the residence of the Mahratta sovereignty, and the residence of the Peishwa. It is not a handsome city, nor apparently of large size, though its extent must be considerable, since its population in 1819 was estimated by Mr. Elphinstone at 115,000, and Bishop Heber was informed in 1825 that it then amounted to 100,000.

It is in this city that Mr. Cassidy has so long laboured. His congregation is not large, but he has seen good resulting from his labours. In the past year he has had much both to encourage and to depress him. "I have seen," he says, "deep convictions in one of our congregation, and anxiety in another, and frequent misgivings in others, but do not know of one decided case of conversion in connection with our congregation. One has occurred, however, in connection with our brethren of the 6th Dragoons at Ahmednuggur, and, by a merciful and kind Providence, it was arranged, without any reference whatever to this, that he should be ordered to Poonsh (to perfect his musket firing drill, as the authorities thought, and truly so, for he is a good shot) to be baptized. Two natives were converted from heathenism, principally through the agency of our native brethren in the Ahmednuggur Collectorate. mentioned cases having been examined, as far as we could examine them, the three persons were admitted to baptism during the year. None of these had been members of any church previously."

In addition to his labours at Poonah, Mr. Cassidy preaches in the neighbourhood. In these labours he is assisted by native brethren, especially by Sudoba and Gyanoba Powar. They visit from time to time also the military cantonment, which lies a little to the left of Poonah. May the Lord bless the efforts of our brethren, and of all who are seeking to make Christ known among the perishing heathen

of India!

THE HISTORY OF A MISSION.

"Ten times four are forty, forty pence are three and fourpence. I can just afford that," said Gertrude Robinson. "Think, Dorcas, how cheap; ten of these Testaments for three and fourpence! Helen says they are wonderful little books."

"Miss Helen is just right," said Dorcas, adding, "What do you mean to do with your ten Testaments?"

"Give them away when we go to the moors," said Gertrude. "Helen will take twenty-five, and I these ten; and we shall bestow them on any of the cottage people who will promise to read a chapter every day."

"Well, that is one way of spending your money, Miss Gertrude, and I wish you prosperity."

Another week, and Gertrude was on the moor. It was late in autumn, but the air was not yet too cold for long walks and drives. Every morning the sisters left their cottage on Hoorston Down to explore, as they said, the regions round about; and every afternoon they came back, tired and hungry, to the bright fire and curtained parlour, which was so like, and yet so unlike home. They were both Christians, able to look from nature to nature's God, and in the quiet of their resting-place they held sweet intercourse with their Father in heaven.

The ordinary life of these two girls was very unlike that which they led at Hoorston Down. The old grey house in

which Doctor Robinson lived stood in the chief thoroughfare of the busy town of B—. Its only garden was a grass plot in its rear; and although its upper windows commanded a fine view of the surrounding country, the children would gladly have exchanged its handsome rooms for those of some humble cottage, if by that means they might have secured the pleasures of rural life.

It had been whispered that a time was coming when two houses would be kept for the doctor's family, one in B—, and the other at Hoorston; but nothing had yet been decided, and the old servant who acted as guardian to Helen and her sister whenever the former stood in need of moorland air, was loud in protest against such innovation. She could not think, for her part, how the young ladies could wish to leave the house in which their grandfather, and his father before him, had lived and died. It would break her heart to come away, and she did not mind saying so.

"But, Dorcas," remonstrated Helen, as, during one of their moorland walks, they talked about these probabilities, "we can love grandpapa just as much without being in the house in which he died."

"May be so and may be not, Miss Helen," said Dorcas, gravely. And then, as if disgusted by the conversation, she hastened to change the subject by inquiring if they meant to give away any Testaments over there. "Over there" was "Little Hoorston," a cluster of houses at the end of the down, hard by a river which bore the unromantic name of Clackit. It was a new place to the sisters, and they were delighted with its white cottages and trim gardens.

"How many copies of the 'Tract Mag.' did we bring?" asked Gertrude, as she counted the houses. The "Tract Magazine" was one of their favourites, and Gertrude had given it the "pet" name of "Tract Mag."

"Not more than a dozen," said Helen. "Did we, Dorcas?"

Dorcas opened the satchel, and produced a roll of paper and three Testaments.

"That's all," said she, "and it's more than enough, I reckon,"

Dorcas spoke rather sharply, for she held that her young ladies exposed themselves to danger by their simple efforts. If they bought books for ministers and Scripture readers to give away, they were simply extravagant; but to go about themselves, risking their lives, as she thought, by their efforts for the sick and dying, was absurd.

"As if nobody could do good but you!" she remarked to Gertrude. "And Miss Helen so delicate!"

"My sister is not rash," said Gertrude, who admired Helen and all her ways; "and as to thinking other people can do our work, I don't know any text of Scripture that would teach us to do so."

"But how do you know that it is your work, Miss Gertrude?"

"Because we ask God to teach us, and because we find that he blesses us in it," replied Gertrude.

"And you so young!"

"Yes, Dorcas, very young; even Helen is only nineteen; but we both love Christ."

That was the secret. It was love to Christ that constrained them to go hither and thither, speaking of his salvation, and especially entreating those of their own age to read the Bible. Already had many copies of the New Testament found their way out of Helen's hands into the possession of men, women, and children, who had hitherto despised and neglected the Word of God.

Little Hoorston was an out-of-theworld place, two miles from church, and forgotten by the clergyman. Now and then two or three Methodists from Grest Hoorston came to hold a prayer-meeting, but, with these exceptions, none had cared for the souls of its people until Helen and Gertrude Robinson came amongst them.

At the first cottage the visitors found two old women, who received a tract very readily, and in answer to Helen's inquiry, stated that they had a Bible, but that the print was so extremely small, that even with glasses they could not read a word. A fourpenny Testament, with its clear type, gave great satisfaction, and the two sisters went on their way rejoicing.

At the next house they found a suffering infant, the first-born of a young and intelligent woman, whose team fast as she said, "My child is' It was evident that she had before seen an infant in convul-

is is just as our brother was last said Helen. "You ought to bathe And she hastened to explain that her was a physician, and to ene in the poor mother the hope that the one would recover. A neightho had been hastily summoned, offered to bathe the child imme; and, having promised to call the visitors passed on to visit; and, as it proved, a happier old.

was a family which had recently lunged into great distress by the hat a ship in which John "our had sailed for New Zealand had red, all hands perishing, and the f the happiness to which we have i was that a letter in the wellhandwriting had just reached

e boy is safe and well, miss, by re make out," said the woman, answer to Helen's gentle knock, ed her tearful face at the open "And though my man, and me, le Mary can't understand all the i't, we have read enough to make or joy."

a's eyes filled too, as she took the nan's hands in hers, and, fearing ide further, said, "We will come hen you have time to talk with d we will pray that He who has you this very great mercy, may help you to thank him with all your heart and mind."

At these words a man came forward, letter in hand, and, bowing, inquired if the lady would think it too great a liberty if he asked her to tell him a puzzling word or two.

"John writes but poorly," said he, "and I'm no scholard."

Helen took the letter, and as she did so, the old woman, dusting two chairs, invited the ladies to enter her "poor place, but clean, thank God."

They sat down, and from that time were the friends of those simple folk. Walter Symes and his wife had a Bible, "a very good one," as they said (as if all Bibles were not very good!), in fact, it was too handsome to be used!

So Gertrude gave little Mary a Testament, and made her promise to read a portion of it aloud every day.

Half an hour had passed before they again rejoined Dorcas, who, "on principle," never went farther than the garden gate of any house which her young ladies had, in her opinion, "no business" to enter.

"You'll make yourselves ill, miss," she remarked, as Helen walked beside her towards a cottage at the back of Walter Symes's. "Just look at Miss Gertrude, wiping that child's eyes with her handkerchief. As if the little thing's pinafore wouldn't ha' done, if her eyes must be wiped, which is what I don't see myself."

"But there is One who sees, dear Dorcas," said Helen, gently; "He who said, 'for of such is the kingdom of heaven'—don't you remember?"

Yes, Dorcas remembered, and for that reason she was silent.

"It pains me, dear, to ask it," continued Helen, "because you are older, and, in many things, wiser than I, but do you think Jesus will be able to say to you at the last day, 'I was hungry, and you gave me meat; thirsty, and you gave me drink; I was sick, and you visited me'?"

Dorcas turned suddenly upon the speaker. A new light seemed to break upon her mind; but she only said, "No."

At that moment Gertrude rejoined them, and during the rest of their walk Helen had no opportunity for renewing the conversation. But that night, after united worship, in which earnest thanks were offered for the opportunities of the morning, Dorcas came forward and said.

"Miss Helen, I have been proud, but God has humbled me. I want to be saved through Christ, and to serve him always. Will you give me one of your little Testaments?"

"I have none left," said Helen; "but Gertrude will give you one. How was it you brought no Bible from home, dear Dorcas?"

"Because I did not want to read it, Miss Helen; but now, if you will pray for me, I will begin."

After this Dorcas went often with her young ladies to Little Hoorston; and not only to Walter Symes and his wife, but to the other inhabitants—many of whom we have not had space to describe—she became a friend.

Is not this truly the history of a mission?

MISSIONARY NEWS.

SINCE I wrote to you last, a letter has come to hand from the Rev. J. C. Page, of Barisal, who, with the Rev. T. Martin, had been requested to visit Chittagong. This town is the most easterly in the province of Bengal. As these brethren could not go by boat at this time of the year, July, they took passage in a steamer, and arrived in the course of the voyage at Akyab, and in the extract which follows you have an account of the place, the people, and how they got on, which I am sure you will read with deep interest.

"We were a little nonplused when we got here. We learned that there was no missionary, no chaplain, no hotel, no lodgings! However, through the kindness of a gentleman, we obtained the use

ouse and all that was in it. And here we have been keeping like two old bachelors, patiently waiting for the Government er, which will be going to Chittagong on the 10th, next lay. Really, it is with a heart full of sorrow, and yet under e of duty, that I agreed to come out here.

kyab is the chief town of the province of Aracan. It lies along a-shore, having the Bay of Bengal on the west. There is a range of hills some three miles off, running parallel with the and between these hills and the town there is a beautiful for ships. In the season, i.e., from December to April and some two hundred ships, from all countries, come here for rice, kyab then is a busy place. It extends some two miles and along the shore. On the north is the bazaar, and here the s congregate; on the south are the bungalows of the English, glish-speaking, residents. The houses of all are built on posts, wooden or bamboo floors, and wooden or mat walls: while of of a kind of wild palm. ne English residents, numbering some forty or fifty families, overnment officials (military men in civil employ) and their nts; and a goodly number of traders, merchants, who make all

ie natives are principally Mugs, a people not unlike the se in all things, only fairer to look at. They are an indeit people, more manly than the Bengalees, on whom they look -lazy withal, making the Bengalee work for them-and as s any people need to be! There are also many Bengalees hittagong and Calcutta here. The whole native population of

may be some eight or ten thousand.

an out of the shipping.

ere is a small 'church' here, where a few of the residents once on the Sabbath; an English school, where one hundred venty Mug boys are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, and lse; and a hospital, and, of course, a jail, that constant accoment of civilization.

me five or six years ago there were some American missionaries ho had laboured long, and not without some success.

missionaries died here; others were sick one after another, and eventually the mission was abandoned. We hear that there was at one time a little church chiefly composed of Mugs, some thirty-five in number. But now we can find only four of them. One of these four is the second teacher of the English school. Some people still, however, speak of Mr. Fink of our mission, who was first on the field here. Truly it is most distressing to find a whole province thus left in gross darkness—all Aracan without a missionary! If I had not Barisal, I would offer to be sent here. Steamers from Calcutta, and again from Rangoon, pass Akyab every fortnight. Why should we not do something in these regions also?

"I do hope we have not been detained here in vain. We have been preaching to large and very attentive congregations of Chittagong Bengalees in the bazaar. We have also preached in English, and have had conversations with Mugs who know a little English. We

have tried to do something en route to Chittagong."

I don't think it is necessary to add a word to this beautiful letter. You can imagine the scene Mr. Page describes. This will, I trust, lead you to pray for God's blessing on the mission, without which no success will come.

F. T.

Mission House, Moorgate Street.

AN INTRUDER AT A PRAYER-MEETING.

DEAR CHILDREN,—You will like to read a true story about an intruder at a prayer-meeting, given me by a young man in India some time since. "An intruder at a prayer-meeting!" I think I hear you say, with expressions of surprise in your eye and countenance; "how strange! who or what could it have been? Are set all persons welcome at our prayer-meetings? Are we not often told that all as welcome, high and low, rich and poor, old and young; nor age, nor class, set colour are rejected here; all, all are welcome to meet together in the presence of their common Creator, who is the Maker of us all. Who, then, could have been deemed an intruder at a prayer-meeting?" You shall hear: but first I must say a few words about the young man alluded to above.

William C--- was the son of respectable poor people, and was living in our mist little town, engaged in the peaceful pursuits of industry, when he suddenly orsook them, entered the army, and after a time was sent with his regiment to louthern India, to Madras, then to Trichinopoly, where the circumstance I am roing to relate happened. At that time William knew not God. Who followed im more especially with her prayers and tears? His mother. Yes, she thought f him day and night, and said how she longed to know he was become a child of tod, a good soldier of Christ Jesus. She asked me to write to him, and to point im to the Saviour of the lost: and we agreed to pray for him. The Lord heard ur prayer; after some years William was converted; he experienced the great tange; his letters showed plainly that his heart was changed. Then he wrote > nicely about sin and salvation. Sin, which he once loved, he now hated and nunned: salvation, rich, free, and full, through the precious blood of Christ, as now all his desire; he found such high delight in the service of God and the means of grace as he had never enjoyed in the pursuit of worldly pleasures. nd this brings me to the subject of my paper. I will give you an extract from ne of his letters, or the substance of it, in which he speaks of an intruder at a aver-meeting. He says, "One day myself and two or three comrades thought e should like to enjoy a little prayer-meeting privately by ourselves; so we took hymn-book, and walked to a quiet spot outside the town, and sat down on a the bank, no one near to disturb us. After speaking a little of the love of God, e were just going to give out and sing a hymn, when one of the men said, 'Look here!' Sure enough, there were the glaring eyes of a fierce tiger at a short stance, the hinder parts of his body concealed in a bush, to which he had crept filly and stealthily on his padded paws, unobserved, and his practised eye was easuring the distance for a leap at the moment we saw him. With all speed we mped up, fled, and mercifully reached a place of safety, where we thanked and raised God for his watchful care and preserving goodness."

"How happy all thy servants are,
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee,"

Lct us learn from this startling account to watch and pray, lest intruders, in the sape of evil or wandering thoughts, creep in, when we are at the prayer-meeting elsewhere. There is a foe, subtle, active, and strong, whom we cannot see, ways lurking about, especially where God is sought and worshipped, and the ospel is preached, just to pick up the good seed ere it take root in the heart. That had become of those pious young soldiers if they had not seen and fled from so fierce, hungry tiger? Death, certain death, to one of them, for the tiger will take and run off with a man as a cat does with a mouse. And as William said, There was no escape had he sprung on us; we had no gun; we never thought of king our firearms to a prayer-meeting." Be sober, be vigilant (watchful), because

your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion walketh about, seeking whom he may devour. He has his different temptations for different classes. To the aged he says, it is too late; to the young, it is too soon to seek Christ. Do not let Satan deceive you; fly at once to Christ, the enemy will then lose his prey, and you be kept from every snare and every path of the destroyer. Take this subject of watchfulness and prayer for your meditation this month.

There is one other thought connected with this little story, which we must be neglect to notice. See how precious the Gospel was to William as soon as he had heard and received its glad tidings, and how he enjoyed its privileges. Could he have heard it, had it not been sent to India? Here, then, is a strong plea to missions. O go, and labour, and strive, and pray, and never rest, until the Gospel.

shall be preached to every creature that is under heaven.

I am,

Your loving friend,

F.R.

Heathfield, October, 1862.

WHO LIT THE LAMPS?

Upon the rocky coast of Cornwall, there stood some years ago, and may be standing yet, an old-fashioned lighthouse. It was placed amidst some red dangerous rocks, and was found a great blessing to the mariners frequenting the coast, in directing them in dark and stormy nights. Many were the shipwress prevented, and many the blessings that were breathed forth to Heaven by the sailors for its guiding and cheering light.

You would have thought that everybody would have been glad that that high house stood upon those rocks, and rejoiced in the good it did. But they did no

There was a set of wicked men who looked upon that lighthouse with very any eyes, and often wished some storm would come and sweep it quite away. The longed to see the vessels wrecked, that they might gather some of the spoil the came from their destruction, and they therefore hated the lighthouse that the deprived them of their treasures. These wicked men were called "wreckers and when stormy nights came on, they might be seen looking out for their pre and even kindling large lights upon the shore, to deceive the ships, lead them of the way, and get them dashed to pieces on the rocks.

Still the lighthouse stood, watched over and kept by the merciful eve and ar

of a kind protecting God.

It was inhabited, at the time I am writing about, by a good man and his litting girl; and it is about this little girl my story must be told. She had had a ve pious mother, who, as she died, had given her holy counsels, and left her a lar

rite Bible as her property. You may be sure the last words of her dear er were not soon forgotten, while the Bible she had left was looked upon with the reverence and love.

e lighthouse was so placed upon the rocks that, at low water, when the tide out, you could walk from it to the shore; but at high water nobody could get as no boat could ride in safety amongst the breakers and the rocks. All the the inmates needed, and other things they used, were thus brought to them, or ed by them, at low water, and the good man of the lighthouse had often to go tore for them. One day he had gone as usual, leaving his little girl alone ne lighthouse, when some of the "wreckers" seized him, and determined event his going back to light his lamps, in the hope that some ship would be wrecked. The poor man was in great distress when he found he was the ner of these wicked men, and begged hard to be allowed to return. But in : there they kept him till long after the tide came in, and the dark night had red, and it became impossible for him to return. At last they let him go. ne stood upon the shore in great distress. The night was gradually becoming y stormy one. The wild winds roared furiously. The rain fell in torrents. lightning flashed. The thunder rolled terrifically. The sea dashed furiously ad the lighthouse, sometimes covering it entirely with its waves. What was do? The lantern at the top of his house was yet all dark. He could see ships in the distance, and he trembled lest they should be wrecked for want s lamps being lighted. He knew his little girl was all alone, and too little to lything to help the difficulty, so there he stood in deep distress, while around were the savage wreckers, glorying in the success of their wicked scheme, and ng for a large booty by the morning, when, all of a sudden, the lantern of ighthouse was lighted up, and its bright and glowing rays shot far across the and troubled sea. The wreckers were filled with astonishment and anger ley saw it. The sailors far off in the ships were delighted as they caught gams; and the good man himself was overcome with surprise and joy, while cclaimed, "Who has lit the lamps?"

ry distressed indeed was the little girl when she found her father did not n as she had expected. She watched the tide come rolling up and covering ocks, so cutting off all the way to shore. She heard the wind get up, and bled as she felt it rock the lighthouse. She noticed the dark night setting in, saw the storm beginning to rise. She looked out, and there she caught a pse of the ships in the distance, and knew if the lamps were not lighted, they d probably be wrecked, and in her distress she began to think what could she At last a text of Scripture, one of her mother's last words, came into her to "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee." So down she, and prayed earnestly to God to help her in her trouble, and rising, walked to the lantern at the top of the tower, to see if she could light the lamps her-

self. She saw the long stick with which her father lit them, but she was little to reach them. Down-stairs accordingly she went, and with great dragged up a table, and climbed on to it, and tried again, but still she coureach the lamps. Down again she went to seek for something more to sta when her eye fell on her mother's large Bible, which she carried up with labour into the lantern, and laid it on the table. But now she thought, perl would be wrong to stand upon the Bible she so much reverenced, and she a little before she did it, and prayed to God to help her to light the lamps. climbing up, she stood tiptoe on the book, and to her joy found she coul reach the lamps. In a minute all the lamps were lighted, and the lantern out, to the joy of the sailors in the ships, the surprise and gladness of her and the shame and disappointment of the wicked wreckers on the shore.

Such is my little story. It is quite true; and as I have told it you, I have thinking of other mariners and other wreckers than those on the coast of Co. I have been thinking of a world of people all in danger of missing their was being for ever ruined by the results of folly and of sin. I have thought of win the shape of wicked men and youths, who would fain blight and destroy by whom they are surrounded. And I have thought of the Church of God the light of truth, and the means of presenting the way of peace and safety possession, as a lighthouse for the world, in which even a child may help to the lamps, and save some poor voyager for eternity from destruction and from

Look round you, dear child, and see if you cannot light some lamp of true

love which shall help to save and bless your fellow-men.

SOWING BESIDE ALL WATERS.

THINK not God can forget:
Trust to his righteousness, be still, and wait:
What if he linger yet?
Thou know'st not what with him is soon or late.

He counts not hours with thee;
No sun metes out for him a daily round;
His time—eternity!
Death is no mark for him, the grave no bound.

Ages his moments are;
A thousand years as nothing in his gaze:
Thy trust is in his care,
And thou mayst find it after many days.

"ONLY ONE BRICK UPON ANOTHER."

EDWIN was one day looking at a large building which they were putting up just opposite to his father's house. He watched the workmen from day to day, as they carried up the bricks and mortar, and then placed them in their proper order.

His father said to him, "Edwin, you seem to be very much taken up with the bricklayers; pray what may you be thinking about? Have you any notion of learning the trade?"

"No," said Edwin, smiling; "but 1 was just thinking what a little thing a brick is, and yet that great house is built by laying one brick upon another!"

"Very true, my boy; never forget it. Just so is it in all great works. All your learning is only one little lesson added to another. If a man could walk all round the world, it would be by putting one foot before the other. Your whole life will be made up of one little moment after another. Drop added to drop makes the ocean.

"Learn from this not to despise little things. Learn also not to be discouraged by great labours. The greatest labour becomes say if divided into parts. You could not jump over a mountain, but step by step takes you to the other side. Do not fear, therefore, to attempt great things. Always remember that the whole of that great building is only one brick upon another."

USE ME!

Make use of me, my God! Let me be not forgot; A broken vessel cast aside— One whom thou needest not.

I am thy creature, Lord, And made by hands Divine; And I am part, however mean, Of this great world of thine.

Thou usest all thy works— The weakest things that be; Each has a service of its own, For all things wait on thee.

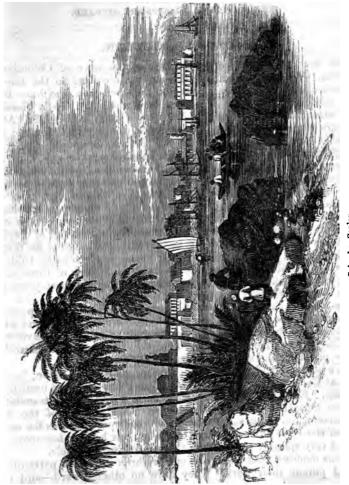
Thou usest the high stars,
The tiny drops of dew,
The giant peak, and little hill;
My God, oh use me too!

Thou usest tree and flower,
The rivers vast and small,
The eagle great, the little bird
That sings upon the wall.

Thou usest the wide sea, The little hidden lake, The pine upon the Alpine cliff, The lily in the brake,

The huge rock in the vale,
The sand-grain by the sea,
The thunder of the rolling cloud,
The murmur of the bee.

All things do serve thee here— All creatures, great and small: Make use of me, of me, my God, The weakest of them all.



Colomio, Ceylon.

COLOMBO, CEYLON.

On the other page we give a view of the town of Colombo, in This field of labour will ever be interesting to the Baptist churches in England, on account of the good men who have lived and laboured there, and of the success which, by God's blessing, At present our brother Mr. Allen has attended their labours. labours there. There are two churches existing in Colombo; one in that part of the city called the Pettah, composed chiefly of burghers and persons of European extraction; the other in the suburb called the Grand Pass, and consisting of native Singhalese! Christians. Ten Singhalese churches also exist in various parts of the district around Colombo, under native pastors, but who are dependent on the Society, the missionary at Colombo exercising general superintendence over them. Mr. Allen's own church consists of fifty members; the other churches consisting of various numbers—one having as many as fifty-one, and another as few as three. It will be interesting to our young readers to be toldshowing that all may do something—that this church of three members made a collection of fifteen shillings during the past year, and gave it to the mission as a proof of their love.

In all the churches God's blessing is more or less apparent. Three have been baptized during the past year by Mr. Allen; eight at Gonawelle, by a native brother, Mr. Sylva; while four have been baptized by another native, Mr. Perera; and even to the church of

three members one has been added during the year.

We ought to add, that there is another mission in Ceylon, besides that at Colombo. Our brother Mr. Carter has laboured usefully at Kandy. Especially has Mr. Carter been useful in the translation of the Scriptures into the Singhalese. The printing of the New Testament, under his supervision, has already proceeded as far as the end of the First of Corinthians; and when our brother last wrote, he hoped very speedily to complete the printing of the whole.

Thus modestly and quietly do our brethren in various parts of the world pursue their work. They have no other reward—and the

or none—but the approbation of the Master. Let us never to pray that his blessing may rest upon them, and that their in his cause may be crowned with the desired success.

HALF-HOURS WITH HENRY MARTYN.

s been said that human minds are galleries, in which are placed, me to time, such representations 38 past, present, and to come, as 3 capable of receiving. I suppose ; at least I am very sure that my full of pictures, and that every ds to its store. Especially does ding of a good book increase my ons.

e just laid down the life of Henry, with a consciousness that several ings have been seen by "my eye" as a result of its perusal. describe a few of them to the n who read these pages.

, then, I picture a large room ed with desks and forms, in which f tall boys, all studying with more earnestness, occupy a prominent while beyond them is a crowd of r lads, apparently most anxious se away with the hours which between them and play. And setween the elder and the younger and belonging, as it seems, to group, I see a little child of r mould; a frail, reserved, timid it of gentlest bearing. Beside a r of one of the upper forms he the long day in learning what his

father would have him learn, and thinking—who can say of what? It is easy to guess that this little one is very lonely; that few of his school companions care to play with him; and that, but for his tall protector, he would often be tormented by his fellows.

Not an attractive boy, this, says the world. His mild eyes have but little expression, save for the few who can look earnestly into their depths; and his fair brow speaks of no superior intelligence. save to the few who have power to win his confidence. He is idle, say some who hold that thinking is a waste of time: girlish, say others, who suppose that boys, like bricks, should all have the same shape and hardness. So there. without a single friend of his own age. he sits quietly, thinking; and we know that when school is over, and all the others turn out with a rush into the big play-ground yonder, he, smiling as he goes, will wend his way to some chosen and beloved retreat, in which, unseen by his tormentors, he may enjoy the sweet privilege of doing what pleases him best. I call this-

Henry Martyn at School.

Again, I see a sleeping-room, in which

a lamp throws its light on an open book and a lonely reader. The book is the Bible, and the reader is a young man of gentle, yet dignified, aspect. His eyes are fixed upon the page: it is as if he held his breath that he might hear what God would say to him. Thrust aside, just as though he feared lest they should claim his attention before he had found peace in Christ, are many big volumes full of scientific lore.

Everything seems to betoken the approach of one of those solemn moments in which human souls cry for mercy at the footstool of their God, and, pleading the merits of Christ, receive the boon they seek. Let us lower the curtain now, that the awakened sinner may be alone. I call this—

Henry Martyn at College.

My third picture shows me a lovely view in Cornwall, where, "by the waterside," there wanders, in the calm twilight of a July evening, a young and ardent preacher of Christ's Gospel. His look of joy seems to reflect the brightness of the western sky, and reminds me of the Saviour's description of the interest felt by angels in sinners repenting. I can easily believe that it is the good news of some wanderer's return which awakens so much gratitude and love in this young man's heart. It is even so: his sister has just been telling him that his preaching has been made useful to her; and he is wandering here in order that he may thank God for his mercy. This is-

Henry Martyn at Home.

The crew and passengers of a large vessel have met to worship God on his own day, while yet the shores of their native land are in sight. The preacher, a young missionary, pale and worn, stands in their midst, with his Bible open at Hebrews xi. 16. The spire and trees on which his eves are fixed are those of St. Hilary: he is leaving them for ever, that he may preach the Gospel I can almost imagine to the heathen. that I hear him begin his sermon by saying, "The shores of England are receding fast from our view, and we have taken a long, and to many of us, an everlasting farewell;" and I can easily believe that many an eve besides his own is wet with tears as the line of coast grows more distant, and at last altogether vanishes. But amidst it all, I can hear that his heart beats truly. and that although, like his Master, he has thrice said, "My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me," he has always, like his Master, had strength to add, "Thy will be done." I call this picture-

Henry Martyn a Hero.

Our next picture represents a plain covered with dead and dying soldiers, some English, some Dutch, some French, some Hottentots. In the foreground lies a wounded African, and beside him—his fair and now pallid countenance contrasting strangely with the dark face of the negro—stands a Christian minister, intent on his labour of love. Behind them is a Highland soldier, who eyes the white

vith suspicion, and handles his it would cost him but little shoot a man whom he conbe so greatly out of place. As this in my mind's eye, I turn my book, and read once more uge which gave birth to the

this I walked out again with n to the field, and saw several my's wounded. A Hottentot. iis thigh broken by a ball, was extreme agony, biting the dust, ng horrid imprecations against . I told him that he ought to his enemies; and after telling vretched man of the Gospel, I n to pray to Jesus Christ. But rsation was soon interrupted, 3 absence of the surgeon, who back for his instruments, a soldier came up, and challenged he words, 'Who are you?' Inglishman.

said he, 'you are French;' and present his piece. I saw that ther intoxicated."

the scene which I have before the dying negro, the insolent he Christian minister,—and I

ld of Battle.

I see a group of Bengalees, ums and cymbals, and with ral Brahmins. One of the latter in intelligently to a European, n and dignified manners appear to have produced an extraordinary effect upon his audience. Probably there was at first, on the part of the priests, a disposition to argue hotly in favour of idolworship; but now they are disposed to hear the word. Happy moment for him who has left all that he may proclaim the story of the Cross! Who can tell but that he may meet this Brahmin in heaven!

Let us read his story of this encounter with the Brahmins:-"I walked into the village where the boat stopped for the night, and found the worshippers of Cali by the sound of their drums and cymbals. I did not think of speaking to them, on account of their being Bengalees. But being invited by the Brahmins to walk in, I entered within the railing, and asked a few questions about the idol. The Brahmin, who spoke bad Hindoostanee, disputed with great heat, and his tongue ran faster than I could follow; and the people, who were about one hundred, shouted applause. But I continued to ask my questions, without making any remarks upon the answers. I asked, among other things, whether what I had heard of Vishnu and Brahma was true: which he confessed. I forbore to press him with the consequences. which he seemed to feel; and then I told him what was my belief. The man grew quite mild, and said it was chula bat (good words); and asked me seriously. at last, what I thought, 'Was idolworship true or false?' I felt it a matter of thankfulness that I could make known the truth of God, though but a

stammerer; and that I had declared it in the presence of the devil. And this also I learnt, that the power of gentle-

ness is irresistible." This is my picture of—

Henry Martyn as a Missionary.

(To be continued.)

MISSIONARY NEWS.

You will be sorry, dear young friends, to learn that by the last China mail tidings came announcing the death of Mr. Hall, of Cheefoo. You know he was one of our missionaries there. Mr. Klöekers, our other missionary, arrived just in time to close his eyes. It was a short, as well as a fatal, illness—only of twelve hours' duration. Mrs. Hall left as soon as she could for England; but at Singapore death overtook them again, and carried away her only remaining child. When last heard of she was at Colombo, in Ceylon, where our missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Allen, live and labour, and by whom she was most affectionately received. From them she will receive all the sympathy and support which loving Christian hearts can supply.

The missionaries who had been home to recruit their health have nearly all returned. Mr. Wenger, Mr. and Mrs. Kalberer, and Mr. and Mrs. Supper, sailed in August, accompanied by Mr. Etherington and Mr. Edwards, two new missionaries, for India; and Mr. Anderson and Mrs. Lewis have left only a few days. Messrs. Waldock and Piggott, with their wives, are on their voyage to Ceylon, to help the missionaries who have laboured there, and whose health has greatly suffered in consequence of over-work. Do you, dear young friends, rejoice with us that so many devoted servants of Christ are on their way to heathen lands; and do not forget to beseech God to

give them a pleasant and prosperous voyage.

I think I told you that Mr. and Mrs. Saker were suffering a good deal from ill health. Since then Mrs. Saker and her daughter have arrived in London; but he cannot come yet, for the work at

Cameroons is pressing, and it is needful that he should be there. I hope he will leave as soon as he possibly can, and before he gets too weak and ill.

You will not forget what your kind friend, who writes to you every month, told you about Mr. Rouse. In a letter which I received from him he writes about the superstitions of the Hindoos; not only of the poor and ignorant, but of the upper classes as well. Now, just listen to what he says:—

"The Pundit (i.e., his teacher) is a very sensible man, but a most decided Hindoo. I have been reading with him part of the Ramayan. What do you think of this? A man had been a very great sinner. Brahma, the chief god, went to him and told him to say, 'Rámo,' and thereby his sins would be pardoned. He tried to say this, but could not. Then he told him to say, 'Mo-rá, Mo-rá;' so at length the sacred syllable was uttered. Then he told him to stay in one place and say, 'Ram, Ram,' until he returned. The man began to do so, until, by-and-by, the grass grew over him, and the ants eat him, until nothing but his bones remained. After sixty thousand years Brahma returned, went up a tree, looked round, saw nothing, but out of this heap he heard the cry, 'Ram, Ram, Ram.' He thereupon spoke, and the man was restored to life. This restored man was Balmick, the author of the sacred book, the Ramayan. The Pundit said to me, 'It is a remarkable thing that, with all the marvellous stories contained in this book, every Hindoo, for generations upon generations, has believed it.' He evidently did himself."

Now, dear children, just think of the different sort of thing our sacred book, the Bible, is! It tells many beautiful stories; but it tells the best story of all, God's pity for sinners, and Christ's coming down from heaven to die in their room, that all who repent and believe might be saved. Oh, that you yourselves may repent and believe, and help to send the Book through all the world!

LITTLE THOMAS D---.

DEAR CHILDREN,—I will give you a short account of another of our infant scholars this month, little Thomas D—. By noticing the Lord's dealings with the little ones—how condescending and how kind he is in revealing himself to such—you, who are older, may learn many useful lessons, should it please the Lord to incline your heart to receive instruction, and be encouraged in your search after happiness and God. We may learn that the Lord Jesus is the same now as he was when on earth, nearly two thousand years since; the same tender, loving Lord as when he said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," and took them up in his arms, put his hands on them, and blessed them, and they were blessed. They show us also that it is by the grace of God alone that any one born in sin, as we all are, is made a child of God and an heir of glory; and that the Gospel is the power of God to salvation to every one that believeth. Hence we are stirred up to use every means in our power, by self-denying efforts—the poor giving their pence, the rich their pounds—to spread the knowledge of it throughout the world; and we love to pray and to sing,—

"Let all the nations praise thee, Lord, Let all their homage bring; From sea to sea be thou adored, Redeemer, Judge, and King."

All who observed little Thomas D——, saw that his heart was full of love to Jesus. He sought him when not more than four years of age. He took great delight in the nice easy lessons, texts, and hymns, taught in the infant school, giving fixed attention whenever he heard anything about the love of the Son of God in coming into the world to save sinners, and was never weary, but wanted to

hear the same sweet story of love again and again.

I must not stop to tell you the almost countless proofs this boy gave of his being in Christ at a very early age: one only must be sufficient, namely, his constant habit of prayer, and his delight in the duty. Not simply in the morning and evening, but many times during the day, he might be seen kneeling before his little chair, with closed eyes and uplifted hands, asking God to let him know and love Jesus. His friends wisely abstained from praising him, or even appearing to notice him at such times. Thomas never wanted a form of prayer to be written or printed for him, as some children do: he just asked God to give him what he felt he wanted at the time, and wherever he was he would do it at once if he could. He seemed to run to God, as a child to a father, with all his wants, and to expect from God all that the love and liberality of a Father could give. This is just what we should all do. We may speak to God anywhere, at any time, in any posture: kneeling or standing, or, if sickness prevail, then sitting or lying in our bed; in the school-room, in the house, or as we walk by the way. We should remember that God is always very near to us, and can hear the softest whisper or the faintest

, from a heart broken for sin, and seeking pardon and peace through Jesus rist. This seems to have been the habit of little Thomas. If he had shown thing like self-will or disobedience, then he would pray at once to be made more Christ—meek, humble, submissive. He also showed a serious concern for the itual good of others unusual in a child of such a tender age. On returning n school one day, he overheard some persons saying a neighbour, Mr. Afallen in the street in a fit, and was likely to die. Thomas was greatly moved, ran to his grandmother, weeping, and asked, "Does Mr. A love Jesus?" eiving no direct answer, he repeated the question with increased earnestness: oes Mr. A love Jesus?" "Why do you ask?" said his grandmother. ecause," said the child, "they say he is going to die; and he cannot go to ven unless he loves Jesus." The grandmother said, "I am afraid he does not." te Thomas looked sorrowful, and for a few moments seemed to be pondering the sad case, when, unperceived, as he doubtless thought, by his grandther, who did not lift her eyes from her sewing, he took his little chair, glided ly to a distant part of the room, and kneeling down, said in an audible whisper, ord Jesus, let Mr. A --- love thee; have mercy on Mr. A ---. Lord Jesus, s die, take him to dwell with thee in heaven." 'hus, you see, Thomas was a happy, praying child, when in health. Active, ly, and fond of innocent play, he yet loved to speak to God in prayer as his lest joy. His teachers saw that the Holy Spirit was preparing him for a life of fort, and happiness, and usefulness here, or for an early admission into the ms of the blessed. It proved to be the latter. Before he was five years old lied joyfully, after entreating his relatives with his latest breath to love Jesus, to serve him with their whole heart. His favourite hymn, often repeated ing his sickness, was that which begins thus :-

"Not all the blood of beasts," &c.

m the state of his throat he could scarcely swallow, and his sufferings were very t. His patient submission to the will of God, however, held out to the last, an very ill," he once said; "my pain is great; but Jesus suffered much more, y nailed him to the tree, and then he died, and went down into the grave, her, how did he get out again?" After a momentary pause, and before an ver could be given, he continued, "Oh, I know: the Saviour got out of the by his own power, and afterward went straight up to heaven." ast before he died he asked to have all the family assembled around his that he might give them a parting word. This he did, adding, "God bless" and peacefully fell asleep in Jesus. The affections of the renewed heart ys go out toward others in longing desires for their salvation. So it was with Thomas. His favourite question, put modestly and very prettily to his de, while in health, was, "Do you love Jesus?" Let us put this question first arselves: Do we love Jesus? Secondly, in reference to others: Do all men love

Jesus? Are there not multitudes of heathen in foreign lands who car Jesus, because they have never heard of him? Thirdly, let us ask, Wi duty in regard to them? ought we to send them the sweet message of love to sinners? Search the Scriptures: let them supply the answer.

I am,

Your loving friend.

Heathfield, November, 1862.

A LETTER FROM MRS. SAKER.

THE following letter, lately received from Mrs. Saker, contains some su that may be useful to our working classes:—

"To the Ladies of the Juvenile Working Class, Cotton Street

" Cameroons, June

"MY DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—Accept our most sincere thanks garments so kindly sent us by last mail. The under garments were v but will you excuse my saying, should you be kind enough to work for will you let the dresses, especially the children's, be print instead of they seldom wear two garments at a time?

"Muslin frocks would sell in Fernando Po, as the people put more cl their children; but here the children run about almost naked, and we as give them a garment to cover them. They are too poor to buy them. seventeen children in the house to clothe, and I find dark prints are them.

"We are much wanting long round pinafores, about a yard in length cheap print, just to cover the children who come to school; made m shirt with short sleeves for the boys. Do not trouble to put bands, as thuse them.

"We often have from forty to fifty children in the school withou some quite in a state of nudity. My daughter keeps the school, and comes to me, 'Oh, mamma, do give me something to cover these child much of the clothing kindly sent by our friends is too short.

"Yours in Jesus

"H. !

"WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY."

A NEGRO woman attending a missionary meeting in one of the West India slands, was much struck with an illustration of this old proverb, given by a missionary, just arrived from England, who told what a swarm of bees once gave to be Bible Society. They had so laboured and increased as to raise more than hirty pounds for sending the Book of God to the world. She had listened, too, with intense interest to a description of a cherry-tree, the fruit of which, conservated to the Missionary Society, had added many pounds to its funds.

On her way home she thus thought to herself:—"Sure dem buckra in England

lo so much, sure for me do something."

But then came the important question, "What shall that something be?"

With the morning's dawn she found the answer. Perhaps many in the same ircumstances would have said, "Me poor slave, working for massa ten hours a lay every day of the week, except Sunday, when me wash for me clothes, and for ne pickaninny clothes: what can poor me do?" But though no grammarian, she nquired not, "What can me do?" but "What can me do? Something must be done."

Before she went to work, she caught one of her finest pullets, sewed a bit of scarlet cloth round its right foot, and addressed a few kindly words to her captive. There, Sissay, you do belong to the Missionary Society, hear ye, and all for you agg, and all for you chicken, da belong to the Missionary Society, hear ye. Go about your business."

And this determination was faithfully and generously carried out. We have since learned that many African pullets, ornamented with the characteristic red cloth, have been devoted to the pious object which this poor but benevolent negro woman had in view.

MAKING TRACKS.

A LIGHT snow had fallen, and the boys desired to make the most of it. It was too dry for snowballing, and not deep enough for digging. It did very well to make tracks in.

There was a large meadow near the place where they were assembled. It was proposed that they should go to a tree which stood near the centre of the meadow, and that each one should start from the tree, and should see who could make the straightest track—that is, go from the tree in the nearest approach to a straight line. The proposition was assented to, and they were soon at the tree. They ranged themselves around it, with their backs toward the trunk. They were equally distant from each other. If each had gone forward in a straight line, the

paths would have been like the spokes of a wheel—the tree representing the axle. They were to go till they reached the boundaries of the meadow, when they were to retrace their steps to the tree.

They did so. I wish I could give a map of their tracks. Such a map would not

present much resemblance to the spokes of a wheel.

"Whose is the straightest?" said James Alison to Thomas Sanders, who was at the tree first.

"Henry Armstrong's is the only one that is straight at all."

"How could we all contrive to go so crookedly, when the ground is so smooth, and nothing to turn us out of the way?" said Jacob Small.

"How happened you to go so straight, Henry?" said Thomas.

"I fixed my eye on that tall pine-tree on the hill yonder, and never looked away from it till I reached the fence."

"I went as straight as I could, without looking at anything but the ground," said James.

"So did I," said another.

"So did I," said several others. It appeared that no one but Henry had aimed

at a particular object.

They attempted to go straight without any definite aim. They failed. Men cannot succeed in anything good without a definite aim. In order to mental improvement there must be a definite aim. In order to moral improvement there must be a definite aim. In order to do good, there must be a definite aim. General purposes, general resolutions, will not avail. You must do as Henry did; fix upon something distinct and definite as an object, and go steadily forward to it. Thus only you can succeed.

A GOOD MAN'S WISH.

I FERELY confess to you that I would rather, when I am laid in the grave, some one in his manhood would stand over me and say, "There lies one who was a rel friend to me, and privately warned me of the dangers of the young; no one knew it, but he aided me in the time of need. I owe what I am to him." Or, I would rather have some widow, with choking utterance, telling her children, "There is your friend and mine. He visited me in my affliction, and found you, my son, as employer, and you, my daughter, a happy home in a virtuous family." I say I would rather such persons should stand at my grave, than to have erected over it broken utterance of reflections of past kindness, and the tears of grateful memory shed upon the grave, are more valuable, in my estimation, than the most costly cenotaph ever reared.—Dr. Sharp.

THE LITTLE BENEFACTOR.

"MOTHER, I want you to give me a piece of bread, to carry to school to-day for little Johnny Himes," said George Martin to his mother one morning, as she was putting up his dinner for school.

"Why, what makes you want to carry a piece of bread to Johnny Himes?" inquired his mother. "Don't he have any dinner of his own ?"

"No, not a bit," replied George. "You see, yesterday, I had more dinner than I wanted, and little Johnny stood watching me all the time I was eating, and I thought he was very ill-mannerly for doing so. But he looked very sad, as if he wasn't well, or felt bad about something; and I never see him eat any dinner; I thought it must be because he didn't want any. But when I took out a biscuit, I said I didn't want it, I'd got dinner enough. And Johnny said, 'Won't you please give it to me?' He almost cried, too, when he said so. Then I thought may be he was hungry—I didn't think of it before. So I gave it to him, and he ate it as if he hadn't had anything to eat all day. I asked him why he didn't bring some dinner. And he said his mother hadn't any; that his father was sick, and sometimes his mother couldn't get hardly anything for breakfast or supper, and nothing for him to carry to school. And now, mother," added George, "won't you let me carry a good large piece of bread and butter every day for Johnny?"

George's eye sparkled, and his plump little cheek was flushed, as he pleaded for his poor school-mate. His mother's heart was as generous as his own, and she was glad to see George trying to cheer a sad spirit, and lighten, though but a little, the load of human suffering. So now, every day, George Martin gives Johnny Himes a dinner, for which Johnny's gratitude and his parents' blessing are an

abundant reward.

HEART AND HAND.

I have followed the plough, I have scattered the seed, And reaped the reward of the land;

And though labour has hardened my hand, it is well That my heart is not hard as my hand.

Oh, then, while I toil
As the lord of the soil,
et the love light still be

Let the love light still beam in my eye;
The sweat of my face

Sure can be no disgrace, While my heart is not withered and dry.

When Autumn laughs out, 'mid her fruitage and grain, And plenty smiles over the laud,

Perhaps we can ease some poor bosom of pain, If our heart is not hard as our hand.

> Oh, then, when the poor Pleader stands at the door, And gazes with suppliant eye,

Let our charity prove By an action of love,

That our hearts are not withered and dry.

A small deed of kindness will never be missed, And the heart will in kindness expand, Until the whole earth in its love is embraced,

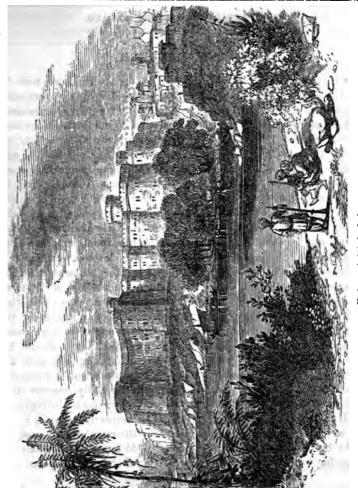
If it is not as hard as the hand.

Let sympathy cheer With a generous tear.

The heart that may sorrow and sigh;

And rest quite secure Of reward, for be sure

That its record is written on high.



Hyderahad, Scinde, India.

TO OUR READERS.

As this is the last Number of the HERALD for 1862, we avail ourselves of the opportunity it presents—the only opl we have had during the year—of saying a word to our youn and to their teachers, about the circulation of our little I We will only say, about the past year, that we have done ou through the year, to make the HEBALD interesting and use we know that it has not been without its effect in leading i readers to greater love for the missionary cause, and ind them greater desires to do what is in their power for its ment. But we wish to have a greater number of readers di coming year; and this not only for the sake of the Magazin that we may be enabled to make it still better in all respe for the sake of the great cause to which it is devoted, and is intended, by God's blessing, to promote. How pleasant be to us if we could expect in 1863 a circulation of THOUSAND a month! This, surely, would not be a large c to wish for, among the Baptist families and Sunday school United Kingdom; and we feel sure that it might be ve reached, if only our readers themselves resolved that it s May we request of our readers themselves, that they will Magazine, during December, to their companions, and re them to subscribe next year? May we especially requ teachers and superintendents will do us the service of inthe HEBALD, and recommending it in their respective school this way we feel sure that much more than the circulation v might be obtained. We will promise to do our part to Magazine worthy of the largest circulation that our friends us.

"LITTLE CHIPS."

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

think, maunuma, Little Chips up at last!"

Christmas Eve, and the drawf a large house in Manchester ted with evergreens, and filled le of all ages and sizes, from haired grandsire and the portly d uncle, down to the prattling he tiny babe in arms. It was athering, and everybody was "The elder people joined in mas games as if they were still I the little ones gravely made nts as if they had grown old. dst of all this comes Frank, ews about Chips.

e was "Chips"?

orphan chip-boy who had seen a, and who had been honest return a half-sovereign which given him by mistake between es. Did not Cousin Charles story?

estion was asked by a young grey silk dress, who, gaily lovely child of three years, e hall just in time to meet a whom Frank had succeeded in a the deor.

Charles knew nothing of but he wished to know, which setter. What pleasure it gave. Horence to tell him the hissee his merry face grow brighter ter, until at last he pounced upon the astonished Chips, and carried him off bodily into the drawing-room, where all the people were just beginning to play "old soldier."

"Stop a minute, Charlie, and pull off his shoes!" cried Frank, who had been trained to think of his mother's carpets; but Cousin Charlie was already in the midst of the guests, and the only thing that could be done was to carry one of the great sheepskin mats in after him.

"What have we here?" asked grandpapa, as he put on his spectacles.

"Who is this, Cousin Charlie?" oried the children, as they paused in their game.

"What in the world have you brought now!" inquired the ladies.

To all which questions Cousin Charles ans a ered gravely, "Chips!"

And then everybody, even Chips himself, laughed heartily.

"Pull off your shoes, Chips," said Frank, "and you will be able to walk about the room."

The boy obeyed, and in so doing disclosed a pair of clean but childhained feet, which he rubbed for a few minutes tenderly, while Florence, heaping a plate with dainty fare, sang two or three stanzas of a good old Christmas hymn, setting forth the rare blessedness of giving, and calling on all who heard it to remember the orphan.

"And what do you mean to do with

your new guest?" asked an aunt or a second cousin, I forget which, presently.

"Well, I shall invite him to play old soldier!" replied Cousin Charlie. "That is, if you make no objection."

"Does he know how?"

"Not exactly; but while he dispatches that bowl of milk and bread I intend to teach him. Are we all agreed that Chips shall be the old soldier?"

"All!" said everybody.

"Then we take our seats," said Charlie, suiting the action to the word, and throwing himself into a low arm-chair near the mat on which the blushing Chips was now eating his supper, "and I give my instructions."

"You see, Chips," he began, "the game is this. You go round, rather modestly, and say to all these ladies and gentlemen, 'What will you give a poor old soldier?' and they promise you whatever they please. If they say five shillings, or a new jacket, or a pair of boots, or a Christmas pudding, or a sirloin of beef, or some stuff for your chilblains, you must not refuse it. But if they say such things as cold shoulder, and a box on the ears, as they do sometimes when I play, you must come back to me, and I'll fine them. You understand."

Chips said Yes, and smiled broadly. It was quite evident that he entered into the fun. As for the other children, they were almost wild with glee. It was the old soldier with the added charm of reality.

Under Cousin Charles' direction, Chips went first to their hostess, Mrs. Mason. who had just returned from a some of Frank's cast-off cloth

"What will I give you lady, "You shall have a co

Then came a burst of la cries of "Forfeit, forf-it!"

"You said 'I,' dear as plained Florence; "and yo feit a penny, because the forbidden."

"And all the pence can Chips!" cried Frank. "Widea, though I say it myself."

Mrs. Mason smiled. "I your games," said she, quic the fine. "But go on, Chips

"If you please, ma'am, w/ resumed the hero, still procharie.

"You shall see for yourse lady, producing an overcoat, ing the astonished boy with "and I hope you will be a old soldier in it." Whereup old veteran gave way to his tried for joy as if he had poor fellow, for sorrow; general interest which he emason's second forfeit was fo

After this every one gave contribution instanter. Grain was a crown-piece; Frank's which cook had made that private eating; and Cousin of price of a good pair of shoes ent to the chemist's for lotion and a few other comof the uncles handed over hand each of the aunts a fi

he little cousins contributed threepence, ourpence, sixpence, or a shilling, acording to the state of their individual hances.

What a rich fellow was Chips when Il was over! and Florence, putting a sew Bible into his hand, sent him off in he care of the friendly greengrocer, who ad promised to give him a bed that light, and a breakfast the next morning. Iow pleasantly sounded the Christmas arol as he woke in his snug quarters and istened, like one in a dream, to its sweet rords!

As for the people at Mrs. Mason's, they all had pleasant visions of boys in paletots, with mince-pies in their hands, and pools of lotion around their chilblained feet, and big crown pieces falling on every side; and they all woke without headache the next day, which is more than everybody can say on Christmas morning!

It was a good day for Chips, and he enjoyed it, thanking God, in his simple way, for his great mercies. May you and I, my reader, do likewise, heartily!

MISSIONARY NEWS.

In my last letter I informed you of the sudden death of Mr. Hall, of Cheefoo, and that Mrs. Hall was on her way home. She has since arrived, and I have heard, from her own lips, the sad story of her receivement and sorrow. Since then Mr. Laughton, who had been accepted as a missionary, but whose destination had not been fixed, it once prepared to go forth to take the vacant place in China. He, and Mrs. Laughton, sailed in the Minn, a fine ship, and one which ails very fast, on Friday, the 14th November. I trust that all you, lear young friends, who read these lines, will unite in prayer to God hat they may have a quick and prosperous voyage.

Instead of giving you any more news, I have taken from the Macedonian, a newspaper published at Boston, North America, by he American Baptist Union, and chiefly designed for the use of uch as you yourselves in that land, the following beautiful incident, nd it is intended to furnish some answer to the question, "What

an children do?"

"Children, what can we do at home which will most effectually enefit the cause of missions? Collect a great deal, or give a great

deal, or talk about missionaries, or pray for them, or make clothe for the children abroad, or attend missionary prayer-meetings? A these are good, very good; none of them can be spared; but do not you think one way, and a very effectual way, is, to get sinners converted at home? You know, when Andrew had seen Jesus, he first found his own brother Simon; and as soon as any one feels the low of God shed abroad in his heart, the first cry of his new-born sor is,—

'Oh that the world would taste and see The riches of his grace!'

"Children can bring sinners to Jesus, to be healed. Let me te you a story I heard the other week,—it is a true one. A littl sickly boy was converted to God, and with a heart full of love t Jesus, he longed to do something for him. He came to his minister and modestly asked him if he could give him a job of work to do fo Christ. The minister looked kindly at him, and said, 'You don' seem able for hard work; but I'll think, and call and tell you sooi if I have found anything you can do.' He did call soon after, an gave the boy a sheet of paper and a pencil. 'Now, my dear,' he said 'you write down the names of all you know who are unconverted and pray for them one by one. Don't talk to anybody about it, bu just tell God, and ask him to change their hearts.'

"Shortly after this, to the joy of the minister and his people, on and another began to seek the Lord, and many were turned from

darkness to light.

"Our little boy, meanwhile, was getting weaker and weaker, an had for some time been confined to bed. One evening his father came in from the prayer-meeting, and he called him, and asked such a man was there. 'No,' said his father. The child closed he eyes and scarcely spoke till the next evening. 'Was he there to-night father?' he said. 'No, my son.' Again he closed his eyes, as took notice of nothing till his father came from chapel. I ought have told you that they were holding prayer-meetings each evening for a week. The question was asked the third time, and the answ was, 'Yes.' 'Was he converted, father?' 'No.' Once more it

losed his eyes, and in the secret chamber of his heart prayed to his 'ather who seeth in secret. And when again the questions were ut to his earthly father, and he said, 'Yes, he was there, and was onverted,' that little labourer clasped his dear little hands, and in a cice so feeble as scarcely to be heard on earth, but loud enough to e the key-note of a rapturous hallelujah chorus in heaven, he whisered, 'Bless God, that is the last on my list,' and then sweetly fell sleep. 'He had finished the work God had given him to do.' After is death a list was found under his pillow of fifty-seven names."

Now, here is something for you to think about, and to do. But to lo as this dear child did, you must be like him, and love prayer, and elieve that God hears prayer, and that Jesus, the great Mediator in

neaven, will obtain the blessing if you ask in His name.

F. T.

Mission House, Moorgate Street.

NEDDIE AND ME.

FOUR years ago, James ———, a little orphan boy, joined a mission Sunday chool. Seeing the other children carry in their money for missions, he felt a desire to do something for poor heathen children himself. For several days he ried in vain to think of a plan to get money for Jesus. At last "a very nice hought," as he termed it, came into his mind. Would you like to know what that hought was? I will tell you.

James got his living by peddling fruit and vegetables round town in a little lonkey-cart. So he said to himself, "I will save the profits of one day in each reek, and give them to the heathen." This was James' "nice thought."

From that time the poor boy put by the profits of the day fixed on in a little bag. At the end of the year he carried it to the school. Placing it on the table, he said,—

"I give that for the missionaries, sir."

The teacher found twenty dollars in that little brown bag.

Stop!" cried the good man, as James turned to go away. "Tell me how you can afford to give so much."

James told his simple story, and closed by saying,—
"Please take the money, sir; I must make haste, for it is late, and Neddie and ne get up before light in the morning."

"Tell me your name," said the teacher, "and I will put it down in th

my juvenile collectors."

"No, sir," replied James, with beautiful truthfulness; "it would not I only do one-half, and Neddie does the other. We are partners, sir. I ϱ and Neddie gives labour; so one name must not go in the book unless bot go."

"Who is Neddie?" inquired the teacher.

" My donkey, sir."

"Well," said the teacher smiling, "I shall put it down 'Neddie and me.

night, my boy. May God bless you and what you have given."

Did James keep up his practice? He did. The next year he gave tw dollars, and the next over thirty. James is not yet weary in well-American Paper.

READING THE BIBLE.

"On, mother," said Willie, "I have read five chapters this morning." of pride flashed on his bright countenance as he closed his Bible, and utteri words, looked up in his mother's face. He felt he had done something grexpected commendation; for the little boy loved praise, as many boys on his mother said nothing then, for she understood well his habit of reading, days, I am sorry to say, passed without his reading a chapter; and the told of his neglect, he would take a sudden start, and run over four chapters, and feel that he had retrieved his past negligence. But from suc reading little good came; it was too hasty, irregular, to make a deep impre. This little incident led me to think of some hints about reading the Bible.

I here offer to my little readers.

1. Read the Bible regularly. A good man of old says, "I have esteer words of his mouth more than my necessary food." This is the true ide Bible is daily bread, to be taken regularly, that the seed may grow thereby 2. Read the Bible attentively. The meaning of the Bible is what is Unless he that reads gets the meaning, it will not do him any good. Hasty of a great many chapters at once is of no advantage. Read slowly, a lit time, and think on what you read, and you will understand and remember

3. Read the Bible as God's book; not merely because father or moth you to read it, but for a better reason—because God speaks to you in the When I have seen a little girl run in, her eyes sparkling with joy, cryimother, here's a letter from father to me, for my name is on the outside," I feel a wish she night thus look on the Bible, for it is a letter from our Fs heaven. So feel and so read, and you will not grow weary of the good boo

'I'M TOO LITTLE."

THESE words reached the ears of Mrs. Wilson, as she came into the parlour one afternoon. She found her three children seated on the sofa; Anna, the eldest, trying to amuse her younger brother and sister. She had been telling them a story in her own wise way, of some good little who was a great help to her mother, and was showing the example of this excellent child, for the benefit of Ella, when their mother came in.

"Too little for what, Ella?" asked Mrs. Wilson, pausing before the children.

"I was telling her," said Anna, "the story of Katie Lee, and when I said she must be good, and do as Katie did, she told me she was too little."

"Little girls of four years are rather small," said Mrs. Wilson, "but my

Ella isn't too little to be good, I hope."

"But Katie was older than I, I'm sure," said Ella: "I can't do such things as she can."

"What things?" asked mamma.

"Why, bringing in the milk-pitcher. I'm afraid I'd spill the milk, and then Susan would say, 'Oh! you are a plague."

Mrs. Wilson smiled, for poor little Ella was called "a plague" very

often.

"If you couldn't bring the milk-pitcher, darling, you could be useful in other ways," she said.

"Oh no, I can't, I'm too little," persisted Ella.

Mrs. Wilson sat down and took the child upon her lap. "Now, listen to me: you can pick up my ball when it rolls on the carpet, and get papa's slippers, and fetch me a book or my work-basket, can't you?"

"Yes, I can do those," said Ella.

"Well, then, are you too little to be useful?"

"Why, is that being useful? I thought it meant real great things," said

Ella, opening her eyes very wide in astonishment.

"It means that older girls are to do great things, and little girls are to do little things," said her mother. "You are a little girl now, and so your heavenly Father only wishes you to do little things; but then my darling must try to do them willingly and pleasantly. You should always be ready to do what mamma asks, at once, not say, 'I'm tired,' or 'I don't want to,' because, though you are only four years old, you are not too little to be useful."

OUR SAVIOUR'S VOICE.

Our Saviour's voice is soft and sweet,
When, bending from above,
He bids us gather round his feet,
And calls us by his love.

He leads to heaven, where angels dwell;
He saves from endless woe:
Our lips, our lives, can never tell
How much to Christ we owe.

But while our youthful hearts rejoice
That thus he bids us come,
"Jesus," we cry with pleading voice,
"Bring heathen wand'rers home."

They never heard the Saviour's name;
They have not learned his way;
They do not know his grace who came
To take their sins away.

Dear Saviour, let the joyful sound In distant lands be heard; And, oh! wherever sin is found Send forth thy pardoning word.

And if our lips may breathe a prayer,
Though raised in trembling fear,
Oh, let thy grace our hearts prepare,
And choose some heralds here!

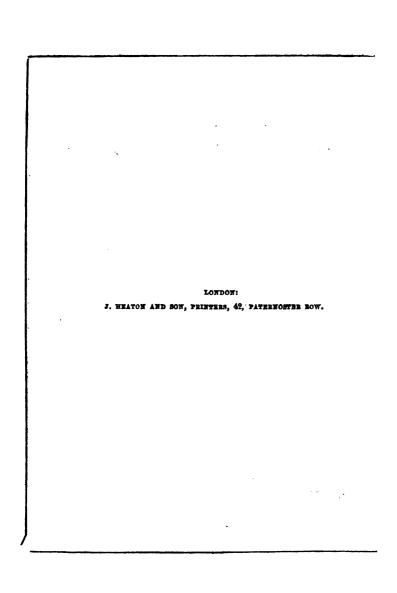
THE

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M.DCCC.LXIII.

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J. HRATON AND SON, 21, WARWICK LANE, PATERNOSTER BOY

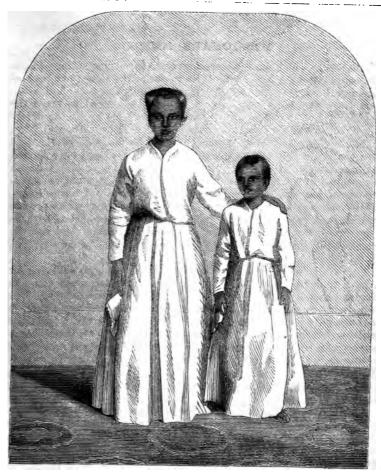
PRAYING MEGROES.

Our young friends pray. Do they love to pray? Do they so love to pra even though a den of lions were before them, they would yet, like Daniel, pe in praying? We hope so; but if there are any who don't care about praying, do them good to read the following.

An infidel slaveholder having made a purchase of a slave, asked his former if he had any special faults. "None," was the reply, "unless it be that pray and attend meetings." "Oh, then," said his new master, "I will soo that out of him." He little knew the love his slave had for prayer. The Sabbath after the negro had gone to his new quarters, he found out the Me Meeting, but returned in time for his work. His master, however, inquired he had been, and when told, demanded that he should promise never to and never to pray. This promise the slave would not give, and the master th rage ordered him to be tied up, and himself whipped him most unmercifull last, wearied out, he allowed the poor torn negro to return to his hut, threate repeat the whipping every time he went to meeting. The master having gone began to think what he had been doing, and although an infidel, the steadfast his slave terrified him. His conscience awoke, and he could find no peace. agony of mind he sent for the praying negro, and eagerly inquired whether h pray for him. "Oh, dat I can," was the reply, "for I have been praving for all night." He did pray for and with his persecuting master; and afterwar laboured together in preaching the Gospel to others—the slave no longer a slav brother beloved.

Another slave, who could neither read nor write, heard the Gospel, and the of God made it effectual to his conversion. Like all true converts, he felt sionary spirit. He was anxious for the conversion of his brethren; and, at it became his uniform practice, frequently after the toils of the day were a walk two or three miles, and hold a meeting among the slaves. On one occasi meeting was discovered by the patrol, who are authorized to inflict summary ment of ten lashes upon all slaves they find assembled together, for any reason was done immediately with all present, but Old Gabriel. As he was the ring they thought he must be punished more severely; so they took him to the mage As they were tying up his hands, he exclaimed, "Oh, this is just the way. Pilate did to my Massa!" Here his persecutors relented. One of them after was troubled in his conscience for what he had done; and after a long time, no peace, he went to Old Gabriel, and asked him if he would forgive him. "Expective the up!"

OF THE COLOR



Lizzie and Nono,

MISSIONARY NEWS.

THE letters which have been received recently bring tidings which are somewhat sad. Mr. Trafford, President of the College at Serampore, has been very ill; Mr. Allen, of Ceylon, has been laid aside from his work, and it was feared he would be obliged to leave for England. But as rest had somewhat improved his health, he determined to wait the arrival of the new missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Pigott, and Mr. and Mrs. Waldock; for if he did not, as Mr. and Mrs. Carter are on their way home, these friends would have landed entire strangers, without any one to welcome them, or help them to get into work. Mrs. Allen, who superintends a large native boarding-school, has sent me, in a letter, a picture of two of her scholars. They look so pretty in their nice white dresses Lizzic and Nono. on their dark persons, that I think of getting the publisher to have it engraved, that you may see the likenesses of some children who are receiving instruction through the Society which so many of you try to help.

I am sorry to add that Mr. Evans, of Delhi, has been suffering for a long time from fever, and his doctors say he too must come to England shortly, or he will not be able to labour much longer. This is not what we usually call good news. But we cannot expect always to have only joyful things to say. Nobody in all the world lives without having some sorrow. It is needful that we should have sorrow; for if it were all bright and happy, and there were no clouds or storms, we should forget God and heaven, and fancy we were to live here always. And societies are tried in the same way; and thus our faith in God, and other Christian graces, are brought out to our

view.

But the new year will have begun when you read these lines. Christmas, which is a merry time with young people, will have passed, with its games and frolics, and we shall have said to all our friends "A happy new year." It will be a sad time to the poor people in Lancashire! and yet how comforted they must be to find that all over the country, old and young are trying to help and

succour them! They will be cheered by this wide-spread sympathy, while those who give their money will be benefited, since it is more blessed to give than to receive. Now, while I hope you have joined in this good work, you must not forget the mission. You must not make the doing of one thing a reason for not doing the other; for that will be no real effort to help the poor Lancashire people. Do you say, How can we do both? I reply, that for a time you, as well as your parents, must make sacrifices, and stint yourselves of some enjoyments in order to do it.

A happy new year to you, dear young friends! Mind the CHRIST-MAS AND NEW YEAR'S CARDS. Don't forget the native preachers. Begin the year well. Most people think of doing this. But many soon forget intentions formed at the beginning, for they do not trust in God. Do you pray for strength from Him? Ask Him to help you to keep good promises, and He will help; for He has promised to hear and answer, and He is a God that cannot lie.

And I say again, A happy new year!

F. T.

Mission House, Moorgate Street.

"YOU CAN PRAY MORE."

"WHAT can I do this year more than last?" said Bella, as we talked about the new year and its duties.

"You can pray more," said I.

The child was silent. Her prayers had been very short since the dark mornings came in, and conscience told her that there was great room for improvement.

"I will try," she said at last; "but my mind goes off so at night, and in the morning—" she stopped and hid her face on my shouder. I did not speak.

"Oh, Auntie, I am very wicked," she

sobbed. "I don't pray now as I did two years ago. I am gone back dreadfully."

The tears came into my own eyes as she spoke, for I, too, had known what it was to go back dreadfully. My little Bella was very much like her auntie in temper and style: there was the same love of ease, the same inclination to set the heart on the pleasures of to-day, the same put-it-off-till-to-morrow way of regarding duty, which had brought me into the midst of so many sorrows. And as we sat there in the glosming of the New

Year's-day, I had no need of explanation from my darling.

"We will ask God to pardon and restore us," said I, when she ceased to sob. "Let us tell him, dear Bella, of our trouble, and confess that we have neglected opportunities for sweet intercourse with Jesus, which should have been very precious to our hearts."

So the child and I knelt down and talked with our Father in heaven, and obtained forgiveness for the sake of Christ his Son. Then we were silent for a while, thinking of Jesus, and rejoicing in his mercy. By-and-by, when the lamp was lighted, we sat down at my desk, and began to write in the little pocket-books which had come by that morning's post from a friend who loved us.

"Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

That was Bella's text.

"Whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, I will do it."

That was mine.

Then Bella learned a pretty hymn, which I had that morning received in a letter from Ireland, and which seemed to express exactly what those who love the Saviour ought to feel when they think of approaching his throne of love and mercy:—

"My God! is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet—
The hour of prayer!

- "Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
 And blest that hour of solemn eve,
 When, on the wings of faith upborne,
 The world I leave!
- "For then a day-spring shines on me, Brighter than morn's ethereal glow; And richer dews descend from thee Than earth can know.
- "Then is my strength by thee renewed,
 Then do I feel my sins forgiven;
 Then dost thou cheer my solitude
 With joys of heaven.
- "No words can tell what sweet relief There for my every want I find; What strength for warfare, balm for grief, What peace of mind.
- "Hushed is each doubt—gone every fear, My spirit seems in heaven to stay; And e'en the penitential tear Is wiped away.
- "Lord! till I reach that blissful shore, No privilege so dear shall be, As thus my inmost soul to pour In prayer to thee."

When the texts were written and the hymn learned, Bella began to talk to me about them. "I am sure they will help us," said she, "for we shall think of them when we kneel down, dear aunt. "Whatsoever ye ask"! 'Ask, and ye shall receive'! What a foolish child I have been not to ask for more blessings! I have been vexed because I was not rich, and wishing I could grow up quick and get to be like Sarah Martyn, or John Howard, or somebody who did a great many things, and all the time I would scarcely find time to pray at all! It was stupid."

- "And wrong," said I.
- "Yes, stupid and wrong; but I hope I shall mend now, Aunt Bessie."
- "By God's blessing," said I, "I hope you will, dear child."
- "I shall get up earlier if Jane may call me," said she.
 - "And go to bed earlier?"

Bella smiled. "If you wish it, auntie."

- "I do wish it, Bella," said I.
- "But at night it is so delightful here by the fire with our books and work, Aunt Bessie. I should like to stay up till I was quite sleepy," said Bella.

"And your evening prayer?"

Bella hesitated a moment, and then said, "I see it all; staying up late is bad for me; for, of course, I cannot talk sensibly when I am half asleep, and praying is just talking to God. So there are three new things I can do in this new year—go to bed earlier, get up earlier, and pray more! How delightful!"

You see she was a little enthusiast, this Bella. You must not, however, be angry with her for it; it was as natural to her as it is to you, perhaps, to be sober and quiet. "Different people are made to differ," and Bella was naturally a quick thing, with a large heart, and a head more clever than cool.

To return to my little story. That night, for the first time since her adoption by Aunt Bessie, this child went to bed without sighing over fate, and astonished Jane by requesting to be called at half-past six. And accordingly at half-past six she rose next morning.

It was a good beginning, and that day was a happy one for both of us. We had breakfast earlier, we studied earlier, we were earlier about everything, as a result of little Bella's new plan. Invalid though I was, I walked twice in the great square garden with my darling on that happy second of January—a day that saw her enter on that higher life which results from close communion with Jesus.

Do any accuse me of forming too high an opinion of this child's walk with God? Do any think such are too young for communion with Jesus? If so, they are surely mistaken. "For of such is the kingdom of heaven," says the voice of God.

My Bella! thou art no more; but the results of that year of prayer are still in the world, to bless it; and thou, being dead, yet speakest through thy works.

Dear children, pray more this year. Morning, evening, and at noon, too, if you have opportunity, pray. God delights to hear you plead the name of his Son, our Saviour. It is sin not to ask him for the blessings we so much want. As time flies from us our opportunities for calling on God fly also. Soon, very soon, we shall stand in the presence of How important, then, are the God. moments which we can spend in praver! Let us never waste them, dear friends; they are more truly valuable than the diamond or the ruby, for they possess the power of drawing us nearer to heaven.

Let us pray for ourselves, that we may grow in grace and in the knowledge of Jesus. Let us pray for the Church of Christ, that she may put on her beautiful garments and shine forth in glory and majesty. Let us pray for the world, that all efforts made for its conversion to God may prosper, and that soon a time may come when it shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord.

Vain are the efforts which you make to do good, if you do not ask God to bless them; foolish will be all your thoughts if you do not ask God to direct them; and wasted will be your life if you do not ask his guidance who is able and willing to instruct and uphold and save y To despise opportunities for commut with Jesus is madness; for if we al not in him we must be cast forth a branch that is withered.

Make, then, all possible exertion secure more time for prayer, and, wl you pray, say, "Our Father whic's in heaven, THY KINGDOM COME, TWILL BE DONE ON EARTH AS IT IS HEAVEN."

"For every one that asketh receive and he that seeketh findeth, and w him that knocketh it shall be opened."

WHAT BECAME OF THE BOY WHO LOVED HIS BIBLE.

DEAR CHILDREN,-What became of the boy who loved his Bible? Befor answer this question you ought to know something about him, and especially h he was led to love his Bible. You can think you see a very poor little ! walking up and down the streets of a certain town in the county of Suffolk, who the gentleman also lived who gave me this account. It is many years since t circumstances occurred. Look at the boy: he has a basket of vegetables, or chips, on his arm, or on each arm, for sale, and he is earnestly looking about purchasers. He is very poorly clad: his jacket is old and torn; his cap is three bare, and hangs dangling over his forehead. Poor boy, it is plain he misses watchful care and attention of one who once loved him, and who often smiled him before he knew her: he is a motherless boy. There are several little ones home besides himself, and Robert cheerfully labours in his little way, from day day, to lighten the burden of their support that necessarily falls on his poor fath His diligence and activity excite your admiration; his poverty and distress me you to pity: can we wonder at this? His mind, too, is untutored: thus bu employed every day, what time has Robert for school? Perhaps he is in a Sabb school. No, he has not that privilege. To the rest and spiritual enjoyments the Lord's day, and the pleasures of the Sabbath school, he is a stranger; nor he sing, as you have often sung,-

"I have been there and still will go— "Tis like a little heaven below; Not all my pleasures nor my play Shall tempt me to forget that day."

What hope was there that Robert would ever become a good, clever, and useful man? None, judging from outward appearances. There is One, however, whose kind and watchful eye rests on the humble, the lowly-minded, and the poor, and He often lifts him up. You remember that beautiful text, "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord take them up"? Often has it had a happy illustration in the lives of God's servants: the history of Robert, the friendless

boy, adds one more to the number.

One Lord's-day morning, when Robert was standing, as usual, in the street, in his undress, or rather in the only dress he had, and that was barely an apology for a dress, it pleased God to put it into the heart of a good woman passing to her place of worship, to invite him to go with her, and she said she would also obtain his admission to the Sabbath school. I do not know that Robert said a word: his looks however, spoke touchingly. They seemed to say, "How can I? I would, but——" Quick to discern his meaning, the good woman, who had known and loved his late mother, replied, "Come to my house this week, my boy, and I will see about mending your clothes, and then you will go with me." Was not that kind? Is it not just the sort of thing we might often do to help an afflicted or poor friend, if we can do no more? Yes; and it is well when we are ready to do what we can, and do not hold back because we cannot do some great thing, as rich people can.

Now see the reward of the poor woman's labour of love. There she goes, on the following Lord's day, to meeting, with little Robert, all tidily dressed by her side. He is admitted into the Sabbath school, becomes a diligent scholar, soon learns to read well, is rewarded with a Bible, loves to commit its sacred contents to memory, and, what is better still, begins to love the Saviour it reveals, and through the power of the Holy Spirit is now quite a changed lad. After a time he enters the service of a solicitor in the same town, having the charge of his horse, and so forth. There Robert's conduct was exemplary, showing the power of the religion he had learned from the Bible, which he still loved to study whenever freedom from his duties to his master gave him an opportunity. This was the case on one memorable night. You may suppose it is a cold winter's night. Most of the inhabitants of the town are comfortably warm in bed, and asleep. There is a light in the solicitor's kitchen: let us peep in and see who is there. It is Robert, the young servant. In obedience to orders, he is sitting up awaiting the return of his master from an evening party or from professional calls. His attention is fixed on an open volume, the inspired lines of which he is tracing by the aid of a lamp, when, suddenly, a loud ringing or knocking is heard at the door. Robert quickly answers, yet not quickly enough for his master, who becomes angry, hastens to the kitchen, and throws the lad's precious Bible into the fire. Think of Rober on finding his greatest treasure was consumed! I do not know that he m remark beyond the very proper expression of deep sorrow dictated by th ness of wisdom. His conduct continued as before, irreproachable, and after he had the high gratification of receiving a new Bible from the han master, who was doubtless very sorry for his rash act, and wished also to proof of the estimate he had formed of his devout and faithful servant.

Some time after this, the same watchful Providence who had guard guided the boy, appeared to mark out the future path of the young manwhich few had anticipated. Robert leaves his master, through some kind receives a good education, and with a heart filled with love to Christ and t he consecrates himself to the service of his Redeemer. And where shall him next? After some years, in India, at Chinsurah, on the banks Hooghley. Amongst other labours of love, having a peculiarly happy ta giving instruction to the young, he superintends a number of schools cor some thousands of little Hindoo children. See how he writes of his work. will you say when I tell you that during the months of July, Augu September, the children in the various schools have learned and repeat thousand lessons? And did you but know what pleasure it gives me to si schools for two hours together, to hear their lessons, you would envy the feel." Robert May-for that is the name of the boy who loved his Biblea school for teachers containing a goodly number of young natives. His lal the Lord's vineyard were most abundant, and his end was peace. Let the sketch encourage you to love your Sabbath school, to love your Saviour, your BIBLE—that most wonderful of all books, the gift of your Maker designed to show you the way back to Him from whom all have strayed, nat repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. The principles and truths holy book, unfolded and applied by the Divine Spirit, made Robert May a go a faithful servant, a devout man, and a laborious missionary. What can the do for you? Ah, what! It will tell you what to believe and what to practi principles, adopted and carried out, will adorn, purify, and ennoble your life ever and whatever your lot may be. Like our good Robert May, you will live for God and souls. Let your subject this month be, the Use and Ex of the Holy Scriptures.

I am,

Your loving friend,

1

Heathfield.

COMING TO CHRIST.

as Sabbath evening, and all the children were gathered together in the Luella had been playing on the piano, and all had been singing the

> "I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold: I did not love my shepherd's voice. I would not be controlled."

eldest sister now seated herself on the sofa, and taking her wild little Willie by the hand, she said, "Suppose a little negro boy who had never f Jesus, should come to-night from the wilds of Africa, and ask to know to heaven, how should you tell him?" ish I was a missionary," said Mary. "It must be so pleasant to visit such es as Africa and India, and see the rare flowers that are found there, and nals—fire-flies so large that they can be used for candles, and tigers that e to frighten away by opening and shutting umbrellas. I'd carry umbrellas I guess! And then it must be splendid to eat bananas and oranges right trees! Then, I should collect ever so many stones, and idols, and shells, h things. Mr. Cobb has a cabinet full of them."

n afraid you have not the true missionary spirit," replied her sister; "but

all we do with our little negro boy?"

could teach him to say his prayers, 'Our Father,' and 'Now I lay me.' I

have him say them every day," said Susie.

there are a great many children who say their prayers, and do not love knew a little girl who was afraid to go to bed without saying them. She something would come and carry her off in the night, if she did not say

ould make him sit down and learn that hymn,

'A little lamb forsook the fold, And wandered far away To mountain forests dark and cold, Where every danger lay,'

s the first verse," said Willie. would have to explain it all to him. I do not believe it would do much

aid Susie. a had been sitting very quietly in a corner of the sofa. She now started flashing eyes and a glowing cheek, and exclaimed:—"I think if you were in earnest the little boy would never come to Christ. I would tell him sus and his great love to us—how he died for sinners upon the cross was whipped and spit upon, and punished for our sins; and I would tell him that Jesus loves little children, oh, so much! and that he wants them to come to him and love him, and it grieves him to see them turn away and reject him, when he has done so much for them. And then I should tell him that if he was good boy, and loved Jesus, and was his child, that by-and-by he would go to heaven, and have a white robe and a starry crown, and be with Jesus always."

"You would make quite a preacher, Emma, but he would not know who Jew

"I should say that a long time ago he was in heaven in glory, and that people were very wicked and sinned against God every day, and that God loved us much that he gave his only Son to die for us; that Jesus came into the world sat became a little babe at Bethlehem, and grew up and was always pure and holy, and at last was crucified for us. I do not see how any one can help loving him, said Susie, thoughtfully.

It seems very sad that when he has done so much for us we should be so unwilling to love him; but you need not wait for a little negro boy to be imported from Africa. There are wicked, selfish children all around us. Can you not set them to come to Christ? And can you not give your own hearts to him—them of you who have not?" said Luella.

"I do sometimes," said Willie, "but then I get naughty again, and God seems a great way off."

"But God loves you still, and you remember the verse that says, 'If we construct our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from a unrighteousness.' If you are sorry you have sinned, and tell Jesus so, he was always forgive you. Can you not all pray a little prayer like this: 'Lord Jesus, I know that thou lovest me, that thou didst suffer and die for me; and because thou hast done so, I pray thee that thou wilt forgive me all my sins. I want to be thin own child—to love thee alone—to please thee in all things. I have we dered away from thee, like a lost sheep, and thou hast brought me back. I go myself to thee. Oh! take me, Lord Jesus, and make me thy child."

The children looked thoughtfully, and when the evening lamps were lightly showed tears in little eyes that had been bright before.

THE GREAT CONQUEROR.

I saw a mother, not long since, whose son had enlisted in the army. I expected to find her sad and disconsolate, for the young soldier was an only and was very much beloved at home. But, to my surprise, she was cheerful

"Merwin has gone," said she, "and I may never see him again; but I cammake myself unhappy about it. I have given him to God, and wherever the Lord's service takes him he must go. I know he will distinguish himself where

he is, for he has already proved himself a great conqueror."

oung as he is?" I exclaimed: "how?"

ias conquered himself," replied the mother, "and you know what the

s about that!"

res, indeed," said I; "but I thought your Merwin was one of those who ry easy to be good. There is a great difference in children. Some are le and gentle, that when they become Christians you see but little change

nutward conduct, and some-"

my son was not one of those," said she, interrupting me. "He was born ot, fiery temper. It used to frighten me almost when he was nothing y, and I hardly dared to think what would become of him when he grew prayed a great deal about it, and talked and laboured to help him to his naughty, passionate spirit. And he began very early to try and imself. I recollect, when he was no more than four years old, he had 7 much provoked about something, and I could see the fire kindling in his the colour rising to his cheek. But he kept very still until his anger had and then he came running to me, threw his arms around my neck, and into tears, he cried, 'Kiss me, mamma, kiss me-I've overcome.'"

's beautiful!" I exclaimed.

y a time," the mother continued, "have I seen him struggle with his gry feelings, until by degrees it grew easier for him to control his temper; I can truly say I believe, by the grace of God, he has conquered himself. ong the qualifications for good soldiership that is one of the very best I

ight so too, as I repeated to myself the words of the Bible to which B.'s mother had alluded. You will find them, little reader, in Prov. "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth

than he that taketh a city."

felt as if I wanted all the little boys to become conquerors in the same No matter if you are not called to be soldiers, to march at the call of your to the battle-field and fight. You may be called of God to conquer elsewhere. You may be called to govern and direct others. Whatever your duty in life, the best preparation you can make is to learn to govern

DR. MORRISON AND THE BIBLE.

e anniversary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, in 1824, Dr. n presented to Lord Teignmouth, the president, a Chinese version of the es, executed jointly by himself and the late Dr. Milne. The undertaking stly considered to be an extraordinary monument of Christian piety and ance." At a dinner at Mr. Butterworth's that same day the conversation on this interesting subject, when Mr. Butterworth gave the following information respecting this astonishing production. "It is now many years ago, he observed," that in visiting the library of the British Museum, I frequently as a young man, who appeared to be deeply occupied in his studies. The book h was reading was in a language and character totally unknown to me. M curiosity was awakened, and apologising to him for the liberty I was taking I ventured to ask what was the language that engaged so much of his attention?

"'The Chinese,' he modestly replied.

"'Do you understand the language?' I said.

"'I am trying to understand it," he added; 'but it is attended with singular difficulty.'

"'What may be your object,'" continued Mr. Butterworth, "'in studying a language so proverbially difficult, and considered to be even unattainable by

European talent and industry?'

"'I can scarcely define my motives,' he remarked; 'all that I know is that my mind is powerfully wrought upon by some strong and indescribable impulse; and if the language be capable of being surmounted by human zeal and perseverance, I mean to make the experiment. What may be the final result, time only can develope. I have as yet no determinate object in contemplation, beyond the acquisition of the language itself.'"

"Little did I think," said Mr. Butterworth, in closing this interesting narrative, "that I then beheld the germ, as it were, of that great undertaking, the completion of which we have witnessed this day; that such small beginnings would lead to such mighty results; and that I saw before me the honoured instrument raised up by the providence of God for enlightening so large a portion of the human race, and bringing them under the dominion of the great truths of the Gospel."

Dr. Morrison lived to compile a complete Grammar and also a Dictionary of the Chinese language, and thus conferred an immense benefit on all called to ministrain those distant lands, besides rendering great service to the men of community

proceeding to China from our own country.

ONE TRACT SAVING FIFTEEN HUNDRED SOULS.

A YOUNG mountaineer chief in Burmah, when two hundred and fifty miles from his own home, was taught to read by a missionary's wife. The little tract she used in teaching him caused the scales of heathenism to fall from his eyes, and showed him the way to Jesus. He went back to his mountain home a converted man. A little tract saved him! When he reached home he told the story of Jesus, which he had learned from the tract, to his people. Crowds flocked to hear him speak. The Holy Ghost was with him, and in one year fifteen hundred souls were hopefully saved—saved as the result of the influence of one little tract.

"I ONLY CRIED WITH HER."

POOR widow, the mother of two children, used to call on them ie close of each day for the report of the good they had done. night the oldest hesitated in her reply to her mother's question. hat kindness have you shown?" "I don't know, mother." The per, touched with the tone of her answer, resolved to unravel the tery; and the little sensitive thing, when re-assured, went on to -"Going to school this morning, I found little Annie G----, had been absent some days, crying very hard. I asked her, ner, what made her cry so, which made her cry more, so that uld not help leaning my head on her neck and crying too. 1 her sobs grew less and less, till she told me of her little babyher, whom she nursed so long, and loved so much—how he had ened, grown pale and thin, writhing with pain until he died. then they put him from her for ever. Mother, she told me ; and then she hid her face in her book, and cried as if her t would break. Mother, I could not help putting my face on other page of the book, and crying too, as hard as she did. r we had cried together a long time, she hugged me and kissed telling me I had done her good. Mother, I don't know how d her good, for I only cried with her. That is all I can tell. can't tell how I did her good."

oung reader, do you not see that if you cannot help the suffering, ast you can "cry with them"?

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HEATON AND SON, 21, WARWICK LANE, PATERNOSTER BY

LITTLE LIGHTS.

Jesus bids us shine
With a pure, clear light,
Like a little candle
Burning in the night.
In the world is darkness,
So we must shine—
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine,
First of all, for him:
Well he sees and knows it
If our light is dim!
He looks down from heaven
To see us shine;
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine
Then for all around;
For many kinds of darkness
In the world are found:
There's sin, there's want, and sorrow—
So we must shine!
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.



I. HEATON AND SON, 21, WARWICK LANE, PATERNOSTER BOX

THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

What can I give to Jesus
Who gave himself for me?
How can I show my love to him
Who died on Calvary?

I'll give my heart to Jesus In childhood's tender spring: I know that he will not despise So mean an offering.

I'll give my soul to Jesus, And calmly, gladly rest Its youthful hopes and fond desires Upon his loving breast.

I'll give my mind to Jesus,
And seek, in thoughtful hours,
His Spirit's grace to consecrate
Its early opening powers.

I'll give my strength to Jesus, Of foot, and head, and will; Run where he sends, and ever strive His pleasure to fulfil.

I'll give my time to Jesus:
Oh that each hour might be
Filled up with holy work for him
Who spent his life for me!

P give my wealth to Jesus:
"Tis little I possess;
But all I am, and all I have,
Dear Lord, accept and bless.

And if, O dearest Jesus,
Long life to me is given,
Thy missionary let me be,
To win some precious souls for thee,
And with them, through eternity,
To praise thy love in heaven.



The Outcast for Christ.

THE OUTCAST FOR CHRIST.

How many good people have been cast out for the sake of Christ The picture on the opposite page represents one of them. He wa a weaver in Monghir, in India. He was converted through the blessin of God on the teaching of the missionary. In consequence of this he was deserted by his wife and family. A few days afterwards h had his house set on fire, and was awoke from his sleep in th middle of the night by the burning embers falling upon him. H instantly started up, and seizing upon his loom, providentially med his escape out of the house, which, together with all his clothes an his bed, was burned to ashes. He was denied shelter in the village and was compelled to remain outside, under a tree, for sever months. Here he worked his loom, and supported himself in th best way he could. While living in this exposed situation hi wife returned to him, and declared her determination to be Christian too. He was soon after joined by his brother and hi wife and children, who also had made up their minds to follow th Lord Jesus. With no better protection than a tree afforded, the all lived together for a considerable time. The village people refuse to allow them to live in the village, and the zemindars refused t give them another spot of ground on which to build a house outsid the village. Thus they became literally outcasts for Christ's sake But the Lord, in whom they trusted, appeared for them, comforte them in their difficulties, and supplied their wants. living there," said one of them to the missionary, "very happily."

At length, through the kind influence of a gentleman who occupied an indigo factory in the neighbourhood, a small bit of groun outside their village was obtained, and houses were erected for the where they afterwards lived undisturbed by their heathen neighbours, and maintained themselves by weaving.

So much, for a long time, had these poor people to suffer for the sake of their religion. They were literally "Outcasts for Christ! But we remember who it was that said, "Whoso giveth up... houses or lands for my sake and the Gospel's, shall receive about dantly even in this life, and in the world to come life everlasting."

[ALF-HOURS WITH HENRY MARTYN.*

xt sketch I see an intelligenttive, seated beside a table red with books and papers, ed in earnest talk with a ng European student, who, id, appears to be employed manuscript. An open Bible side of the student, and his rests fondly on its beloved page. Turning again to the read as follows. "Such a our I believe I never passed. and corrected the manuscript y Hindoostanee Testament so my eves ache. The heat is ten at ninety-eight degrees; insupportable." This prev Martyn as a Translator of ıres-a work in which, we he rejoices even yet.

t a crowd of persons of low bled before a house of modest d, within sight of all, one of ce, holding a Hindoostanee the Book of Genesis. I can eve that I hear the sermon ching. "In the beginning, was nothing, no heaven, no mly God, he created all these, p, for his own pleasure. But 1? One so great, so good, so ghty, that none can know him t to know; but yet we must he knows us. When we rise lown, or go out, he is always

with us. He created heaven and earth; therefore everything in heaven—sun, moon, and stars. Therefore, how should the sun be God; or the moon be God? He created everything on earth, therefore Ganges also; therefore, how should Ganges be God? Neither are they like God. If a shoemaker make a pair of shoes, are the shoes like him? If a man make an image, the image is not like man, his maker;" and so on. This stands in my list as—

Henry Martyn a Preacher of the Gospel to the Poor.

Next comes a scene of a far different character. In the midst of an admiring circle of intellectual and affectionate fellow-Christians, and surrounded also by those tokens of refined taste and high pursuits which, perhaps, only those who have been strangers in a strange land can fully value, the worn, but still ardent missionary rests for a season from his great work. It is easy to see that he has done what the world calls "too much" for Christ; and in many an eye now fixed upon him we read a foreboding that he will never resume his work in the land of his adoption. A letter. written at this time by a friend, explains the picture. It says, "He is on his way to Arabia, where he is going in pursuit of health and knowledge. You know his genius, and what gigantic strides it takes in everything. He bas

* Continued from page 143 of last volume.

some great plan in his mind, of which I am not competent to judge; but as far as I do understand it, the object is far too grand for one short life, and much beyond his feeble and exhausted frame. Feeble it is indeed! how fallen and changed! His complaint lies in the lungs, and appears to be an incipient consumption. But let us hope that the sea air may revive him, and continue his life many years. In all other respects he is exactly as he was: he shines in all the dignity of love, and seems to carry about him such a heavenly majesty as impresses the mind beyond description. But if he talks much, though in a low voice, he sinks, and you are reminded of his being 'dust and ashes.'"

"I now pass"—we quote Mr. Martyn's Journal, January 1st, 1811—"from India to Arabia, not knowing the things that shall befal me there, but assured that an ever-faithful God and Saviour will be with me in all places whithersoever I go. . . . My times are in his hand, and he will cut them as short as shall be most for my good; and with this assurance, I feel that nothing need interrupt my work or my peace." I call this—Resignation.

In the twilight of an eastern morning, and beside a group of date trees, I see a cafila "consisting chiefly of mules, with a few horses." All are in Persian costume, with long beards and high pointed hats. One member of the party—he in the "large blue trousers, red boots, chintz tunic and coat"—rests on the

ground apparently exhausted. attendants arrange branches of as to form a shelter from the he advancing day. A peasant wh by has been preparing to we "tattie" so as to keep the air it as cool as possible - if we anything "cool" in this burni There is a look of satisfaction face of the exhausted travell watches these preparations—a lo speaks of a mind ever prompt the bright spots in a day's ext and return thanks for them to t of all good. Nor does that loo us: for we read in the Journal. tattie made of the branches of tree, and a Persian peasant to by this means the thermometer rise higher than 114 degrees. 1 completely secured me from the a large wet towel, which I round my head and body, mu the lower part in clothes. Ho I but be grateful to a graciou dence for giving me so simple a against what. I am persuaded have destroyed my life that da

Under this I write—1 Cor. xi. "In journeyings often."

In a garden, and by the side of stream, I see a tent of considers Around are luxuriant vines, from hang tempting clusters of fruit a short distance from the door tent is an orange tree, which affreshing shade to a student wheneath. All is so calm and

that we are reminded of the day on which, having created a wondrous paradise, the Lord God rested from his labours, "blessed the seventh day, and hallowed it." But the sight of a Bible which rests on the knee of the solitary, convinces us that we have here no unfallen man, but a sinner who needs salvation by grace. The volume is open at Isaiah — perhaps at the fifty-third chapter, where we read how Christ "was wounded for our transgressions was wounded for our transgressions tisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed."

"Healed"—that is just the word for the calm student under the orange tree. He has found peace.

"Living amidst clusters of grapes, by the side of a clear stream," as he describes it, and frequently sitting under the shade of an orange tree, which Jaffier Ali Khan delighted to point out to visitors, he passed many a tranquil hour, and enjoyed many a Sabbath of holy rest and divine refreshment. Of one of these Sabbaths he thus writes: "July 14. -The first Sabbath morning I have had to myself this long time, and I spent it with comfort and profit. Read Isaiah chiefly: and hymns which, as usual, brought to my remembrance the children of God in all parts of the earth." And under this picture is written-

A Foretaste of Heaven.

Once again—for the last time—we gaze on that calm face. Henry Martyn is dying. Amongst strangers, in a strange land, he resigns his soul into the hands of the God who gave it. Happy those servants whom the Lord, when he cometh. shall find watching! As the eyes that once beamed with affection, enthusiasm. aspiration, close upon earthly scenes; as the lips that were wont to plead so earnestly for Christ, lose power to breathe the name that is still beloved: and as the hands that have so long been clasped in prayer become stiff and cold in death, we can almost hear the voice of Jesus saving, "Well done, good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things. I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

"At Tocat, on the 16th of October, 1812, either falling a sacrifice to the plague which then raged there, or sinking under that disorder which, when he penned his last words, had so greatly reduced him, he surrendered his soul into the hands of his Redeemer."

The "last words" to which reference is here made are these: "No horses being to be had, I had an unexpected repose. I sat in the orchard, and thought with sweet comfort and peace of my God; in solitude my company, my friend. Oh! when shall time my comforter. give place to eternity? When shall appear 'that new heaven and new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness'? There there shall in no wise enter in anything that defileth: none of that wickedness which has made men worse than wild beasts; none of those corruptions which add still more to the miseries of mortality, shall be seen or heard of any more.

was thus Henry Martyn died, with a desire to depart and be with Christ glowing within his soul, and with bright vision of heaven continually present to mind. "So fades a summer cloud away; So sinks the gale when storms are o' So gently shuts the eye of day; So dies a wave along the shore."

"Let me die the death of the r eous, and let my last end be like his

MISSIONARY NEWS.

Your kind friend, who during the past year wrote you so me letters from Heathfield, had a good deal to say about the Wal Castle, and those who went out in her. One of these esteen brethren was the Rev. George Rouse. Lately we have heard putidings respecting his health, and it was almost feared he we have to return. This would have been a very sad disappointment He has removed from Sewry to Calcutta, and he is very much bet and hopes to go on with his work, helping Mr. Wenger to trans the Scriptures.

Mr. Wenger, Mr. and Mrs. Kalberer, Mr. Edwards, Mr. Etlington, Mr. Anderson, and Mrs. Lewis, with Mr. and Mrs. Supphave all safely arrived in India, and by this time are at their sevitations. They had a pleasant voyage, though somewhat long, ow to calms and contrary winds. They had service on board regular on Lord's days, and daily worship in the cabin. The officers sailors who were not on duty were glad to attend these services the Sabbath. How thankful we should be that so large a num of missionaries have been safely carried, by the good hand of C to their destination so far away!

Mr. Smith has been obliged to leave Cameroons through ill hea Mr. Saker almost feared that he would not have survived voyage. Contrary to all such fears, he is much benefited by voyage, and you would hardly think, if you saw him, that he ever been to Africa at all. He is longing to go back, and return as soon as it is proper for him to do so.

I dare say you have all heard of our station at Jacmel, in the Haytien part of the island of St. Domingo. Here Mr. Webley has laboured for many years, amidst many trials and severe affliction. Lately Mrs. Webley has been very ill, and Mr. Webley has been much hindered in his work. To this station the Committee some time ago sent Mr. and Mrs. Buohon, and Mr. and Mrs. Baumann, but the former were soon obliged to return through very severe Many years ago Miss Harris successfully conducted a large school, which was given up when, through ill health, she had to resign the station. A teacher called Diana was associated with her. Some time ago she was married, and appointed to the Government school in Jacmel. Now, the people in Hayti are Roman Catholics, and very many efforts have been made to remove her. The President, Mr. Geffrard, lately visited the town, and Mrs. Ramsay resigned her office; but the President would not accept it. He said he had placed her in the school, and kept her there, in order that the Gospel might be spread among her pupils; that he believed the Gospel to be the only means of civilizing his poor country; and he wished her to maintain her own convictions as a Protestant. Is not this good news? Dear children, this respects children like yourselves. Think of this, and pray to God to prosper these dear friends in their work.

F. T.

Mission House, Moorgate Street.

JOHNNY AND HIS AYAH.

"ASK, AND IT SHALL BE GIVEN YOU."

CAN any of my little readers tell me where these words are to be found, and tho spoke them?

Yes, they are in the Bible, and were spoken by the Saviour, and he meant to each us that God is a hearer and answerer of prayer.

Does God only hear grown-up people? Does he not also hear little children? Yes, he does; and the story I am going to tell you is one of many instances hat God hears and answers the prayers of even little children. There lived a lady in Madras. Can my little friends tell me where Madras Yes, it is in India, where many English people live amongst a multitu heathen and Mohammedans. This lady had several children, and she br them up to know and love God. One day a poor native woman came to begging. She looked very poor, was very dirty, and in rags. The lady said t "This is a very idle way of getting your living: if I give you something to you will again be hungry and in want to-morrow: why don't you work for bread?"

The poor woman said, "I don't know what to do."

The lady asked her who she was, and whether she had any children.

She said, "I am the widow of a Sepoy (or black soldier), and I har children."

"Well, then," said the lady, "suppose you come into my house and he ayah [or black nurse] to take care of my children."

The woman said she would be glad to do so. So Hoossaines—for this we woman's name—came the following day, and having cleaned herself, and p decent clothes, she entered upon her duties.

Hoossaince was a Mohammedan, and believed that Mohammed was the present by God. She did not know the true God and our Saviour; but after entered the lady's service she heard the Bible read by the Scripture-reader used to visit the house regularly to read the Bible to the servants in their language.

Hoossainee was very grateful to the lady, and proved diligent and fai After she had been some time in the lady's service, the lady rewarded her fa good conduct by giving her the entire charge of one of her little boys. The forth she was little Johnny's ayah, or nurse. Hoossainee was very kin Johnny, and the little boy became very fond of her.

One day, when he was reading to his mamma, and she was speaking to about the love of Christ to sinners, and what a precious Saviour he is to thos trust in him, Johnny said, "Oh, mamma, I wish Hoossainee was a Christian you think, mamma, if I asked God, he would make Hoossainee a Christian?

His mamma replied, "God is a hearer and answerer of prayer, my dear, doubt not, if you pray to him, he will hear and answer you."

Immediately Johnny went on his knees, and said, "O God, make my Hoossainee a Christian, for Jesus' sake." Then he added, "Mamma, I integray this every day."

Johnny continued to pray for his nurse.

After some time Hoossainee came to her mistress one day, and said, "I ma'am, may I speak with you?" The lady listened, and she continued, "I very much, ma'am, to be a Christian."

The lady replied, "I am delighted to hear it, Hoossainee; but it will be sary that you should be perfectly instructed, and that some missionary who l

your language should see that you understand what it is to be a Christian, and what is required of a Christian, before you can be baptized. I will send you to a good missionary."

The lady then sent for her little boy, and said, "I have something to tell you,

Johnny, that will make you very glad."

"Oh, mamma, what is it? Do tell me, do tell me."
"What have you been asking God for, my dear?"

"That Hoossainee may be a Christian."

"Well, my dear, I hope God has heard and answered your prayer."

My little readers may imagine what joy Johnny felt when he heard the good

His mother said to him, "If you had asked papa for anything, and he gave it to yea, what would you do?"

"I would say, 'Thank you.' Oh, mamma, I understand what you mean.

Since God has given me what I asked for, I should thank him."

So Johnny knelt, and returned thanks to his Heavenly Father for having heard and answered his prayer for his dear nurse.

The missionary was satisfied that Hoossainee was sincere and in earnest; he

therefore baptized her, and gave her the name of Mary.

Now, my little friends, you must remember that this lady had several heathen servants, yet it pleased God that Hoossainee should be the one to whom he gave a new heart and a new spirit in answer to the prayers of a little child.

Should not this encourage you to pray for your own souls and for the souls of others, and to continue in prayer? for if we are in earnest, we do not only ask once or twice, but we continue to ask till we get what we want. God loves this persevering faith, and will always reward it.—Children's Friend.

LITTLE THINGS AND LITTLE WORDS.

Suppose a little boy to be walking out in the fields on some fair day in autumn. As he bounds along, he sees something on the ground which looks round and smooth, like a little egg. He picks it up. It is an acorn. He carries it a little while, and then throws it away. He thinks it a small affair, and useless. He forgets all about it, and for some time the poor little acorn lies neglected. By-and-by, an ox comes along, and without knowing it, steps on the acorn as it passes ever it, and presses it firmly into the ground. It lies and sleeps there in the road during the cold winter. In the spring it swells. The little sprout peeps out, a root grows down, and two little leaves open on the top of the ground. It lives and grows. During a hundred years it grows, while men and women, and boys and

girls, are born, and live, and die, and while many a storm beats upon it. Ir becomes a giant oak-tree.

It is cut down, and made into a mighty ship; and, laden with goods, around the world, and does her errand at many hundreds of places. She be flag of her nation on her mast, and her nation is honoured for her sake.

What great things to come from a tiny little acorn!

Who would have thought that such a little thing could contain the mig in it?

Besides all this, that one tree bears, every year of its life, acorns enough ten thousand more oak trees. Thus a whole forest may be shut up in t heart of a single acorn.

What great things may spring from apparent trifles!

On a dark night there was once a ship coming into one of our harbour had been to India on a long voyage, and had been gone for several years. a very costly cargo on board. The captain and all the crew were hop expecting to see their friends and homes soon, and were all in the highes. As they came bounding over the foaming waters, and drew near to the leaptain told a man to keep a good look-out for the lighthouse which stoo entrance of the harbour. Soon the man cried out, "Light ahead!" The all rejoiced, for they thought they were near home.

But, poor men! how were they mistaken!

While they had been gone, this lighthouse had been removed to anoth away from where it was when they sailed.

But the captain was not aware of that. So they kept sailing in the old they supposed, the right path.

In a short time the man at the look-out cried out, "Breakers ahead!

means, Rocks just before us-"and the ship is on them!"

In a moment the captain cast his eye out on the dark waters, and saw t foam on the rocks. In a loud voice he called out, "Starboard the helm!' see how much may hang on one little word. The man at the helm mis captain, and thought he said "Larboard the helm." So he turned it the way. It was done in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye; but it was dould not be undone; the ship ran headlong on the very rocks they had a avoid; and if the man at the helm had understood properly what the capt they would have got past them safely; but, instead of that, the noble s had stood the storms of years, was, in sight of home, dashed into a t pieces. The cargo was lost, and every soul on board, with one or two exemps decomposed.

All this hung upon one little word. One single mistake, small as it a be, brought about all this ruin and death. One moment of time turned t and property and lives all went down into the deep. There the huma sleep till the great morning of the resurrection day.

r children, do not these two illustrations show you of how much importance take great care in doing even Little Things, and saying Little Words?

HEATHEN SHALL FEAR THE NAME OF THE LORD.

has been a significant and hopeful sign to the missionaries in Mohammedan ries, that a general impression is so prevalent among the followers of the Prophet, that the days of Islamism are numbered. In many heathen lands, he strong bands of superstition are loosening, and the conviction is widely ding that the gods in whom they have trusted are powerless to protect and hem, and that they are to be overcome and superseded by the God of the tians.

v. Mr. Knowlton, American Baptist missionary at Ningpo, China, in speakf the greater willingness to listen to the preaching of the Gospel than has ever manifested by the people, which he attributes to their gratitude to the ners for protecting them from the rebels, says, "There is a general impreshroughout this region, which is deepening every day, that the God of Christians eve all other gods, a God of gods, Lord over all. I have heard of whole vilof people who, when they were daily in fear of an attack from the rebels, d only to 'heaven,' their gods in their temples being passed by as useless. itudes of others prayed to Jesus under like circumstances."

w. Mr. Shrewsbury, of the London Missionary Society, in a recent tour in 1, was struck with the general anticipation of a coming change. He says, e expression 'We shall all be Christians soon,' was heard in many places, and seems to be an expectation, perhaps a hope, of an entire revolution in the ion of the country. Such is the feeling; and we have heard many say, at is the use of embracing Christianity now, when it will certainly bring so a trouble? Let us wait: by-and-by all will be Christians, and then it will be r.' At one place a Brahmin, after stouly contending for some time against stianity, said suddenly, 'The worship of our gods is at an end: everybody now embrace this new religion.'"—American Messenger.

THE MISSIONARY AND THE HINDOO.

MISSIONARY had been preaching the Gospel one day in India. When his on was concluded, a Hindoo said to him, "Sir, why do you take so moved

trouble about other people? why not leave them to take care of them The minister replied, "Suppose they are unable to take care of themselv they are perishing for lack of knowledge; that they know not the way to how to escape from the wrath to come: in such circumstances ought not care for his neighbour?" "No," said the Hindoo; "he should leave h bour to God, and only take care of himself." This is the selfish spirit themism; but how different the spirit of the Gospel!

MURDERS IN INDIA.

A HUMAN being has recently been sacrificed to the cruel goddess Kale short distance from the capital of British India. The victim was a lad twenty years, and the man who killed and sacrificed him has just been a by a native jury, on the ground that such sacrifices are sanctioned in the Shasters. Whether the Government will demand a new trial, and Ruropean jury, we wait to see.

Another sacrifice has just been attempted in a town a little to the nort

the following circumstances:-

A Brahmin had been so unfortunate as to fail of securing a suitable hus his daughter till she had passed the fatal age of eleven years. Regarding rules inexorable, and resolved on the sacrifice of his child, he built a l close by the river, and placed his daughter in it to be swept away by the flood. He made no secret of his purpose, and his Hindoo neighbours regas highly meritorious, crowds of them visiting the girl in the hut, as a p meritorious act, just before her expected sacrifice. In this instance Gov learned the cruel purpose of the father in time to rescue the child from dethe attempt is a true illustration of Hindooism as it is.—American Presby

WALKING ON THE WATER.

A LITTLE boy, three years of age, belonging to an infant school, was walking out with his mother. They had to cross a stream of water, over was a wooden bridge. Little Charlie kept peeping through the holes in that the water beneath.

His mother said to him, "Is it not strange, Charlie, that we can walk

water, and not be drowned?"

"Yes, mother," said the little fellow; "but Jesus walked on the water not drowned."

When asked how Jesus was able to do so, he answered, "Because Jesus Son of God, and could do everything."

A LITTLE GRAIN OF SAND.

A MAN bought a watch which, for a while, kept very good time. But soon it began to beat slower and slower, till at length it stopped.

He brought the watch to the maker from whom he had bought it, to see if he could find out why it had stopped.

The watchmaker took up his glass. With it he spied a little grain of sand among the wheels of the watch.

Then said he to the man, "I can easily mend your watch; for I see plainly the cause of its stopping."

He then took the little grain of sand out of the watch. It then began to go, and keep as good time as ever.

When the man saw that the grain of sand was not as large as the point of a small pin, he said, "I should not have thought so small a thing as that could do so much harm."

"True," said the watchmaker, "it is a very little grain of sand, and that is the very reason why it was the cause of so much mischief.

"If it had not been so very small, it would never have got between the wheels of your watch."

It is just the same with little vices—little lies, little thefts, little vanities.

GOOD WORDS.

LITTLE children, do you pray-Call on God from day to day? Do you pray that God may keep And protect you when you sleep? Do you in the morning pray God to bless you through the day? Little children time should spare Every day for humble prayer. Little children, do you praise, And your little voices raise Unto Him in whom you live, And who must each blessing give? Do you praise him for your food? For your clothes, and all that's good? For his sweet redeeming grace? For his love to all our race? Little children, have you read How the blessed Saviour bled. That he might your souls restore Unto joys for evermore? How he did ascend on high? How he lives above the sky? How he waits your souls to bless With the riches of his grace? Little children, you must die: To your only Refuge fly. If you wish to die in peace, Oh, then, seek the Saviour's grace: This will teach you how to die; This will raise to heaven on high; This will make you ever live; This will crowns immortal give.



J. HEATON AND SON, 21, WARWICK LANE, PATERNOSTER BOY

THE LITTLE PREACHERS.

THERE was a family in Williamsburg, New York, consisting of a i mother, and two children, the eldest a daughter, the younger a son.

The father of these children never was in the habit of going to the hou The mother went regularly, taking her little children with her. The fatl remained at home, or went to walk and chat with his friends in the stre where. The persuasions of his wife were used in vain, to induce him to church or the prayer-meeting.

One day his little daughter said to him, "Father, why do you not go

ing, the same as mother does?"

"Oh, go away," said the father, "and don't bother me about going to I don't want to go."

On another occasion the little boy said to him, "Father, why don't

meeting with mother, and sister, and me?"

"Oh, go away, and do not tease me about going to meeting," said the Then his children got hold of him, one by one hand, and the other by hand, and said, "Father, do come with us to the prayer-meeting."

"Oh, go away," said the father, "I do not want to go to the prayer-

This he evidently said with an effort.

They left him very reluctantly, as he must have seen, and went off by t

to the prayer-meeting.

What did that father do? He could not rest. He could not forget children had said to him, and how they had urged him to go with th prayer-meeting. He was troubled in his mind. His conscience amote repeated rebukes for thus turning against the requests of his children. Sup his hat, passed out into the street, and made his way to the prayer-me was to a young man's prayer-meeting, which he knew was held in a cer into which he made haste to enter.

The Spirit of God so wrought upon him, that he soon rose up in gre of mind, and asked Christians present to pray for him. They did pra After the meeting closed, some of the young men went with the now that wakened man into an upper room, and there they continued in praye sweet submission to the claims of the Gospel, and by repentance for ain

in the Lord Jesus, he laid hold on the hope set before him.

He went home to his house with the sense of forgiveness, and rejoicing

found the Saviour, a changed man.

How mysterious are the ways of God's redeeming providence! That whose kind words overcame the hardness of his father's heart, spoken wit simplicity and anxiety, now sleeps in the cold grave. He died at the ten six years. But, young as he was, he accomplished a most important r his brief earthly existence—that of being instrumental in bringing his fatifect of Jesus.



Little Maria.

MISSIONARY NEWS.

THE picture which you will see this month represents an ing and affecting incident in the life of Dr. and Mrs. missionaries to Burmah: their imprisonment at Oung What will strike you most is the sight of a little baby ther felons and chains! No doubt you will be most anxious to about it. I will try and tell you as I best can.

The baby is "little Maria," as her parents fondly called not more than five or six weeks old, too young to know whe or to be able to remember it when she grows up. Her fat on with a sad but loving countenance. You see that he heavy chain; that his clothes are torn to rags, and his feet a His whole appearance is one of great wretchedness; but th sufferings he has endured have not changed his affection for] They have, if possible, made it more tender, If v have heard his words, they would have sounded soft and si his prayer to Almighty God would surely be very fervent of his little one.

But where is the mother? How is it that she is no Had she forsaken husband and child? Oh no! When Di was released from his long imprisonment in the city of . removed to this place, Mrs. Judson followed him, and minihis wants during the many months of his dreadful con-Near the prison she built a little bamboo house, in which Maria lived; and when borne down with the heavy weights to carry, sometimes, for a short relief, she left the child under the father's eye. It is one of these occasions w picture represents. The mother has gone away for a tim pressure of severe duty; but she has left her loving heart and she will soon be back again to nurse "little Maria," and to her beloved husband.

But you see that Dr. Judson is not alone. There is a f his right hand: that is Captain Laird, who, with other fo fell under the suspicion of the Burmese Government at t

t into prison. On the way out from Ava, he and Dr. tied together; and when the latter was ready to faint of pain and exhaustion, Captain Laird presented his support his falling companion. No doubt he too feels cern for "little Maria," and will do what he can to save m.

or all this, dear young friends. Rejoice that you are uch perils. But try and feel for missionaries and their ho are exposed to them; and pray God to shelter and

F. T.

Moorgate Street.

LITTLE CATHY;

OR, "WILL NO ONE COME?"

Y was a pauper child, and the workhouse hospital. ale, very small and weak, sad, was Cathy, as she sat, on her low stool by the same position and amongst , watching the same nari the same unfrequented me wide stretch of mud een hills beyond, with no rd about anything higher lothing and the ordinary use.

er place, that workhouse stood on the shore of a ch at high water was beautiful, but of which, int out, a large portion ged to a slimy and monotonous mud plain, offensive both to sight and smell, but fascinating to the eyes of Cathy as the gaze of a serpent. And often, when dark clouds and driving rain made the prospect wild and desolate, she would sit, leaning against the window, with her hands in her lap and her eyes fixed on the bay, until the old women who were her only companions began to whisper that she was not long for this world; as, indeed, she was not.

In the main building of the work-house, which stood at a little distance from the hospital, there were other children; but little Cathy only saw them when they went to church on Sunday mornings; and she thought they looked coldly towards her as they passed. Ah, what a long day seemed Sunday to the

orphan girl! There was a Bible in the ward, and on other days Cathy might read it as much as she liked; but on Sundays one or other of the old women was sure to want it, and the child had little to do but turn over a bundle of tracts, of which the majority were far beyond her comprehension, and learn by heart every text or hymn that could be found in them. Had any one cared to inquire what she learnt, and to hear her repeat it, this effort of memory might have afforded pleasure: as it was, Cathy only killed time, and got rid of Sunday.

It was a great event when a fresh inmate, "a new old woman," as the child called her, was brought to the hospital. But the excitement did not last long; for as soon as little Cathy discovered that the stranger was just like other people, she went back to her window, and her bundle of tracts, and her Bible, with a sigh over the thought that children were seldom ill.

It was selfish, no doubt; but Cathy wished, almost every night, that some little workhouse girl might be taken ill before the morning—not seriously, but just enough to require nursing in the hospital—and lie, night after night, in the little bed next her own. Many and wild were the dreams which Cathy had, waking and sleeping, about this companion who must come, she supposed, one day.

"I will nurse her," thought she, "oh, so carefully! and I will sing to her softly, if the nurse and the others

will let me; and I will ask her wh thinks about IT."

By "IT" Cathy meant the great tery of death; for the old women talked of her illness, and the cer that she must die.

So young, and dying! As the lay upon her bed in those long, sad r she trembled to think that the er coming nearer, and wondered if could help her to pass through the of the shadow of death, "and fe evil."

"I wish some one would teac about him," she moaned, as she on her bed. And a wish that was s a prayer rose to heaven: "If he but send some one!"

Little Cathy had a mother in he but she did not know it; for ten had gone by since that mother had in faith, and no one had cared to Cathy that her end was peace. (father she could learn nothing more that he had been a soldier, and perhaps, lost his life in a battle, his child was yet an infant. Poor Cathy! Would no Christian hear pity the dying inmates of that her Would no kind voice ever speak the Jesus as an atoning Sacrifice, of Jeans all-sufficient Saviour, of Jesus as ing to receive sinners just as they a

Within five miles, nay, within walking distance, of that place, some hundreds of people who knew the child so much wished to know who would gladly have told her the salvation which is in Christ

and asked them. But few f going to that dreary hospital, ing of the Saviour there. It sed to be the business of the t, or of the official manager, or ard of guardians, to attend to s; and only a few saw the need ful and judicious private effort ore the inmates of that house truths of the Gospel.

e passed, and as Cathy grew became almost too great an her to leave her bed. B.t she ong as she could, and occupied saide the window. It was from that she, one day, observed a who, carrying a little basket in approached the workhouse; a lady, with a kind-looking face sant smile, as Cathy saw when s bestowed on an old man who ering on the edge of the mud, Cathy, he had nothing to do tit.

ristian! dost thou know how u losest by suffering such as ive neglected? Hast thou not zer, talents? and art thou not zer talents? and art thou not zer will one day call thee to Will he find then that thou n his loan to the exchangers, is coming he may receive his increase?

'I hope she will!"

visitor entered the workhouse hat day, her conscience smote remembered that she had for years resided within a few miles of it without giving a single thought to its poor inmates. As she went from one bed to another, leaving a gift with each of the sufferers, her heart's cry rose to God, "Oh, comfort them!" And by the time she came round to Cathy's window, she was almost in tears.

It was a dull day, and the place was even more than commonly desolate. The March wind howled in the chimney, and shook the window frames. Masses of grey cloud hid the sun, and the child shivered as she sat beside her bed at the rattling window.

- "You are cold," said the lady: "will you come to the fire?"
 - "No, thank you."
- "Is your name Cathy? I think nurse called you so."
 - "Yes; Cathy Richards."
- "Do you like sitting here when the tide is out, Cathy?"
- "Not much; but I'm used to it, ma'am," replied Cathy.
 - "Can you read?" asked the lady.
 - "Oh yes, ma'am."
 - "Shall I give you some books?"
- Cathy's eyes sparkled brightly. "If you please, ma'am," said she, and she curtsied.
 - "And a bun for your tea?"
 - Another curteey.
 - "And a Bible of your own?"
 - "Oh, thank you!"
- "And then, shall I come here and see you another day?"
 - "Yes, ma'am; but---"
 - "But what?"

Cathy's voice almost sank to a whisper as she asked, "Won't you stay now, and tell me about it?"

"About what?" asked the lady, sitting down on the window-bench, and smiling.

Cathy made one great effort, and said, "Dying!"

And the smile passed from the lady's face as she said, "God help you, darling!"

They had told her that the child was an orphan, and her wasted form and features revealed the rest. In a moment she understood how poor Cathy was dying alone in the workhouse hospital.

A little after, and these words were slowly read: "I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he And whosoever liveth and believet me shill never die."

And, beginning at the same Script Christ was preached.

That was a very good day for I Cathy, for in it she began to seek salve through Christ, and in it she found a and a faithful friend. After that time visitor came often to the workhouse pital; and, by God's blessing on influence, it became a brighter place wish I had time to tell you all about but at present I can only say, that a months after, Cathy died in peace, went home to eternal rest. The ebbs and flows now, as it did when watched it wearily; but for her "t is no more see."

THE SHEEP-FOLD.

DEAR CHILDREN, -Among the pleasant sights we often enjoy in this beau world which God has made, there are few more pleasing than one which ma seen in the country now, on every hand; namely, a flock of gentle sheep and pla lambs, cropping the tender grass, or reposing in the green pasture where the c waters flow. It gives us the idea of plenty, rest, and peaceful security; for, at no great distance, there is the watchful shepherd guarding the flock from h Look how he searches out and tends the burdened ones and the weaklings. he takes a little lamb in his arms. What is he going to do with it? Ask his I once did. He says, "It can neither stand nor take its proper food; so I : carry it home and nourish it with warm milk, or it will die." How very kin is; and then at eventide, before he folds the flock for the night, he adds one to his numberless kind acts by counting all, one by one, lest any should be mis Is not this a pretty picture? Oh yes. And it brings to our minds, most striking a far prettier one, even that of the Lord Jesus, drawn by the pen of the pro Isaiah, above six hundred years before he was born at Bethlehem. You k where to find it. Look at it. "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he:

the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom." &c. The Lord then, has a flock; and he cares for all, but the weaklings seem to share most tender care. His flock is composed of all, of every nation, who love him, o believe in his name. Whom do the lambs represent? Young converts; rn souls; persons who have been just brought to know Jesus, whether they or young; elsewhere called in Holy Scripture, "babes in Christ." They have ade partakers of true, saving faith, although it is weak; so they are of the f Christ, and in his fold. Now, think of all this, and say, is it not the picture? for here is plenty, rest, and peaceful security for the soul, that you which will live when the body is dead. Jesus is the good Shepherd, iveth his life for the sheep; so loving and kind, that he pardons all their id supplies all their need. There are enemies, especially two great and foes, which would ravage and devour the flock. They are Satan and Sin; without, and the foe that dwells within us, in our own hearts. But Jesus tchful and powerful shepherd: he foresees all the dangers to which we are 1, and shelters and defends us. He is faithful, too, and will restore us re stray, never leaving nor forsaking us while we live; and when we die he fear no evil, and conducts us safely, through death, from his fold below to above, to heaven, that beautiful fold, that safe and sacred fold of which he is the light and glory, where no foe can enter, neither Satan nor sin for

are children really admitted into the fold of Jesus here? Yes; all are e, because Jesus has said so. And if you are old enough to commit sin, to when you disobey God and break his law, then you are old enough to and look to Jesus for pardon. May he help you to do so.

"Thy flock, with what a tender care, Blest Jesus, doet thou keep. Fain would my weak, my wand'ring soul, Be numbered with thy sheep."

aps you are now saying, How I should like to belong to the flock of Jesus, re him for my Divine Shepherd and Friend for ever! Then be glad to know sus is more willing to love you than you can think. If you are sincere in seire to love Jesus and flee from all sin, then is he at this moment loving awing you into his fold, where you will be happy now and for ever. ne tell you of a very little girl, Emily R.—, aged five years and a half, longed to the flock of Christ. She loved her Saviour, and she loved to f him when she was well; and when she was ill and suffered much pain, a patient and submissive, not self-willed, peevish, nor fretful, as some are. There were no nice globules for sick children when Emily was ill: to take unpleasant medicine. She did not like it; yet she would not say, or I won't, but always took it in obedience to her mother, who said it was health. This ready, unquestioning obedience is a lovely feature in a child.

or in any one. While in this world, we should expect to taste bitter thing well as sweet; and the sooner we learn self-control the better. An humble, missive disposition makes us so like Jesus, of whom it is written, "He pleased himself;" and it makes us, in spirit, already something like the glorific heaven, where all is love and obedience to the will of God. Let us often ask

to give us this mind.

Little Emily was ill about a month. She found much comfort in thinking the hymns and texts of Holy Scripture she had learned at the infant school. death came nearer, she showed no signs of fear or unwillingness to go. Ca her father to her side one day, she expressed some wishes about her burial, very calm manner, adding, "My body will be put into the coffin: my soul with to heaven. I wish to be with Jesus." I shall tell you no more of what Emily said. This is enough to show you that her treasure was in heaven, and heart was there also. At length, when almost unable to speak, after trying labour through that beautiful text, "God so loved the world," &c., she sank pully into the arms of death, or rather, into the bosom of the Lord Jesus, the Shepherd of whom I have been speaking, to be for ever happy in his smill love. Hear him say,—

"Unnumbered years of bliss
I to my sheep will give;
And while my throne unshaken stands,
Shall all my chosen live."

Is it not delightful to think of one little child being in the fold of Chrisearth, and then going to live with him in his fold above? and if to think of o so delightful, what must it be to think of many? Would you not like all the children in the world to be in the fold of Christ? Did you ever try to count many little eyes and ears there are now in the world who have never seen heard that beautiful verse in the fortieth of Isaiah, and who can form no id the pretty picture it presents to our minds? And then how very sad to he that like the poor little lamb which the kind shepherd pitied, they must all p without Christ. Do all you can to send the Gospel everywhere, and pray to every day to give it success. Thus may we be the means of bringing on glorious time when all shall know the Lord, from the least to the greatest; all for whom the good Shepherd died shall hear his voice, and there shall b fold and one Shepherd.

I am, Your affectionate friend,

Heathfield.

R. 1

"WITH ALL THY MIGHT!"

"LOOK at that boy! He is a stout, strong fellow, and one of the sharpest in our workshop. But he will not serve our purpose: he must be dismissed."

"Why?" I inquired.

"Because he does not work WITH ALL HIS MIGHT. Just watch the drowsy, indifferent way in which he handles his tools. He is thinking about something also all the time."

This was said to me, the other day, by one of the proprietors of an extensive manufactory for machinery as he conducted me through a part of his enormous works.

"You must require great strength of muscle in your workmen," I remarked.

"No! not so much strength of muscle as strength of purpose. It is not men of might that we want, but men who see their might: men who work with seal and energy at whatever they set themselves to do. It is not the strong 'Samsons' and the big 'Goliaths' that do the most good; but lads, like David, earnest, active, and strong of purpose; doing one thing at a time, but doing that one thing seell."

On leaving the workshop Mr. A. beckened to one of the foremen. "Dismiss that lad," said he, "he will never do us any good." "But stay," he added, as a softened expression stole over his face, so resolute yet so kindly, "Give the boy one more chance; and take care to tell him where his fault lies—that he does not

work with all his might."

Alas! I thought, as I left the scene of useful and intelligent labour, how many clever and promising youths dwarf themselves down into forlorn and disappointed

men, through no other fault than this!

"WITH ALL THY MIGHT!" It is God's own commandment as well as man's. It is the law of heaven as well as the general condition of worldly success. No man ever achieves anything permanently great and useful without carrying out this great and useful principle. Our work may be head-work, or it may be hand-work! We may be the strongest amongst the strong, or we may be the weakest amongst the weak. No matter: the rule of duty is the same for all. Work "with all your might!" All famous men whose words and deeds have graven a name which fathers teach their sons to spell—all these—every man of them—worked according to the wise man's precept, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might" (Eccles. ix. 10).

We cannot all be reckoned among the great and the famous: but we may all be reckoned amongst the useful and the earnest. However moderate our natural powers, however narrow our opportunities for action, life's motto should still be the same: "All thy Might." Work with all thy might. Pray with all thy might. Love and serve thy God "with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and

with all thy strength, and with all thy might."

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

THERE is a curious little animal that lives in the sea, of extremely small size, but he produces great results. I mean the polyp. They are found in certain regions of the ocean, generally in shallow water, and only in the warm portions of the sea.

You have probably seen a piece of coral. Some seaman may have brought a piece home, and given it to one of your friends, or you may have seen it in a cabinet. It is full of little holes, large enough to put in the point of a needle. Now, that coral is simply the bones, the skeletons, of millions, perhaps, of polyps. These animals live in communities; they work in an associated body. They attach themselves to the bottom of the sea, and then grow spward, all fastened and interwoven together, so that they are as compact as honey-comb. When they die, their skeletons remain united; and as these are of lime, they are firm and hard.

Now for the grand result. There are miles—hundreds of miles—of sea-coss lined with the bones (if we may say so) of these diminutive animals. Outside of the coast there is frequently found a fringe or border of coral reefs. They are found on the southern coast of Florida.

In many parts of the Indian and of the Pacific Oceans, there are islands found which are composed of coral. They are of all forms; sometimes circular, inclosing a body of water which will be deep enough to float the largest ship. The millions and millions of little polyps growing together from the bottom of the ocean (which in most cases where they are found, does not exceed 150 feet below the surface of the water), raise their structure up as far as the surface; and as they only live and grow in water, of course they stop there and die. A great many things will lodge on this island thus brought up to the water's level, such as weeds, branches of trees, and sometimes sand. Finally, it gets elevated above the surface by what accumulates on it, and then bushes and trees begin to grow there.

How many millions of littles it takes to make an island of several miles in extent! And yet they all have their part to perform in the great economy. It is verily done "little by little." Other things are also done little by little. Character is built up in this way. Every little act helps to make it. Every word has its share of influence. Every thought operates for better or for worse.

Are you building one which the storms of temptation may assail without damage to it?

THE BRAHMIN AND THE SILK-WEAVER.

o men from the kingdom of Travancore," says a missionary, "recently upon me, one of whom was a Brahmin evangelist. He was going about utry with a bag of books over his shoulder, preaching the Gospel to his a countrymen. He was remarkable for his manifest humility, a most strange a Brahmin.

s companion, to whom I especially refer, was a silk-weaver, and was formerly, it present, employed by the Rajah of Travancore in weaving a peculiar kind shawls, used by the royal family. Several years ago this man obtained an ck, printed by one of the American missions, which contained the Ten Coments, and a summary of the way of salvation through Christ. His attention rested by the commandments, which he carefully studied. Satisfied of the nee of the doctrine, he obtained a New Testament, which he studied secretly e became convinced of the truth of the Gospel. He gave up his heathenism, ter trying for several years to work out his own righteousness by a strict nice of the commandments, and suffering much persecution, he was at last into the liberty which is in Christ, and consecrated himself to his service, acquired considerable property by his business, he now spends much of his 1 going about the country preaching freely, and without recompense, that r whom he has found so precious to himself."

rr Lord's estimate of the value of the soul is correct, is not the conversion of ne such individual as above a rich recompense for all that has been ever n the distribution of tracts? But we have reason to believe that many, souls have been brought by this means to a saving knowledge of the truth. I be the Lord, who has given us such a means of promoting his glory and

the souls of perishing men!

THE LITTLE SUNBEAM.

A LITTLE sunbeam in the sky
Said to itself one day,
"I'm very small, but why should I
Do nothing else but play?
I'll go down to the earth, and see
If there is any use for me."

The violet-beds were wet with dew,
Which filled each heavy cup:
The little sunbeam darted through,
And raised their blue heads up.

They smiled to see it, and they lent The morning breeze their sweetest scent.

A mother, 'neath a shady tree,
Had left her babe asleep;
It woke, and cried; but when it spied.
The little sunbeam peep
So slily in with glance so bright,
It laughed and chuckled with delight.

On, on it went: it might not stay.

Now through a window small

It poured its glad but tiny ray,

And danced upon the wall.

A pale young face looked up to meet

The sunbeam she had watched to greet.

And now away beyond the sea
The merry sunbeam went.
A ship was on the waters free,
From home and country sent;
But sparkling in the sunbeam's play,
The blue waves curled around her way.

A voyager stood and watched them there, With heart of bitter pain; She gazed, and half forgot her care, And hope came back again; She said, "The waves are full of glee; Then yet there may be joy for me!"

And so it travelled to and fro,
And frisked and danced about;
And not a door was shut, I know,
To keep the sunbeam out;
But ever, as it touched the earth,
It woke up happiness and mirth.

I may not tell the history
Of all that it could do;
But I tell you this, that you may try
To be a sunbeam too,
By little smiles to soothe and cheer,
And little deeds of love most clear!

THE ACORN AND THE OAK.

My little daughter sat silent while busy at her play. Finally she d, with a sober face,—

'Mamma, this morning, when I was at Miss W——'s, she offered an acorn. Now, if I had taken it and planted it, I should have I an oak tree some day; shouldn't I?" And after a moment's ther reflection, she said, with a sigh, "But I didn't take the rn."

"Ah, my darling, you are not the only one who has failed to have oak for want of taking an acorn."

See, though it be an oft-told tale, how tiny circumstances affect eat events. See the shadow of the magnificent forest king: how lightful, how secure from the burning summer heat, not for a day r a year merely, but for ages. Some hand planted that tree—one, chaps a baby, took the acorn.

The things of beauty and strength which are or may be composed its noble timber—the sturdy ship which defies the waves, is ough this good gift of God made the thing she is; and even the zerful fire-sides round which we so love to linger, are all proofs, h in their way, that somebody took the acorn.

This little lesson is in its application so wide, so various, that I dly know where it begins or ends.

Every good impulse, each word of kindly counsel, even our failures mistakes, may be to us the acorns which, taken, planted, and tivated, may make us like the oak in a spiritual sense—trees meet the garden of God.

There are in every human life times when little turning-points ur. Acorns are offered. Refuse them, pass them by, and in afterrs memory looks back, and says, in bitterness of soul, "I did not e the acorn!"

ENCOURAGEMENT.

WORK while you can: Time's flitting by: Gather the moments: Quickly they fly.

Cheerily labour:
Workmen are few;
Large is the harvest;
There's plenty to do.

The enemy soweth
Tares in the field;
Thistles and thorns
Doth the wilderness yield.

Cast with a bounteous
And plentiful hand,
Seed that shall cover
The length of the land.

Work while you can,
And work while you may;
Soon the night cometh;
Soon passeth the day.



JUVENILE MISSIONARY SERVICES.

THE following Services, at which Sermons will be preached, or Addresses given, to the will be held, inconnection with the Missionary Anniversaries, on Lord's-day afternoon, A The Services will commence at three o'clock, and close at a quarter past four. The hymrang are printed in another part of this Magasine.

HENRY KEEN, Secretaries of the Young Men's Association Aid of the Baptist Missionary Sociation Aid of the Baptist Missionary Sociation Secretaries of the Young Men's Association of the Baptist Missionary Sociation (No. 1988).

Mare Street 3

Mase Pond
Spencer Place
St. Thomas's Hall, Hackney, 1962
Ditto ditto 1863

Rev. S. Cowdy. Rev. I. M. Soule. Rev. C. Vince.
Rev. C. Vince.
F. Baron, Esq.
Mr. F. Brown.
Mr. John Templeton.
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Mr. F. H. Rooke.
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Mr. Rabbeth and Mr. Della

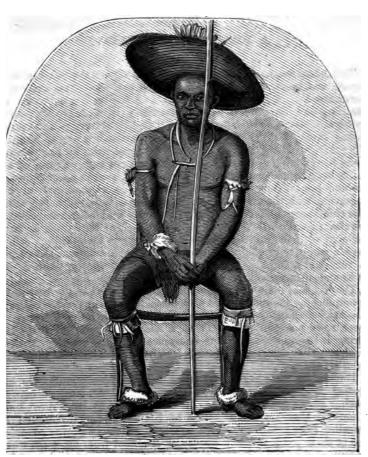
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 1 12 6

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 2 19 9

Highgate..... 3 12 8



A Fernandian Chief.

A FERNANDIAN CHIEF.

BY MRS. SAKER.

THE photograph, from which the engraving on the other si copied, was taken by a Spaniard at Fernando Po. The nativ Fernando Po are a very intelligent tribe of Africans, mor dustrious and independent in spirit than the tribes on the cont owing most likely to their being a free people. Slavery is not k among them: I do not think they even purchase wives as do other Africans; but an engagement is entered into by the pa while the children are young. Of this I am not sure, as some chiefs have a number of wives. The men and women generally nothing but a skin tied round the loins, as represented in engraving, with the skin of snakes, or monkeys' tails, round the The chiefs wear a covering on the legs, arms, and neck, composite cowries (small shells), and palm oil, and clay; they have a made of plaited grass round the arm to carry their knife; have a quantity of chains made of grass by the women. It is in very small links joined together, each link neatly plaited looks almost impossible to have been done with the fingers.

The hat is of plaited grass, round and flat, pinned to the hair porcupines' quills, and adorned with birds' feathers of various co. The hair, after being drawn out in small pieces, is rolled into t three rows resembling curls, with a mixture of palm oil and giving it the appearance of an enormous wig: the country no Busipa. They do not wash their bodies, but rub themselves also

palm oil and clay.

During the time our missionaries were at Fernando Po, w several interesting converts from among them. One man bec teacher among his countrymen. He was married by Dr. Prince a house in Clarence, and although his life was at first threatend travelled from village to village, telling of a Saviour's love. D one of these tours, in which he was often absent from his home or four weeks, he was taken sick, returned home, and died in days, rejoicing in the Saviour, and in hope of a happy eternity.

"NOT GOING TO THE FEAST."

A TRUE STORY.

: day appointed for the marriage of ince of Wales had come at last, and hildren of a large school in the of S—— D—— had a holiday, and favours, and bright medals, and seeing enough to satisfy even them. lelightful it was to rise early in the ng—though scarcely so early, by y, as the bell-ringers!—and discover the sun shone brightly, and that were flying and ribbons fluttering where:—delightful, that is, to all ta girl whom I shall call Hester, who could not go.

ter Wynn was an orphan who had veral months been the occasion of anxiety to the managers of this

. Many attempts had been made n her confidence, and for a time, s had appeared to attend the efforts ne who had laboured much and 1 much for her spiritual welfare: er goodness had been as the mornoud, and as the early dew it had away. Words about Jesus had I her lips: "I do wish to be saved!" een her cry, but still she had never t Him after whom she professed to and a short time had sufficed for her 1 to carelessness and indifference. nxiety to sit down with Abraham saac and Jacob at the marriage r of the Lamb was of the past, and ared much more for earthly than nly joys. The festivities which were ebrate the marriage of the Prince of

Wales were of greater importance, she thought, than the joys that are eternal! But there was no hope for Hester in regard to that eventful day. Scarcely more than a week had gone by since a great wrong had by her been committed secretly, a dishonourable action against one who had been very kind to her, and as this fault was still unrepented, a prolonged punishment had been inflicted upon the offender. Under these circumstances it was clearly impossible to permit the unhappy child to unite in the various pleasures of the season. Processions. bonfires, feastings, illuminations, were not for her.

Had Hester been sorry for her sin she would never have resisted a sentence so just and wise, but her heart was still proud, and I fear that the devil had it all his own way with her on that 10th of March, as she awaited in sullen silence the return of her companions.

They were long in coming, for they had much to do, much to see, and much to hear, ere night. Public schools of all kinds had been invited to express their loyalty by uniting in a demonstration, and our friends from S—D—were amongst those who had accepted the invitation. As they went down one hill and up another, the sound of the merry bells of D—, and P—, and S—, met their strained ears, and made their young hearts bound with joy and pleasure. In a village through which they peaced rown.

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.

of flags hung across the street, and there was a grand display of evergreens encircling gav-pipes twisted into double "A's," and all that sort of thing. In the large open ground, half field, half park, to which they hastened, thousands of smiling folks were watching the formation of a procession—or, as the children would have called it, the procession. Six thousand young people were that day to march through D——, and, at the close of their march, sing the 100th Psalm, and the National Anthem, with the following additional verses:—

"God bless her royal son,
Still be thy favour shown
To England's heir;
God of his childhood's days,
Guide all his future ways,
Shield him with truth and grace
From every snare.

Smile on the young Princess,
And with thy presence bless
Their wedded love.
Long may the royal pair
Earth's purest pleasures share,
Then crowns of glory wear
In heaven above!"

Copies of these lines, with a Prince of Wales' plume at the top, were given to all who united in this procession, and it was regarded as a point of honour that each voice of the six thousand should be thus raised in prayer for our beloved Queen and her family.

And they did sing, those boys and girls, that day! With banners flying, and hearts beating, and crowds listening, they poured forth the noble strains of the grand old anthem, and in blessing on the good Qu children. Then there we: enough to last a year; thr her Majesty, three for the for the Princess, three fo of D-, who had helped demonstration, and three me in general and nobody i After this great exertion course, made people hung thousand went off in groups refreshments, and I can ass Hester's schoolfellows liked the business as well as an March twilight deepened, a lamps were lighted, and even forth to see the illumination really fine. In the port we of war; these were very bear each port-hole gleamed a b and from mast and rigg thousand lamps which, the dark, marked the outline v clearness. One of "the s of England," on the opposit river looked like a fiery cas so dazzling was its radiance the surrounding gloom. that the children saw that short story is impossible. I rest of the illuminations. works, and hasten to tl pleasure of the night, the gig What fun it was to watch th of that great mound of tar-b see how the flames leaped as roared above and around Hester!

me home at last, those children. sleepy, but merry withal, and ed. The day was done, but its ald long be seen again in dreams, indeed been a day of twice ten . Next morning all the talk was rks, bonfires, illuminations, and 18, and I am sorry to say that Vynn's heart grew vet more she heard of the many pleasures ost. As the day wore on heavily ession that she was harshly med to deepen. All the world ast her, the orphan, and she) avenge herself of the world. in this frame of mind when a lady who was interested in her and who had shown her many s. came to see her.

late in the afternoon when the vas summoned to the recently school-room to meet this friend, arn something of the grief which of Hester's sin had awakened in

t very sorry," began the lady, hand on Hester's arm, and then ed; for she loved the child, and ly distressed at the hard look w darkened the orphan's face. she resumed it was to refer to punishment, as far milder than rts, and calculated to encourage form. Hester did not think so. are all very hard upon me," she d, "and the other girls are not wed to speak to me." Then she o tears.

ld be almost impossible to repeat

to you all that followed, or to describe the gradual softening which seemed to come to this unhappy child as she listened to the advice of her friend, but you will be glad to know that, before they parted, they knelt down and prayed together, and I am not without hope that the prayer came from Hester's heart, and that these lessons of the 10th and 11th of March, 1863, will evermore be remembered by her with gratitude, as a season of wholesome discipline and abounding mercy.

I have written this story with the intention of using it as a parable. There are other pleasures, other rejoicings, than those which I have described; pleasures which shall endure for ever, and rejoicings which can never tire. You have all been invited to join in this festival. God's pure heaven is the scene of its celebration, and the message which commands you to be present is in the Bible. Will you come? or would you rather, like Hester, be shut out? Think of this seriously, and may those who have not yet accepted the invitation to come to heaven, through Christ, do so now.

A few words to those who have obtained mercy through Jesus, and are going to heaven. Think, think of the others. You have pitied the unhappy Hester, shut out from the pleasures of the 10th of March; pity yet more, yes, a million times more, if you can, all those who are in danger of being excluded from the marriage supper of the Lamb. Pray for these, talk with them if you have opportunity, give the m Bibles, tracts, counsel, help of any

kind, but do not let them sleep on unwarned till the Bridegroom comes, for then they will be too late for the heavenly festival, too late for all save the outer darkness, "where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth."

In distant lands, and, unhappily, even in our enlightened country, there are thousands who have not yet heard the invitation, "Come ye to the marriage," who know not the King nor the King's Son, Jesus Christ, who follow the devices and desires of their own hearts, and are, consequently, most miserable. To all

such Christ commands his disciples to preach the Gospel. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," is his commission, and it is our solemn duty to obey. "The time is short," a few years more and the Great Day will dawn. May it be ours to meet then with many souls whom we have, by God's mercy, been the means of leading into the paths of eternal joy! Even we can do something in the vineyard of the Lord Jesus. Let us try, in his strength, and we shall, we must succeed.

MISSIONARY NEWS.

It gives me great pleasure to have to tell you that all the missionaries recently sent out to Ceylon and India have safely arrived at their destination. Mr. and Mrs. Pigott, after resting awhile at Colombo, are gone up to Kandy, and Mr. and Mrs. Waldock are settled at Matakooly, a place not far from the first-named town. Mr. and Mrs. Allen are glad indeed that their fellow-workers in the good cause are come out to help them. Mr. and Mrs. Carter have not yet arrived from Ceylon, but they may be here by the time that you read this.

And now as to India. Mr. Edwards is settled at Monghir, and Mr. Etherington at Meerut. Monghir is some distance up the Ganges from Calcutta, but Meerut is beyond Delhi, far, far up in the North-west, and close to the great Himalaya mountains, some of whose peaks are the highest in all the world. Mr. and Mrs. Kalberer are now at Patna, a large city between Monghir and Benares. Mr. Wenger is at his old work, and very important work too, the translation of the Scriptures; and Mr. Rouse is come down from Sewry to assist him. I need not tell you about Mr. Rouse, as you will remember what has been said of him

efore. His health has been seriously affected, though not by the

limate. But it is hoped he is now getting strong again.

Mrs. and Miss Saker came home from Africa some time since, and re all the better for the voyage; and Mr. Saker is expected ere long, or he is almost worn down with anxiety and fatigue. The natives are been very quarrelsome of late, and have been doing very bad hings to each other. They kill one another out there without any esitation, and take away little children and sell them as slaves. In the ission house at Cameroons there are a great many little orphan boys and girls, whom these wicked people would take away if missionaries ere not there to protect them. There are no English soldiers or olicemen there to keep them in order; and were it not for God's care ver the missionaries they would soon be destroyed. Mr. Smith will sturn to Africa by the packet that leaves in April.

From the Bahama islands we had some serious news lately. Mr. avey, of Nassau, was visiting some of the out islands, seeing to the nurches and the native preachers, whom so many of you help to apport by your New Year's Card contributions. The vessel sin which nese voyages are made are often small and inconvenient, and the storms se very suddenly in these parts, and are often very violent. This one of the regions of the world where hurricanes prevail. No storms hich we get in England, though they are dreadful sometimes, are to a compared with these hurricanes in their force. You will see that issionaries going about in such places may be often in great danger. Tell, Mr. Davey was shipwrecked, and lost all his clothes, and books, and instruments he had with him. But his life was preserved.

And now, dear children, continue to help this good work. Oh, I hope ou will love God, hate all evil, trust in Jesus Christ, and do all you on to send his Gospel to the heathen.

F. T.

Mission House, Moorgate Street.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

THE love of Christ stands so apart from all human affection, that men de really believe in its wonderful scope and tenderness. Their ideas are very v and general, and exert little influence over the heart and life. When really seen in its glory, it becomes a living power to transform the soul following narrative of a Chinese missionary is told by the Missionary Advoca-

Two boys, eight and ten years of age, were together in a catechetical

and one asked the other why Jesus came into the world and died.

The other replied, "Well, I don't believe that. I do not believe any

ever loved the world so well as that."

"But," continued the other, " you must believe that, for the Book says it so, and you must believe the Book: the missionary does."

"Well, I do not," said the young "Thomas;" and the teacher (the sionary) coming, he asked,---

"Teacher, do you believe what the Book says about Jesus Christ dying fo

whole world?"

"Yes I do," said the teacher.

"Well, I do not," said the little fellow; "for neither my brother, nor sister, nor my mother, who loves me very much, would ever die for me, s never heard of such love. I do not think it can be so."

"But," replied the missionary, "God did so love the world, and he loved

and gave himself for you."

"This seemed to startle the child, and he asked: "Does Jesus Christ love 1

"Yes," was the reply.

"And does he love me now?"

"Yes."

"And will he let me know that he loves me?"

"And will he hear me now?"

" Yes."

"Well, then, teacher, won't you kneel down with me, and I will pray

So, all kneeling together, he began: "O Jesus, my Book says, and my ter says, that you died for me, and that you love me. He says he believes it. do not hardly believe it yet. If you do love me, won't you make it appear you love me?"

Thus prayed this little pagan boy. Who, like him, will go to Jesus, an

him all his fears, and unbelief, and wants?

PRAYING AND DOING.

38 the poor children who haven't got any beds to-night," prayed a little before he lay down in his nice warm cot, on a cold windy night. As he 1 his knees, his mother said, "You have just asked God to bless the poor: what will you do to bless them?"

by thought a moment. "Why, if I had a hundred cakes, enough for all

lies, I'd give them some."

you have no cakes: what are you willing to do?"

7, when I get money enough to buy all my things that I want, and have ir, I'll give them some."

you haven't half enough money to buy all you want, and perhaps never

: what will you do to bless the poor now?"

have no bread: the bread is mine."

1 I could earn money, and buy a loaf myself."

things as they are now; you know what you have that is your own: you willing to give to help the poor?"

by thought again. "I'll give them half the money. I have seven pennies,

give them four."

pennies wouldn't go far towards making a child, so poor that it had no omfortable and as well provided for as you are. Four pennies towards I clothes, and books for such a one, and three pennies just for pencils and r yourself, don't seem fair."

, mother, I'll give all my money, and I wish I had more to give," said

fellow, as he took his good-night kiss.

ere not older ones who ask God to bless a suffering world, yet seldom, if it of lending a hand to the work themselves—whose prayers cost less than alms? The professing Christian prays, "Bless the heralds of the truth, t them success in their holy efforts. May the knowledge of the Gospel of d through the whole earth!" A good prayer; but prayer must be conith doing. "Faith without works is dead, being alone." What will yoursying friend, to bless the heralds of truth yourself? How much money give towards that support which is necessary to their success? How sepels of life will you pay for, and send abroad into the regions of death?

"A MISSIONARY CHICKEN."

2 German boy, whose father, the only support of the family, is in the d a pullet given him last spring, and he devoted her to the missionary lling her his "missionary chicken." All the eggs were sold, and the rought weekly to the Sabbath-school. The superintendent kept account d the result is two dollars and a-half. A larger sum than many members of our churches have contributed in a year to send the Gospel athen.—American Paper.

HYMNS TO BE SUNG AT THE JUVENILE MISSIONA SERVICES, SUNDAY, APRIL 26, 1863.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L.M.



HYMN I.

Tune, Madrid.

- 1 Come, oh come, with sacred lays: Sound we God Almighty's praise. Come, ye sons of human race, In this chorus take your place; And, amid the mortal throng, Be ye masters of the song.
- 2 Angels and celestial powers, Be the noblest worship yours; Let, in praise to God, the sound Run a never-ending round; That our song of praise may be Everlasting, as is He.
- 3 From the earth's remotest end Let the voice of praise ascend; Spreading wide from shore to a Let the ocean fulness roar; Winds and clouds, as on ye m Bear the mighty sound above.
- 4 So shall He, from heaven's high On the earth his blessings pour All this huge wide orb we see Shall one choir, one temple, be Come, then, come in sacred lay Sound we God Almighty's pra

HYMN II.

TUNE, Bradford.

- 1 When first the Christian herald To Britain's happy shore The tidings of a Saviour With holy rapture bore, Deep sunk in superstition Our rude forefathers lay; But Heaven's bright orb of glory Turned darkness into day.
- 2 For soon as Jesu's banner, Which o'er the heathen world Was marching on in triumph, In Britain was unfurled,

- The idol altars trembled,
 Unable to withstand,
 And long-benighted Britain
 Shone forth a Christian land.
- 3 Now, grateful for the blessings
 Britain to strangers owes,
 She lends her earnest labours
 To soften others' woes:
 Their darkness she enlightens,
 Their ignorance dispels,
 And pours the oil of gladness
 Wherever woe prevails.

HYMN III.

TUNE, Chichester.

- 1 Onward, onward, men of heaven;
 Bear the Gospel banner high;
 Best not till its light is given—
 Star of every pagan sky:
 Send it where the pilgrim-stranger
 Faints beneath the torrid ray;
 Bid the hardy forest-ranger
 Hail it, ere he fades away.
 - 2 Where the Arctic Ocean thunders, Where the tropics fiercely glow, Broadly spread its page of wonders, Brightly bid its radiance flow.
- India marks its lustre stealing; Shivering Greenland loves its rays; Afric, 'mid her deserts kneeling, Lifts the untaught strain of praise.
- 3 Rude in speech, or wild in feature,
 Dark in spirit though they be,
 Show that light to every creature—
 Prince or vassal, bond or free.
 Lo! they haste to every nation:
 Host on host the ranks supply.
 Onward! Christ is your salvation,
 And your death is victory.

HYMN IV.

TUNE, Missionary Chant.

1 Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim Salvation through Immanuel's name: To distant climes the tidings bear, And plant the Rose of Sharon there.

- 2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With flaming zeal your breasts inspire, Bid raging winds their fury cease, And hush the tempest into peace.
- 3 And when our labours all are o'er,
 Then we shall meet to part no more—
 Meet with the blood-bought throng, to
 fall,
 And crown our Jesus—Lord of all!

THE HAPPY LAND.

Most little boys and girls can repeat the beautiful hymn commencing, "There is a happy land." I never hear it sung without thinking of a little girl who knew nothing of this happy land.

I had once a class of German girls and boys, whom I loved very much; they were very attentive, and seemed grateful for being taught, and glad to come to Sabbath-school and learn to sing and read about Jesus and the happy land. One day, after they had sung the hymn which I am speaking of, I talked to then about it, and asked them if they knew where it was. A bright-eyed little gid certain she could tell, answered quickly, "Oh, Deutschland." Poor child! Gemany was the happiest land to her, and it was difficult to make her understand that there could be any better. But as she listened to the story of Jesus, but he was once a child, how he loved little children while on earth, and how he did for them, and how happy the children are whom he has called to himself, who sit at his feet and call that happy land where he dwells their home, him their Elder Brother, her earnest face and tearful eyes told how glad at would be to be loved by Jesus; and the purpose, I doubt not, was formed in w little heart to try and be like him, that she might dwell with him for ever. you not try to love and trust this Saviour, and pray that you and I and the little German girl may so live on earth as to meet in that happy land,

"Bless'd, bless'd for aye"?

CHRIST VISITING CHILDREN.

DURING the war in Germany, which succeeded the French revolu, great numbers of children were made orphans. In the village
Weimar were sixty children who mourned the loss of both
ents—war having slain their fathers, and sorrow, want, and
ease the mothers. John Falk was the first to found an asylum
these children, many of whom had become vagrants, and some
ninals. Gathered under his Christian influence some one of them
accustomed to ask a blessing at their meals. On one occasion,
on one of the boys had said the pious grace, "Come, Lord Jesus,
our guest, and bless what thou hast provided," a little fellow
red up and said:

Do tell me why the Lord Jesus never comes? We ask him

ry day to sit with us, and he never comes."

Dear child, only believe, and you may be sure he will come, for

loes not despise our invitation."

I shall set him a seat," said the little fellow; and just then there a knock at the door. A poor, frozen apprentice entered, begging ght's lodging. He was made welcome: the chair stood empty him; every child wanted him to have his plate; and one was enting that his bed was too small for the stranger, who was a touched by such uncommon attentions. The little one had a thinking hard all the time:

Jesus could not come, and so he sent this poor man in his place;

hat it?"

Yes, dear child, that is just it. Every piece of bread and every k of water that we give to the poor, or the sick, or the prisoners, Jesus' sake, we give to him. 'Inasmuch as ye have done it o one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto'".

he children sang a hymn of the love of God to their guest before r parted for the night, and neither he nor they were likely to et this simple Bible comment.

A LESSON FOR CHILDREN.

A GRAIN of corn an infant's hand
May plant upon an inch of land,
Whence twenty stalks may spring, and yield
Enough to stock a little field.
The harvest of that field might then
Be multiplied to ten times ten,
Which, sown thrice more, would furnish bread
Wherewith an army might be fed.

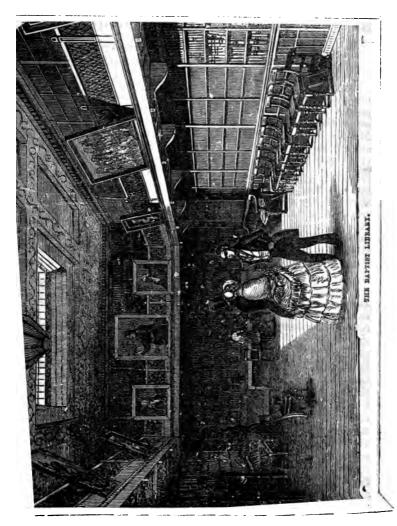
A penny is a little thing, Which e'en the poor man's child may fling Into the treasury of Heaven, And make it worth as much as seven. As seven! nay, worth its weight in gold, And that increased a million fold. For, lo! a penny tract, if well Applied, may save a soul from hell. That soul can scarce be saved alone: It must, it will, its bliss make known. "Come," it will cry, "and you shall see What good things God hath done for me." Hundreds that joyful sound may hear, Hear with their heart as well as ear: And these to thousands more proclaim Salvation in the "Only Name;" That "Only Name," above, below, Let Jews, and Turks, and Pagans know: Till every tongue and tribe shall call On "Jesus" as the Lord of all! JAMES MONTGOMERY



. HEATON AND SON, 21, WARWICK LANE, PATERNOSTER BOW

INDIVIDUAL EFFORT of a SABBATH-SCHOOL C

AT a meeting of the Sunday School Convention, held in Exeter Hall Is Rev. Professor Nagel said, "He had been three weeks in London, but no sight so splendid as that of the six thousand children, belonging to forty gathered together on Sunday in Mr. Spurgeon's Metropolitan Tabernack made the most beautiful concert, too, that he had ever heard: six thousa: voices uniting in singing to a beautiful melody, 'Saviour, like a shepherd 1 Proceeding to speak of Switzerland, Professor Nagel gave an illustration blessed influence of Sabbath-school instruction at Neufchatel. "He had in l a little girl, eleven years of age, about whom he had not thought or expected than any of the others. She attended for about two years, and was then o go home into the country. There was no Sunday-school in the village. She want deeply, and said to herself, 'As there is no school, I must open or spoke to the little girls of the village, telling them of the school in Neufchs asking, 'Will you not come to me next Sunday? and we will pray together, hymns, and read the Bible, as they do in Neufchatel.' They responded request: the first time five or six, then ten or twelve, then twenty or mor then the elder girls of the village went with little girls—having obtained perm and at length the dear girl of eleven years saw around her every Sunday as forty children from six to fifteen years of age. She read the Bible to them, them hymns, and prayed with them. Her mother said she sometimes listen behind the door, and could never hear her little girl reading and praying shedding tears. Christmas Eve came for these villagers as for the whole That evening the school-children of Neufchatel used to have a great treat bling, dressed in their best clothes, in a brilliantly lighted and beautifully church, their faces lit up with joy, and every eye shining like a star. In make the treat as complete as possible, every scholar received from the tendent a little book written expressly for the occasion. Now this little scholar would not let Christmas Eve pass over without any treat; and as a no little books to give to the children, she thought to read to them the one! received the previous year. Her purpose becoming known, the parents scholars resolved to go also. Distress fell upon the little girl when she the praying and speaking before adults. What was she to do? She though should be a blessing to them, I must not refuse. But cannot I get my father and help me? He has always laughed at me and my Sunday-school, but ye ask him. He could not resist her entreaties, and the consequence was that brought to love Jesus. If a little girl could do so much, what might no Christian do for the glory of the blessed Saviour?"



Mission House, and the room where a considerable number annual meetings are held. It is in this room that, now for years, that interesting prayer-meeting is held, of which many readers have heard, and which some of them have, we have tended; which at least many of them will, we trust, attend years go on, and those who now are young take in their t places of those who are called to the upper sanctuary. This i is one of the most interesting of all the meetings. It is ductory and preparatory to the rest; and there, for the fir all the brethren assemble, greeting each other in the name Lord, and commending the beloved mission to the care and l of the Father who is in heaven. At the time we write the meeting this year has not been held; but our venerated frie Hoby, who has been for so many years a devoted friend of t sion, is expected to take the chair; and doubtless he will rounded by many honoured and beloved brethren whose na known even to the youngest in our congregations. Not only prayer-meeting held in the Library, the annual meeting of th bers of the Society is also held there. This meeting is or interesting than the prayer-meeting. At this important ga the affairs of the Society are fully discussed, and the office Committee for the new year appointed. We are sorry to t the income, it is only right to add, that the income for last year was unusually large, through several extraordinary receipts, and specially through a large gift by one of the Society's oldest friends who has since gone to his reward. Still, any decrease of income is a thing to be mourned over, and we trust that our young friends will do their part, as we feel assured that their parents and teachers will, to take care that the Mission shall be maintained in its full efficiency.

We hope that at the beginning of this year those of our young friends who know the privilege of praying to God—and we believe that many of them pray to him—will join in offering their prayers for God's blessing on the labours of the beloved missionaries. We know that "praying breath is never spent in vain;" and we are sure that the prayers of the youngest, if offered in faith, will be listened to by

our heavenly Father.

"WHOM THE LORD LOVETH HE CHASTENETH."

A STORY FOR SUFFERING CHILDREN.

ROBIN Hoon—not the famous outlaw, but a little nineteenth-century boy who bore that name—was cross, very cross indeed, on a certain evening in the month of May, 186—, and the reason—if reason there can be for that kind of madness—was as follows: Jim and Fred, his two brothers, had been taken to hear a lecture, illustrated by a first-rate panorama, and he, Robin, could not join them, because, as his little sister Lizzie would have said, he was bearing "one of God's afflictions."

Let us look upon Robin as he sits there in the firelight—for even in May they have fires in that northern Blankshire let us study our "hero" while he rests on that little sofa, with his leg on a pillow. We have here a pale child, with large eyes and soft light brown hair, with a wrinkle almost big enough to adorn the forehead of a grandfather on his brow, and a mouth like a snapdragon. There he sits with a cushion behind him, and a pile of new books in his lap, with a darling mamma, in a white cap and grey silk dress, exactly opposite, and a little sister, with long, wavy hair, and a smile like a sunbeam, playing one of his favourite tunes on the piano; but he is not happy. Who in the world can be happy when he is cross?

The music ceases, and Lisette, on discovering that her efforts to amount her

brother are unsuccessful, moves quietly about the room, which, as perhaps I ought to have told you before, is a very pretty one, with a grey and gold paper on the walls, a blue and brown carpet on the floor, and long white muslin curtains by the windows. The glow of a bright fire falls on chairs, tables, sofas, ottomans, and musical instruments, which would not disgrace the boudoir of a princess; but, in the midst of all, Robin Hood is unhappy. We discover this from the peevish tone in which he asks why the servants don't bring candles, pouting all the while at the cheery little blaze that is doing its utmost to illuminate the room.

"What a silly thing a fire is in May!" he remarks, as Lisette comes forward. "I can never away with it!"

Lisette smiles, but says nothing; for she does not wish to vex him by contradictions: but her face, as she sits at her mother's feet, is turned approvingly towards the blaze, as if to say, "I love it," while a voice which we have not heard

"Ere the evening lamps at lighted, And, like phantoms grim and tall, Shadows from the fitful firelight Dance upon the parlour wall."

before sings, sweet and low, how,-

two or three shades less of the dragon in his face. "At less can't:" and he wipes away a large that he is obliged to dry hi on his jacket after removing it. Hood seldom cries, for his brother taught him to regard the act of was altogether unworthy of his bout on certain occasions—when he a limb, for example—he is known express his feelings by shedding to "Mamma!" says Lisette, in a w "Bob is crying. May I just go a him?"

"Not yet," said her mother these tears will do him good." Mrs. Hood was right; for a

portion of the crossness disappe Robin, staring thoughtfully at 1 let the big drops fall down on his Some inward struggle was result his gradual release from disconten the frown was fading and the ur

receding steadily.

And here let me tell you wh may not have suspected, namely Robin Hood had begun to love and was commonly a praying child carriage accident which had led breaking a limb had been regards ye have forgotten the exhortaich speaketh unto you as unto. My son, despise not thou the ng of the Lord, nor faint when rebuked of him: for whom the eth he chasteneth, and scourgeth a whom he receiveth." see words met Robin's ear all the left his face, and a smile, halfi-joyful, came in its stead.

good!" he exclaimed. "Will it again, dear mamma, with ore just like it?" and as the ords were repeated the boy's ew brighter yet, and his simple ce more laid hold of the great at the Lord pitieth them that

emed hard just now," he whisshis mother bent over him, "for d to hear about Africa; but I it was all for the best."

n sure of it. God is teaching ence."

you think I shall ever quite give g cross?" asked Robin pre-

pe so. If you pray for the Holy teaching, taking Christ as your you must conquer."

ll try, then," said Robin cheer-

fully. "And now, mother, could you tell me about Dr. Livingstone, so that I may be able to understand what Fred and Jim talk about with papa to-morrow morning at breakfast?"

Ten minutes later, and a happy group was gathered round the little table by the couch, where Dr. Livingstone—represented by his book, and assisted by Mrs. Hood — entertained Robin and Lisette till bed-time came, all too soon, to close the evening.

Next morning, as, according to custom, all the household assembled to repeat and read portions of Scripture and worship God, a weak voice from one end of the breakfast-table said. "Despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him, for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." That was Robin Hood's text. He had received it as a message from God the night before, and in the morning he repeated it with grateful pleasure. And when everybody but him had knelt to pray, the boy's face wore a smile, for "he endured as seeing Him who was invisible."

Ah! how much better was this than being "cross"!

MISSIONARY NEWS.

is the month, as I dare say you very well know, when the ts of the Society for the year are made up. A very large part

of all that is received for that time comes in during the month of March. Well, then, I suppose you would like to know how the year ends; whether there has been as much money received as there has been paid away. The difference between the receipts and the payments is called the balance in the accounts. Now it so happens that the balance this year is against the Society; that is, the Treasurer, Sir Morton Peto, has not had enough money to pay for missionaries, native preachers, schools, printing the Bible, widows and orphans, secretaries and clerks, by nearly twelve hundred pounds! Such a thing as this has not happened for many years, and all of you will say, How ever is this? Oh, I am so sorry! Can't we do something next year to prevent it happening again?

To be sure you can; and that is just what I want to have a few words with you about. You have done a good deal before, and of course you can do it now. What has been done once can be done

again.

In looking over the contributions for Native Preachers, which are yours especially, I find there has been a falling-off these past two years. Listen to what follows. In 1859 you gave for this purpose £455 8s. 9d.; in 1860, £438 4s. 5d.; in 1861, £517 18s. 4d.; in 1862, £383 8s. 5d.; in the present year, £369 11s. 4d. Two years ago you gave most, your contributions having then exceeded those of this year by £148 7s. That is a very great falling-off indeed. It is nearly £3 per week; almost ten shillings every day of the year!

Well, now, how has this happened? Do you feel less interested in the native preachers than you did three years ago? O no, we don't, you say. I am bound to believe you, and I do. But this does not answer the question. Ah! the Lancashire distress, is it? And so you have been giving your money to help the poor distressed workpeople down in the North? And who can wonder that you should give your money to help them, when you heard of thousands of children like yourselves starving for want of bread, whose parents, before they would accept any relief at all, sold all their furniture, and almost all their clothes? These poor people have behaved nobly,

and deserve all the sympathy which has been shown to them by the

Queen's subjects at home and in the colonies.

But still it won't do, you know, to let the Mission suffer because these people are in distress. It was right, very right, to help them; but these things ye ought to have done, and not to have left the other undone." Can we do both? you all cry out. To be sure you can. How? do you say? Why, by making an extra sacrifice. It can't be done without that, I know. Yet I trust you are willing to make it, and then your contributions will be equal to what they were in 1861.

From a letter written by Mr. Fuller, of Cameroons, to Mrs. Saker, I learn that the young people there are going on well. He says, "It will, I know, rejoice your heart to hear that Tuto was baptized on the 28th December last, with four others; namely, Ndi, your former boy; Lorg Nyamsey; Qua, whose wife was baptized before you left; and Mwenge, Ndondoke's girl. You will also be glad to know that our inquirers' class is still interesting. There are nine persons in it at present."

And turning away from Africa, I will take you out to India; and when we have landed at Calcutta we will go up the great river Ganges, as far as Agra; and there we shall find the Rev. J. G. Gregson. I have a letter from him before me. He shall talk to us

n that letter. Well, now, listen to what he says.

"When preaching the other day in the bazaar, I was arguing with Hindoo upon the difference between the mind of man and the nind of an animal. Whilst explaining to him that conscience of nan determined between right and wrong, which the beasts could tot do, a large monkey came jumping along the front of the shop, and snatching a fine-coloured cap from a boy's head, he sat down in the balcony opposite to me, and began tearing it up. The arrival of Hunuman (monkey-god) turned the argument in my favour. I at nece called upon the crowd to look at Hunuman, their god, and see what he had done; and I asked whether he had not stolen the boy's ap, which action would have been a theft had a man done it. Several cried out at once, 'Yes, sahib: your words are true to-day's

For just when you said that animals were unconscious of crimes monkey came and proved your words true.' And so my oppowalked away as quickly and as quietly as possible."

But I must not go on any more, else I shall take up all the n zine. So, having said these things, let me exhort you to begin new financial year with fresh zeal, that your contributions for n preachers may reach the noble sum they did in 1861.

Mission Heuse, Moorgate Street.

F. !

KAREHANA;

OR, THE LESSON A MAORI TAUGHT.

LET me tell you a story of an event which happened in New Zeel country far, far away.

New Zealand, you must know, is a wild, beautiful country, and is covere bush. What they call a bush out there is not what we call a "bush" at but it is like a dense forest, with beautiful tall trees which never shed their and look as green in the depth of winter as they do in the height of su When travellers want to go on foot from one settlement to another a long d off, they have to travel through the bush; and perhaps there is no track ma each one of the party takes a tomahawk, and they cut away the supple-jacl brushwood which obstruct their way, and so clear a passage. Then, as the ney forward, they strike away at a great number of trees with their tomaha they pass, so that when they return they may be able to find their way by marks on the trees, where the bark is stripped down or cut off. But Eu travellers like to get hold of a Maori—that is, a native of New Zealandtheir guide, because the natives have been so accustomed to travel where the man has never set his foot, that they know almost by instinct how to fine way through the densest and most difficult bush-country. A party of six E1 men started off one day to go to a settlement about a hundred and fifty mik and as they knew nothing of the country through which they were to pass got a native, named Karehana, to be their guide. Now these six Englishmen gentlemen; they had all been to school in their young days, had all received: education, and had enjoyed the privileges which belong to the inhabitants of is called a Christian country. Poor Karehana had been brought up as a se had been taught when quite young to learn the war-dance, and to believe th greatest warrior was the greatest man. He had heard nothing of heaven, known nothing of the happiness of home, as we understand it, when he was young, but had mixed with ignorant, barbarous people. But some missionaries managed to get hold of Karehana; they told him the "sweet story of old, how Jesus was here among men;" they taught him to read, and took no end of pains in making him

a good, and civilized, and useful man.

Well, on the first night that these six travellers were out on their journey, when the sun had gone down behind the hills, and the myriad birds of the bush had sung their evening hymn, they had to think about camping for the night. Karehana selected a capital spot for them. There was a nice little open space, and a belt of splendid big trees all round, and the spaces between the trees were filled up with shrubs and fern-trees. The party soon set to work to make a big bush-fire. A glorious thing is a bush-fire, boys! it is worth a thousand of these coal-fires in small, miserable grates. Soon their pot was put on to boil water for tea, the birds they had shot on the journey were quickly plucked and stuck upon sticks to rosst, and a fallen tree was dragged up to the fire for their seats. While cooking was going on, some of the party collected leaves, and small twigs of trees, to make themselves a children-in-the wood sort of bed for the night. When supper was over, and the party felt tired with their day's exertions, they resolved to "turn in" for the night. Blankets were spread over the leaves and twigs, and with many a sparkling joke and hearty laugh at the novelty of the scene, the six Englishmen settled down in their blankets for the night. But what of Karehana? He spread his blankets in the same way, but before he "turned in" he sat himself down by the blazing logs, took out a little Testament from his breast-pocket, and by the light of the bush-fire read his evening portion. The Englishmen saw the action, and their jokes and laughter ceased. When Karehana had finished reading, he put the little book back into his pocket, and turning round, he knelt down beside the fallen tree, and prayed. All was still and quiet: only just a faint breeze stirred the trees: the only noise was the occasional crackle of the fire and the cry of the owls.

But the Englishmen heard a sound they never expected to hear in that wild, untrodden bush. It was Karehana's prayer. He prayed aloud; oh, such a simple, beautiful prayer! He thanked God for not letting him live and die a savage. He blessed him that the white man had come over to the island, and taught him and his people the glad tidings of great joy; and he asked God to watch over all the party that night, and keep them in safety, and lead them all through their journey of life, until Maori and European, all nations, and peoples, and tongues, should praise his name in heaven. And then Karehana went to bed.

Not a word more was spoken by any of the party that night, and next day no mention was made by any one of them as to the beautiful and simple act of worship of their guide. After a long day's journey, they came again to a halting-place, and they selected just as good a spot as they had done the night before. When

the time for retiring to rest came, there was a pause in conversation, and looking into the fire.

Karehana was tired, and with very little ceremony he withdrew from th

pany to the opposite side of the fire, and took out his book to read.

When he had finished reading he turned round, as he had done the night and knelt down to pray. One of the Englishmen followed his example, an another and another, until in less than a minute they were all kneeling down their fallen tree! It was a strange sight, but a stranger lesson, that the once Maori should set such an example to the civilized Englishmen. And all their long journey, night after night, they kept up the practice, and some all through life will remember and persevere in the good lesson tau Karehans.

Now, boys, do not you be ashamed to act the part of Karehana, if y placed in such circumstances. Only be ashamed of fearing man more than Teacher's Offering.

MARY WARREN AND THE BIBLE.

LITTLE Mary Warren loved the Bible. She had been taught in the \$ school to love it, and her mother had often read to her some beautiful stor its pages. But her father, I am sorry to say, though a good man in many r was not a Christian. He loved his little Mary dearly, but he did not l Bible. Mary, though young, was an observant child, and had often the strange that her father never read from her favourite book. Her moth allowed her to spend a few days with an uncle, who resided some miles fr city. He was a Christian; and it was his custom, morning and evening, to chapter from the Bible, and ask God's blessing upon the labours and dutie day. Mary was delighted with this, and when she returned home she reme In the evening, when her father and mother were seated at the tab before the time for her to say "Good night," she went to the stand, lifting a large Bible, carried it to her father, and laving it on his knee, said, " won't you ask God to bless us, too, as uncle John did?" The father and looked at their darling child, and then at each other, and both burst inte He took the Bible, opened it, and with a broken voice and faltering tong the chapter, "Let not your heart be troubled;" and that night Little father offered up the first prayer his heart had lifted up to God since his chi But it was not the last, for little Mary had the pleasure of hearing her fath to God every morning and evening from that time to the close of his life. the Bible, dear childsen, and try to get others to love it too.

Do you know what the world would be without the Bible? You have all heard he heathen, buried in ignorance and sin. They have no Bible to teach them of d, as a kind, loving Father in heaven. They have idol-gods of their own, and y think, to please them, they must become worse instead of better. Mothers st throw their children into the Ganges. Men must fall before a great car, and 'er its wheels to pass over them and crush them to death. But our God asks such sacrifices as this. The only one he demands is a broken and contrite rt, a meek and lowly spirit; and it is the Bible that teaches us of him. Then in I ask, dear children, do you love this precious book?

A HOPE FOR ETERNITY.

some time since, as a Christian missionary was travelling in India, he came to stired spot, where, at some distance before him, he saw a man on the ground exently asleep. At first sight he supposed that the individual was one of those gious devotees so frequently to be met with in India, who, wearied with the gues of his pilgrimage, had lain him down to rest. As he approached nearer, wever, he thought the man appeared to be in pain; and on reaching the place ere he lay, he discovered that he was in the agonies of death. Anxious, if sible, to afford some consolation to a fellow-mortal in the hour of his extermity, missionary knelt by the side of the sufferer, and addressing him in the native guage, said, "Brother, what is your hope for eternity?" The dying man ened his eyes with an expression of surprise and pleasure, and faintly whispered, the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth from all sin."

He could say no more, for the tide of life was fast ebbing, and in a few moments s spirit of that poor and lonely wanderer was before the throne of God.

As the missionary gazed upon the lifeless corpse, his eye rested on a piece of per which the dying man had kept firmly grasped in his hand; and on examition he found that it was a single leaf of the Bengali New Testament, containing verse which the expiring Hindoo had repeated as the confession of his faith. It is mingled feelings of joy and sadness which filled the heart of the missionary, he pursued his journey, may be more easily imagined than described.

Young reader, what is your hope for eternity? You have not a leaf of the ble only, but the whole Bible: will your answer be as ready and beautiful as

THE HEATHEN CHILD'S SONG;

OR, "COME OVER AND HELP US."

WE gaze upon the beauteous earth, With its trees and flowers fair; We hear the gushing of its streams; And we breathe its balmy air.

We gaze upon the wondrous sky, With its many stars and bright; We see the glorious sun by day, And the silvery moon by night.

But ever our lives are mournful, And ever we fear to die; For wicked are we and guilty, And our souls in darkness lie.

We sigh for light, and peace, and hope;
But ever we sigh in vain!
Our gods of wood and stone are made,
And they never heed our pain.

We have heard of a land afar,
Beyond the billowy seas,
Where One true living God is known,
From whose presence darkness flees.

We have heard of a precious word He has given to children there, Richer by far than ruby bright, Or jewels that princes wear.

We have heard that it speaks of a Friend Almighty to save from woe, And a home of bliss beyond the grave Where all that love HIM shall go.

Would we were there, in that blest land, If Him we but there might find; Or would He were here, with pity deep, And a heart all vast and kind!

Oh! will not the happy children there
The leaves for our healing send,
That we their holy God may know,
And their Saviour make our Friend?

"I WISH TO KNOW MORE OF JESUS,"

ITTLE Jewish boy came to Mr. Gans, one of the missionaries the Jews, and asked him for a book.

have many little books," said the missionary: "which book do ish to have?"

should like to have one in which something is said of Christ." ave you a New Testament?"

es, sir: I have the whole Bible."

you read the New Testament you will find in it all that we about the Lord Jesus Christ."

to so in the school as well as at home; but I wish to know ing more of him than what I read in the New Testament."

That do you wish to know more of him?"

wish to know what he did while he was still a boy."

ou will find this in the New Testament."

Gans then opened the Bible, and let the boy read the account is given of the Lord Jesus when he was twelve years of age. r reading this the boy said, "I know all this, but I wish to something more of Jesus."

missionary then said that this was all that we knew of the pod of Christ, except what is related about his birth. He then I him that enough is given in the word of God to make certain vation of the soul. After exhorting him to seek Jesus, he gave ome tracts. The little boy began to read them directly he from the missionary, and we hope his search after truth met blessing.

thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid res, then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find owledge of God."

WHO LIVES FOR SELF?

"Nor for myself alone I live,"
Exclaimed a dew-bespangled flower:
"To bee and insect food I give,
And earth with fragrant beauty dower."

"Tis not to self I pay my vows,"
Rejoined the widely branching tree:
"The birds are lodged amid my boughs,
And 'neath my shade man hastes with glee."

"Not for myself I sparkle clear,"
The mountain-streamlet laughing cried:
"Man, beast, and fish, my waters cheer,
And add their mite to ocean wide."

"I live not for myself alone;"
So warbled forth the soaring bird:
"God's praise inspires my every tone,
While man to hope and joy is stirred."

Then not to self, ah, not to self, Let thinking souls devote their powers, But, spurning folly, ease, and pelf, For God and man employ their hours!



. HEATON AND SON, 21, WARWICK LANE, PATERNOSTER ROV

YOU HAVE NO INFLUENCE!

Who says he has no influence? Does any boy or girl say that? Does any one believe it?

Do you say, "I am but a child, and what can I do? How can I exert any influence?" Listen to the story we have to tell, and see.

A gentleman once took a steamer for a distant town. As he went on board a stranger came to him, and asked if he would be so kind as to take charge of a boy ten or twelve years of age.

The gentleman assented, and selected for the boy a berth directly under his own.

Early in the evening they went into the cabin, and there, close by their berts, were a company of men gambling, with their money lying around the table before them.

The gentleman, seeing this, immediately asked the boy if he had not better retire. He did not wish him to stop and witness such wickedness. The boy said he thought he had. He went to his berth, took off his jacket, and, according to his custom at home, knelt down quietly to say to himself his evening prayer.

One of the gamblers saw it, and, springing to his feet and smiting both hands upon his breast, exclaimed, "My God! I cannot stand that!" and immediately turned away, leaving the cards and money upon the table. One after another of his gambling companions quietly followed him, till every one had left the calin, and the gambling was broken up!

That boy was but a child, and it was but a little thing he had done, yet what a mighty influence he exerted! Had the gentleman who had charge of this boy, or a minister of the Gospel even, remonstrated with these wicked men, they might have laughed them to scorn; it might have been "casting pearls before swina." But that simple act of a child no doubt recalled their own tender childhood, and the earnest instructions of their pious mothers, and they were convicted and overwhelmed with a sense of their guilt.

O children! you can, and you do daily exert a mighty influence, for good or for evil, upon your associates and all around you. Be careful, then, what you do. Now be afraid to do what is right. Had that little boy felt ashamed before those wicked men to do what he knew was right, those men would have continued their gas-bling.

The Psalmist says, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordined strength, because of thine enemies: that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger."



reoccupied, with encouraging prospects, by our brother Mr. 1 In a recent letter from Mr. Peacock we learn that the around Bimbia is under the government of two native king Bell and King Aqua. These two kings are now at war, and is endeavouring to destroy the other; so that we may easily stand some of the difficulties with which the missionary has tend. Mr. Peacock has, however, entered on his work wit His hopes of success seem especially to be with the vo the older people are so sunk in degradation and wickedness difficult, if not hopeless, to induce them to listen to the Gosl his last letter he states especially the need he has for native The natives, he tells us, can better endure the climate t Europeans. "A European may be well to-day, and to-mo laid aside by sickness." Native agency, says our brother, is likewise, "because whatever might happen to Europeans would, with native agents, always be a spark left behind the at some future time break forth into a flame and consume tl rance around." What Mr. Peacock says is true of all min stations; but it is especially true of Africa. Let us pray t

"COME TO JESUS NOW!"

ne of the newest suburbs of a cturing town in S—shire, stands 'house, with large windows, and a door, and a walled court-yard, an elm-tree at the end of it; and from the ugly house—in fact, so as to lie every evening in the of the elm—is a pretty house, trellised porch, and Venetian shutd a garden before the door, and ioned curtains of white dimity at per windows.

nioned curtains of white dimity at not long ago, as surely as the sun tting, and as surely as the long of the old tree lay on the grass, ight see a child playing in that ; a merry child, as you could 7 his shout of glee when he hit his or sent his shuttle-cock into the rms of the elm tree that waved nim: a child beloved, as you might by the gentle word of sympathy or 1 that came now and again from en window of a parlour in which a aired man sat reading tranquilly. sant thing it was to look upon, the boy, growing weary at last, o sit on the ledge of that window atch the moon rising slowly from the town. Then golden hair and ere mingled, as the child, leaning father's shoulder, told all about ory of his day at the school hard r the ugly house is no other than chool building), sang softly his g hymn, and wondered if in all orld there could be anything more delightful than talking at such an hour with such a father.

You will see from all this that Charles Scott was not exactly what people call a common child. Yet he was by no means more clever or better-looking than children generally: and I am inclined to think that the cause of that happy union of love of fun and love of thought which I have remarked in him was simply the result of constant intercourse with his father, a Christian minister, who, after a long period of service in a distant country, had returned to his native land, bringing with him the only surviving child of six who once played together at a mother's knee. They were in heaven now-the mother and the children - all save Charles; and often in the twilight the father spoke of those who had gone before, and prayed that the boy might with him be prepared for "home."

But Charlie, although, as I said, a thoughtful boy, had not yet sought the pardon of his sins, and an entrance into rest through Jesus. There was time enough, he would think, as he listened to his father, for he was young and a long life was before him—at least he hoped so. In his manhood he would probably decide for Christ and become a preacher, but at present he was "only a boy."

But one evening in June, as Charlie sang his hymn with his usual earnestness, his father resolved to preach him a little sermon, in the hope that by the blessing of God he might be convinced.

that the only time of which he could be sure was Now!

"Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son, The ills that I this day have done, That with the world, myself, and thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

"Teach me to live that may dread The grave as little as my bod; Teach me to die, that so I may Rise glorious at the judgment day."

Such were the words which rose on the evening air, and seemed to float amongst the leaves of the grand old tree that was always talking to itself, or to the wind, Charlie didn't know which. They were used as a text for the little "sermon," of which I shall only be able to give you the "heads." These were as follows.

- 1. "It is a great joy to be at peace with God."
- 2. "Peace with God can be obtained only through Christ."
- 3. "Those who have not peace with God have good reason to fear the grave."
- 4. "Those who have peace with God are safe for ever."

Very simple and beautiful was the sermon, very touching the closing sentence, "Come to Jesus now."

I do not wonder that the boy wept on his father's shoulder as he listened, or that when he went up-stairs to his own little room his first act was to kneel down and pray.

A real prayer, a cry for mercy, was that which rose to God through the open window of Charlie's room that night. His father, wrestling like another Jacob, had prevailed: the Spirit of God had, in answer to his cry made the words effective. The invitation now had been brought home we to the hitherto delaying hear boy, trusting only in Jesus, saved.

Lying down on his bed the Charlie wondered how he chave been content to live with peace with God of which he hamuch and thought so little.

He was so happy that he coul sleep and when his father going eleven o'clock, came in, as us that he was safe, a pair of b met his, and a voice from the "Papa, I have found peace!"

It was a holy time. Very si brokenly the boy told of the ef the little sermon had produced mind, of the prayer which he ha and the answer which had been while his father, kneeling do bed, thanked God for his m took courage. It was midnig they parted: for this new bond holy brotherhood in Christ, ga ditional sweetness to their in But at last they slept, under t ful eve of the Sleepless One in w were henceforth to dwell sec "as the apple of his eye," ar "beneath the shadow of h And while they slept there w heaven "over a sinner repentin

Next morning, as Sarah tl keeper put back the Venetian of Charlie's sleeping-room, she what she called "a new kind a the face of her master's son, and, ending over him, heard him say, "Come Jesus now."

Is that all? And are we to hear no ore about the elm-tree, and the garden, and the old housekeeper, and Mr. Scott, and Charlie? I cannot tell. Perhaps I

may be able to write more on what Sarah calls "one of these odd days;" but, for the present, I have said all that time and space will allow, and can only ask that my readers will, like Charlie, go up-stairs and pray over those concluding words of the "sermon,"—

"Come to Jesus now!"

MISSIONARY NEWS.

THE MEETINGS.

INSTEAD of tidings from abroad, I think that, this month, I can iterest you by some account of the Annual Services, which were held

uring the last week of April and the first day in May.

The first service, to which we look forward with great interest, is he Prayer-meeting that is usually held in the Library of the Mission Louse on the Thursday preceding the Mission Sunday. This year it as conducted by our venerable friend Dr. Hoby, who gave an ddress on the occasion, rendered all the more solemn and impressive y the probability of its being the last which he would ever give. Dr. loby can look back on a long life spent in active service in Christ's ause, during which the Mission has always had his warmest support; nd now, in his old age, he shows that he loves it as much as ever. f those who have known the Mission almost from its beginning ove it, you who help it now that it has been well tried, and who ear of success which its founders never saw, ought to love it heart nd soul! On the evening of this day the Annual Meeting of the Sible Translation Society was held at Kingsgate Street Chapel, the Lev. J. Russell in the chair. By the help of this Society the means re chiefly provided to carry on the work of translating and printing he Scriptures into the languages of India, Ceylon, and Western Lfrica; a most important object; and I wish the friends of the fission mustered in larger numbers than they do. This year, however, the meeting was better and more animated than on some previous occasions.

On Lord's day, April 26th, sermons were preached in all the chapels in and about London on behalf of the Society. On account of this we call it the Mission Sunday, and a very good name it is for that particular one. But who preaches all the sermons? you ask. Perhaps you think the pastors of the churches meeting in these chapels do. No; except in a few instances. The Committee ask several ministers from the country, and the churches invite others; so that a large number of ministers from all parts of England, and some from Wales and Scotland, are in London on this Mission Sunday. By this means ministers and friends get to know each other, and when they come together they get good information from each other, and thus the whole body of pastors and churches are united together. But for this plan ministers and friends who know each other now, and know how the Mission is going ou, would never have known one another at all.

On the Tuesday following the Mission Sunday, the subscribers to the Society who feel disposed to attend assemble in the Library st 10 o'clock, and after reading the Scriptures, singing, and prayer, a chairman is elected for the day, and the business of the Annual Manham's Mathieuter of the sunday of the Annual Chairman is elected for the day, and the business of the Annual Chairman is elected for the day, and the business of the Annual Chairman is elected for the day, and the business of the Annual Chairman is elected for the day, and the business of the Annual Chairman is elected for the day, and the business of the Annual Chairman is elected for the day.

Members' Meeting begins.

The first thing is to choose the Committee for the coming year. This is done by putting into the hands of each person present a printed list of names of gentlemen who have been nominated as willing to serve. To this list each voter puts a mark opposite the names of those gentlemen he wishes to be elected. Then all these papers are collected and examined, and those who have the highest number of votes are reported to be elected. The Committee used to number thirty-six: now it is increased to forty-eight. Then the Treasurer and Secretaries are elected, and the accounts of moneys received and moneys spent are presented. When all this is done one of the Secretaries reads a narrative of the proceedings of the Committee during the past year, which is prepared from the minute-book, which is a record of what is done at each meeting of the Committee

rir various meetings. When this paper is read any friends t may ask any questions with the view of obtaining information tters in which they are interested, and when all this business the Chairman signs the record of the transactions of the day, smisses the assembly.

a the next day come the Sermons. But I should, perhaps, nentioned before, that this year the Committee resolved to have nual sermon, on the Friday preceding the Mission Sunday, ed to the Welsh Baptists in London, of whom there are many; by invited the Rev. H. Jones, of Carmarthen, to take this service, held in Salter's Hall Chapel, and a good many Welsh friends

resent, and next year we hope to see many more.

Wednesday morning the Rev. J. Watson, of Edinburgh, ed at Bloomsbury Chapel, from 2 Sam. xxiii. 1—7; and after ding the meaning of the passage, he too gave us some last of exhortation and counsel. In the evening, at the Metropoabernacle, the Rev. W. Brock preached from Paul's Epistle to 5, and his discourse was on the importance of a native agency ur Mission Stations. Now this is an object deeply interesting as every year you help to promote it. I hope that God will s the Mission as to give us plenty of pious, and zealous, and ent native converts, willing to devote themselves to the pasork of the churches in India, Ceylon, and elsewhere.

the next day the Annual Public Meeting was held in Exeter oseph Tritton, Esq., in the chair. The attendance was not so s I have seen it on some previous occasions; but it was a good g. All the speeches were good; and Mr. Sale was listened to pecial interest; for he will be soon returning to India, and you low we all like to hear and see missionaries. Just before the g closed it was announced that more than half the debt was s!! And the Anniversary Services were closed very effectively pital meeting of the Young Men's Auxiliary to the Society, the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Charles Reed, Esq., in the

ow we begin another year. May we be able to work heartily

to its close, and may God bless the Mission abundantly, both: and abroad; and to this all of you will say, AMEN.

Mission House, Moorgate Street.

THE LITTLE BROOK.

ONCE upon a time all the beautiful lakes of our country were lying (their beds. Here and there a white sail was seen on their smooth water steamboats were not then built. On the banks were great forests han and looking down as into a large mirror, in which each tree could see form, and admire the beauty of its green clothing. The duck swam an her wild young family. The loon dived and screamed, and shook him he wanted admiration. The deer, with her fawns, waded into the shallo and nipped the tender grass. The trout leaped out here and there in The beautiful cardinal flower stood in the low grounds and threw her or and wide. It seemed as if the fairies might have their home here. But there was a terrible commotion among the lakes and rivers! The wate and foamed, the waves relled and dashed, and tried to break out and b all their boundaries. The rivers stopped and refused to run, and the waters murmured over their banks. The loon hid himself in an isla young ducks made for the woods. The deer fled in terror. The trout di to the bottom with one whisk of his tail. It was a terrible time, and e seemed to be going fast to ruin.

Just then the king of the lakes came riding over the wild, awful wav-

horse made of spray.

"Heyday!" cried he: "what's the matter now?"

"Oh!" said a lake, "I am sick of life and sick of my home, and I amined not to stay here any longer. So are all, and I am speaking for all feel alike."

"Well, what's the matter? What would you have?"

"Have! we would have space, and room, and greatness. We want t an ocean. We hear the oceans are vast, and salt, and have great ships and great whales swimming in them, and that men can sail on them weeks and not see land! How glorious that must be! To have huge ship and battles fought on one's breast, and mighty fish diving and spouting bowels! But instead of that, here we are, with nothing but little speckles not a whale nor a porpoise, not even a lobster or a shark among us! He cooped up in our narrow limits—nothing but lakes! We want to be ood "But my good fellow, the earth is not big enough to have any mor

Don't you see that if I let you out you will not be an ocean, but be at once swallowed up in the ocean, and be lost?"

"But you, river, what ails you?"

"Me! why, your Majesty, I am ashamed of myself. I am so small! Just look at that map! Why, I'm only a little black streak!"

"And what do you, and the other ten rivers about you, want?"

"We want to be Amezons! and be 200 miles wide and 5,000 miles long, and to roll through mighty forests, where crocodiles and monkeys live, and where great serpents and parrots live."

"Foolish one! I must make ten or a dozen new continents before you can be

Amazons!"

Just then the king heard a low, silvery laugh. He looked down, and there was a little mountain brook rippling and laughing along in its pebbly channel. Its face was bright, its eye twinkled, and it danced, and leaped, and almost clapped its hands for joy. The grass was green and the flowers were thick, and honey-bees sang among them, and birds hopped and sang near it.

"Little, little brook!" said the king, "don't you want to be an Amszon? Why are you not in an uproar, and pouting, and wishing you were something

great?"

"Oh," said the little brook, "didn't you make me? And I suppose you wanted me to be a cheerful little brook, and to run here and keep the grass green, and the flowers bright, and the bees singing, and the birds happy! I suppose if you had wanted me to be an Amazon, or a Missouri, you would have made me so."
"Dear little fellow," said the king, "henceforward thou shalt be a favourite

with everybody!"

And the brook went singing on, and the lakes and rivers were ashamed, and

have never had such a rebellion since !- American Paper.

WHAT A LITTLE BOY CAN DO.

"I WISH, I wish," said a little boy, who awoke early one morning and lay in bed thinking, "I wish I was grown up, so as to do some good. If I was a judge, I would explain the laws; or I might be a missionary; or I could get rich, and give away so much to poor people; but I am only a little boy, and it will take me a great many years to grow up."

And so was he going to put off doing good till then?

"Well," he said to himself, while he was dressing, "I know what I can do. I san be good: that's left to little boys."

Therefore, when he was dressed, he knelt, and asked God to help him to be good

and try to serve him all day with his heart, and not forget. Then he we stairs to finish his sums.

No sooner was he scated with his slate before him than his mother call find his little brother. Charlie did not want to leave his lesson, yet he said, "I'll go, mother," and away he ran.

And how do you think he found "Eddie"? With a sharp axe in "I chop," he said; and quite likely the next moment he would have off his little toes. Charlie only thought of minding his mother; but tell if his ready obedience did not save his baby-brother from being a ci life ?

As Charlie was going on an errand for his mother he saw a poor won foot had slipped on the newly made ice, and she fell; and in falling she h her basket of nuts and apples, and some wicked boys were snatching up I and running off with them. Little Charlie stopped, and said, "Let me to pick up your nuts and apples;" and his nimble fingers quickly helper of her trouble. He did not know how his kind act comforted the poor wo after she got home, and how she prayed God to bless him.

At dinner, as his father and mother were talking, his father said ro shall not do anything for that man's son: the old man always did h injure me."

"But, father," said Charlie, looking up into his father's face, "does

Bible say that we must return good for evil?"

Charlie did not know that his father thought all the afternoon of what boy had said, and that he once murmured to himself, "My boy is more o tian than I am. I must be a better man."

When Charlie came home from school at night he found that his c canary-bird was dead. "Oh, mother! and I took such care of Birdie, an him so, and he sang so sweetly." And the little boy burst into tears over favourite. His mother tried to comfort him. "Who gave Birdie's life. took it sgain?" she asked, stroking his head gently. "God," he answered his tears; "and he knows best;" and he tried to quiet himself.

A lady, who was a visitor, was sitting in the room at the time. She had two children; and though she hoped they had taken angels' wings and nestle in the heavenly land, she would rather have had her little sons ba nest again. But when she beheld Charlie's patience and submission to h in heaven, she said, "I, too, will trust him, like this little child."

When Charlie laid his head on his pillow that night he thought. "I little to do good; but, oh, I do want to be good, and to love the Saviour,

down from heaven to die for me."-Child's Own Magazine.

OVER THE OCEAN WAVE.



Here, in this happy land, we have the light Shining from God's own word, free, pare, and bright: Shall we not send to them Bibles to read, Teachers, and preachers, and all that they need?

Chorus,-Pity them, &c.

Then, while the mission ships glad tidings bring, List! as that heathen band joyfully sing, "Over the ocean wave, oh see them come, Bringing the bread of life, guiding us home!"

Chorus,-Pity them, &c.

MISSIONS IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

An American missionary, who has long been labouring in the Sandwich Islan gives the following testimony as to some of the moral results of the mission w in one district there:-" It is now over thirty years that I have been labour among my people, then 6,000 or 7,000 in number, but now less than 4,000. found them almost naked; but now they are clothed. Then they were ignor thoughtless, destitute of books, or ability to read them: now they will com favourably with the common classes in most countries of Europe. Then they idle and inefficient, but now comparatively industrious. Then many dug up t grounds with a stick, and he was a favoured man who could get a whaler's at with which to cultivate his patch of land; but now the spade, the plough, and harrow, oxen, and carts, have taken the place of slower processes. At that t the people were beginning to say, 'There is but one God, and Jesus Christ is Son.' Since then thousands in my little field have told me that Jehovah is t God, and Jesus Christ is their only hope and trust. It has been with no come joy that I have repeatedly stood by the dying Hawaiian on his bed of mats. heard him say, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.' "

LOST!-FOUND!

: awaiting the arrival of the train, one rainy summer day, a came in hurriedly, and with great anxiety asked if I had ild about the station. A little girl, only two years old, had away and been gone from home several hours. Her little had been traced along the road to the river, and then they sight of. Beyond the river was the railroad, over which en passed; for the road was a great thoroughfare; and the her was half distracted with anxious fears and forebodings t might have befallen her.

gh a stranger in the place, my heart ached for those parents ght of the little face which would be sadly missed from my de, and anxiously did I watch for the first tidings of the

derer.

search of another half-hour, a joyous shout rang through and, straining my eyes, I saw in the distance a little white bonnet. Then a strong man came out of the tangled and hurried up the railroad bank, and across the bridge, the lost treasure in his arms. How I longed to go and the those parents as they welcomed their little one home, an ever now, perhaps, that she had once been lost! ever think whom you shall want to see when you get to I suppose, first of all, we shall want to see the dear who has prepared such a beautiful home for us; but we to see our friends there, too; and we can imagine mothers rs there, looking to see if their own little lambs are all safe to f the Good Shepherd; to see if Jamie, and Susie, and e all there. And, oh, if we can imagine any sadness in ow their hearts would sadden should one be missing—one

red away and been lost! ir young reader, will you be there?

THE FIRST-FRUITS.

FAIR waved the golden corn In Canaan's pleasant land, When, full of joy, at early morn Went forth the reaper-band.

To God, so good and great,
Their cheerful thanks they pour:
They carry to his temple-gate
The choicest of their store.

For thus the holy word, Spoken by Moses, ran: "The first ripe fruits are for the Lord: The rest he gives to man."

Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our earliest fruits to thee;
And pray, that long as we shall live,
We may thy children be.

This is our youthful prime Of life and all its powers: Be with us in our morning-time, And bless our evening hours.

In wisdom let us grow,
As years and strength are given,
That we may serve thy Church below,
And join thy saints in heaven.



J. HEATON AND SON, 21, WARWICK LANE, PATERNOSTER BOY

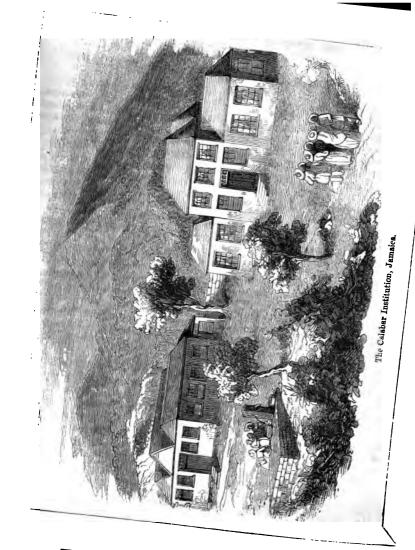
LITTLE WILLIE'S VERSES.

The following hymn came into my hands some time ago when I was down in the west of England. I found in the house where I was visiting a little boy only thirteen years of age. He looked ill, and one could not look at him twice without being a good deal interested in him. I spoke of him, and my friends told me something of his history; and in a talk we had together the next day I found he loved the Lord Jesus Christ, was very fond of the Bible, and semetimes, when say passage struck his mind, he put his thoughts into verse. Decisions to see something of his writing, the piece I now give to you, dear young friends, who read the JUVENILE, was put into my hands. I was so pleased with it that I brought is away, thinking you would like to read little Willie's verses on the decision of the heavenly city in the 21st chapter of Revelation. I hope the reading of them may do you good, and make you long more and more to be fit for that holy, happy place.

F. T.

REVELATIONS, CHAP. 21.

- There is a lovely city, Where Jesus reigns alone; Where death has no dominion, And sorrow is unknown. The sun, too, is not wanted, Nor candle in the night; For all is day in heaven, God's glory is the light.
- 2. There is a golden city,
 With gates of pearly white,
 And saints their harpe are tuning.
 In that land of pure delight.
 The ransomed hosts are singing
 To God a ceaseless song;
 And through eternal ages
 His praise they still prolong.
- 8. Come to the lovely city, Listen to mercy's call, It bids you come to Jesus, He will forgive you all. The Lamb was slain on Calvary To take away your sin, And the pearly gates are open, And you may enter in.
- 4. Come to the golden city, And join the happy baud Of spirits, saved from death and hell, Up in that happy land. The Saviour's arms are open, He calls you in his love, On, on, to the golden city, To the bright world above.



CALABAR INSTITUTION, JAMAICA.

On the other page, we give a view of the Institution at Calabar, for the education of ministers and others in the island of Jamaica. Our readers know, perhaps, that this Institution has been established for several years; and though it includes a Normal School for the instruction of teachers, its chief object is the preparation of young native brethren for the work of the ministry amongst their fellow-countrymen. The President of the Institution is the Rev. D. J. East, who has been much blessed in his important efforts. The Normal School Teacher was Mr. A. Gunning; but this excellent young brother, after little more than a year's connection with the Institution, was removed last year by the hand of death.

We find from the last Annual Report, that during the session preceding its publication, thirteen young men were under instruction; one theological student having been received from the church at St. Ann's Bay at Midsummer. From the Normal School, four, having completed their term, have entered on the work of day-school teaching, and one has felt it his duty to withdraw, under the conviction that his health is not equal to a course of study. Two of those who had finished their time of residence in the College passed an examination, conducted by the Revs. Messrs. Millard and Fray, and received creditable certificates. The other two had, when the Report

was issued, yet to be examined.

The loss to the Normal School, through the death of Mr. Gunning, appears to have been severely felt. Mr. Gunning landed in Jamaia in the month of April, 1861, and after little more than fifteen months devoted labour in that land, entered into rest on Sunday, the 27th of July, of the past year. The Committee have thus recorded their sentiments under this unexpected and afflictive bereavement. At a Committee meeting held on the 9th of September last, it was resolved:—"That this Committee, while desiring to cherish a spirit of devout submission to the will of God, cannot but record their feelings of deep sorrow on account of the death of their esteemed friend, Mr. Alexander Gunning. Early in 1861 he was sent by the Committee in the sent of the committee of the com

mittee of the Baptist Missionary Society to take charge of the Normal School at Calabar, and during the brief period he was connected with the Institution, by his unassuming piety, his kind and courteous demeanour, and his zealous and untiring efforts to promote the progress of the young men under his care, he commended himself to the confidence and affection of this Committee, and of all who had an opportunity of knowing his worth. To their afflicted friend, Mrs. Gunning, under the painful bereavement, they tender their most sincere condolence, and assure her of their earnest prayers, that the God of all grace and consolation may abundantly sustain and comfort her in her sorrow, and guide her future course by his unerring wisdom."

Mr. Gunning had conducted the studies of the young men up to within a few days of his removal. The Committee are now seeking for some one to occupy his place. Let us hope that some devoted brother may be induced to consecrate himself to the work; and that all the efforts which are being made to provide both for Jamaica and for India Native ministers and teachers may be eminently blessed of

God.

THE OLD SEA WALL.

A STORY OF A PLACE FOR PRAYER.

OVERLOOKING the sea, and somewhat less than a hundred miles to the eastward of the Land's End, is the parcel of ground which my old friend Josiah Willington gave to his son George, on the first of May, eighteen hundred and fifty-four. Not a large parcel by any means—only a few fields with a house and garden in their midst, and a long, low wall separating them from the coast—but a present which the receiver valued as much as a Christian man can value any

earthly inheritance. And truly there were few such fields in the parish of St. Bridvel as Fifteen-acre Meadow, Higher Park, Hill-side, and Brookly Close. As for the house, it was at once the neatest and the most old-fashioned of farmhouses, with a green-grey roof, diamond panes to the windows, a white-washed dairy, a kitchen chimney almost as big as the kitchen, and a garden in which mignonette and holly-hocks, scarlet geraniums and dark brown nasturtiums,

and tiger-lilies, striped grass, sweet-briar, southernwood, and lavender, grew in the prettiest possible confusion.

But the great charm of the little "estate" known as Higher Brookly, lay in the scenery which surrounded it; in the glorious sea that washed the base of the cliffs beyond Higher Park, in the stretch of sand that lay below Fifteenacre Meadow, and in the river that wound its way between woods and hamlets, parks and farmsteads, till, making a sudden bend, it hid itself behind Point Caleb, or, as it was more frequently called, the Demon's Brow. Many a careless hour had George Willington and his sisters passed under those cliffs, and on those sands, and beside that winding river, for their childhood had been almost free from trouble, and although separation from two brothers of a more enterprising character, and the increasing feebleness of their beloved and honoured father, had given them pain, they had known no deep sorrow previous to that first of May, eighteen hundred and fifty-four. when, in a ripe old age, Josiah died. From that time a great calm settled on the home, and George and his sisters ceased for ever to be careless. One by one they were brought into the fold of the Good Shepherd, and before their mother passed from earth to heaven she had the happiness of knowing that her children were at peace with God, through faith in his Son Jesus Christ.

Time passed, and the graves by St. Bridvel's Church were green. But Josiah and Mary Willington were not forgotten. On the first Monday in every month a cheerful but reverent group came to visit those mounds, and to talk softly of the rest into which their beloved parents had entered, and once a year James and Henry, the two sons who had sought and found in London a wider sphere than that which had contented George, came to read over and over the inscription on either stone:

"He that believeth in me, though be were dead yet shall he live.

"And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

"BELIEVEST THOU THIS?"

With James and Henry, came, after a time, a little girl whom they called Mary; a frail and dainty-looking thing, brought westward not too soen, for change of air. It is of this child I have to talk with you, and it is with the hope that you will thereby be enabled to understand what I tell you about her that this description of Brookly has been written.

Mary's stay at the farm was a long one, for she came at hay harvest, and remained till the very last apple had been gathered. I rather think it was Under George who contrived that she should be there until November, and see a grand storm before she returned to London, but I need not inquire into that matter, my business being with the events of July and August. Mary began the first of these months by spending a long day is the fields with Uncle George, tossing her, picking flowers, and reading a little—only a little—as she sat on the old see

th the cloudless evening sky r, and the broad deep sea It was a good time, and the enjoyed it heartily. Every day s, she came to that pleasant spot, y day she was rewarded by the of some new beauty in its ings. Now it was a broad violetstripe on the ocean's breast, now ted city amongst the clouds that, or seemed to cluster, around now a big ship in full sail on the

ill see by all this that Mary was et. You picture her as largel clever looking, graceful and rail and delicate; and you are he was all this, and more, for a Christian child. As she sat the old sea-wall, many thoughts who made the worlds came o the mind of this little girl, and d sing about him in low tones ned to those who listened like a n another sphere. As the ships she watched them and guessed and. One was a ship of war, to the Mediterranean, another int-vessel, about to cross the another was possibly, who could aveving missionaries to their homes.

is late in July when this last presented itself to Mary's mind, there, it was never dislodged. been present at some of the May in London, and her thoughts to that time, as the names of hree new missionaries were recalled. How much she would have liked to wave a flag as the good ship went down channel; or to put off in a boat—such was her romantic notion—and carry some of Aunt Harriet's delicious butter and cream, and Aunt Mary's poultry, as a parting present to the voyagers. She remembered how one speaker had said something about his children, who were to go with him to his new home; how delightful to such a group would be a large basket of strawberries and cherries, such as Uncle George had sent off to the market a few days before!

Full of such thoughts as these, little Mary wrote a letter to her mother. Here it is:—

"My own darling Mamma,

"Aunt Harriet says I may put a little letter into her big one, and I am very glad, for I want to say something important. It is about the missionaries. Do you think they would like it if I put off-that is what they call it here-in a boat, and took strawberries for the children? I can see all the ships quite well as I sit on the wall between the hay-field and the cliff, and I want to know which of them all has a missionary and his family on board. If papa or you would send an answer very soon, it would make me pleased. Auntie says it is time to take this to the little post-office, so goodbye my darling mamma, with love to papa from

" MARY."

Here, too, is the answer:-

"My dear little Mary,

"Your papa and I have read your letter twice, and we are both glad to know that our darling feels so much interested in missionaries and their work. But we do not think it would be wise for her to "put off" in a boat as she proposes. The ships which she watches from her seat on the old sea-wall are far away, and a thousand big waves roll between them and our little girl, so that, even if it were possible to know exactly the hour at which the missionary bark would be sailing by, it would not be prudent for her to go and meet it. But there is one very useful thing which Mary can do for the friends who will next month leave England for heathen lands. She can pray for God's blessing on their work of faith and love. As she sits on the old wall between the hav-field and the cliff, she can lift up her heart in behalf of these ambassadors for Christ, and so help on the cause which she loves so dearly. No one but God can tell how much he gives in answer to the prayers of his little ones. Don't forget to pray.

"Your papa has just looked over my shoulder for a minute, and he reminds me that there is another class of persons for whom you should pray as the ships are gliding by. Papa means the sailors, who, if they were only earnest, self-denying Christians, would all be missionaries. Let these also have a place in your thoughts, my darling Mary, as you sit on the old sea-wall in the summer

morning, and watch the white sails glistening in the sunlight, or fading away into the shadowy distance.

"When I am quite well and strong, papa says I must come down and see Brookly, and the cliffs, and the sands, and the river, for myself. But just now I must be content with picturing my little girl in the hay-field, with her book upon her knee, and her eyes fixed on the ocean. I can see her now. "God bles her!" prays papa, and, with him,

"Her loving Mother,
"AGNES WILLINGTON."

When Mary read this, her first feeling was one of disappointment, but after a time that wore off, and was succeeded by a delightful consciousness of privilege. That she might ask God for a thousand good things in behalf of sailors, emigrants, and missionaries, was a thought which pleased her greatly. Receiving her mother's letter on the last day of July, she went early next morning to her set on the broken wall, and there, in he simple fashion, prayed for those who "so down to the sea in ships, and do business in great waters." It was a thing at which the world's philosophers and poets with have smiled, but it reached the ear of God and brought down blessing.

Days went by, and Mary's prayer was still offered in secret. While her auxis were busy in the midst of household duties, and her uncle engaged in the management of his little farm, she was scarcely missed. But, at last, in the west of leisure that succeeded the "harvest of leisure the leisure that succeeded the "harvest of leisure that succeeded the "harvest of leisure that succeeded the "harvest of leisure the leisure that succeeded the "harvest of leisure the leisure the leisure that succeeded the "harvest of leisure the leisure that succeeded the "harvest of leisure the leisure that succeeded

Aunt Harriet, of whom you
r's letter, began to accompany
her morning walks. Then it
the course of a quiet talk
and snilors, the secret was

appened that Auntie—every-Miss Willington Auntie—had ime been wishing to invite thirty friends from a large d the river to spend a long ookly. And as Mary was it her mother's letter and the which it contained, the idea a missionary prayer-meeting ffs for the first time occurred to her. The result was delightful, for in less than a week from that time invitations to no less than twenty-seven persons were sent forth and accepted, and in less than a fortnight a happy day on the sands was succeeded by a still happier evening on which, as the sun sank low in the crimson west, an earnest cry for blessing rose to Heaven in behalf of such as go forth to preach Christ's Gospel.

And from that time the wall between Higher Park and the cliff which lay beyond, became to Uncle George and his sisters, as well as to little Mary, a

place for prayer.

MISSIONARY NEWS.

e not, I dare say, so well acquainted with China as with some ts of the missionary field. Indeed, you could not be, as it ery lately that we have had any missionaries in China at you have heard of Mr. Klöckers, who had been in China, bliged to come home to Holland, as the society he had s not able to keep him out there. He wrote to our Comd was accepted, and went again about three years ago. And e now. For some time he was at Canton, then at Nankin, 1e is at Cheefoo, far up in the northern part of the country. as seen much trouble. Mrs. Klöekers, an English lady, ong since; and lately he lost his dear little baby girl. he went to Cheefoo, to join Mr. Hall, who had also been s in China, and had been appointed one of our missionaries. him very ill of that dreadful disease cholera, and in two or s he died; and one of his children died also, and Mrs. Hall ed to come home. On her passage she stopped at a place

called Singapore, and there the only other child sickened and died. Mrs. Hall, now a widow, and without any child, had to come home alone. We were all very sorry for her, and so will you be, too.

As soon as Mr. Laughton, who had been accepted for mission service some time before these sad tidings reached the Committee, heard of them, he at once offered to go and fill Mr. Hall's place. That act showed his zeal and courage, and his offer was accepted, and I went with him and his wife to the ship. Not many weeks ago I heard from them. They had arrived all safe at Shanghai (thanks to a kind Providence which had guided and guarded them over the great deep), and were preparing to start for Cheefoo to join Mr. Klöekers, and I have heard from them, and they have met.

You have not forgotten the letters your kind friend at Heathfield wrote to you last year, and how in one or two of them you heard of the Walmer Castle, and Mr. and Mrs. Rouse. Well, then, you will be sorry to hear that of late Mr. Rouse has been very ill; and now the doctors, who have examined him, say he must come away at once. I suppose he left Calcutta May 25th, and by the time you read these lines he will be very near home. This is very sad, and Mrs. Rouse was not able to leave with him, and they had to part, and by-and-by she will follow him. Oh how they both grieve over this! are sorely troubled and disappointed. They are not so much troubled about the sickness, though that is very hard to bear, as that they must leave India, and the good work in which they hoped to go on all their lives. Mr. Rouse had joined Mr. Wenger, to assist him in the translation of the Scriptures; and just as he had begun, he is obliged to give it up, and come home. He would rather stay out there, and live and die there. But God has ordered it otherwise. He, and our friends in Calcutta, try to think and feel that it is ordered for the best, as it surely is. But it is hard to see that it is so. And the Committee and Mr. Rouse's friends in England are all grieved too. But none must murmur: that would be very wrong. God knows best. These things happen for our good, to try our faith and patience, and to show us that God can do without those whom we think so important. Let us pray, then, that Mr.

Rouse may have a safe passage, and, when home, that his health may be restored, and, if it please God, he may be permitted to go back to India again. This is not a very bright page; but you, as well as your elders, must learn to bear disappointments even in trying to do good. Think of this.

F. T.

Mission House, Moorgate Street.

THE LITTLE BROOK.

BY THE REV. JOHN TODD, D.D.

ONCE upon a time all the beautiful lakes of our country were lying quietly in their beds. Here and there a white sail was seen on their smooth waters. steamboats were not then built. On the banks were great forests hanging over and looking down as into a large mirror, in which each tree could see its own form and admire the beauty of its green clothing. The duck swam, and led on her wild young family. The loon dived, and screamed, and shook himself, as if The deer, with her fawns, waded into the shallow he wanted admiration. waters, and nipped the tender grass. The trout leaped out here and there in his joy. The beautiful cardinal flower stood in the low grounds and threw her colours far and wide. It seemed as if the fairies might have their home here.

But suddenly there was a terrible commotion among the lakes and rivers. The waters boiled and foamed, the waves rolled and dashed, and tried to break out and burst over all their boundaries. The rivers stopped and refused to run. and their sullen waters murmured over their banks. The loon hid himself in an island. The young ducks made for the woods. The deer fled in terror. The trout dove down to the bottom with one whisk of his tail. It was a terrible time, and everything seemed to be going fast to ruin.

Just then the king of the lakes came riding over the wild, awful waves on his

horse made of spray.

"Heyday!" cried he, "what's the matter now?"
"O," said the lake, "I am sick of life and sick of my home, and I am determined not to stay here any longer. So are all, and I am speaking for all. We all feel alike!"

"Well, what's the matter? What would you have?"

"Have! We would have space, and room, and greatness. We want to be each an ocean. We hear the oceans are vast, and salt, and have great ships on them, and great whales swimming in them, and that men can sail on them days and weeks and not see land! How glorious that must be! To have huge ships of war and battles fought on one's breast, and mighty fish diving and s in one's bowels! But instead of that, here we are, with nothing but speckled trout—not a whale nor a porpoise, not even a lobster or a shark us! Here we are, cooped up in our narrow limits, nothing but lakes! We to be oceans!"

"But, my good fellow, the earth is not big enough to have any more Don't you see that if I let you out, you will not be an ocean, but be swallowed up in the oceans, and be lost?"

"But you, river! what ails you?"

"Me! Why, your majesty, I am ashamed of myself. I am so small look at that map. Why, I'm only a little black streak!"

"And what do you, and the other ten rivers about you, want?"

"We want to be Amazons! and be two hundred miles wide and five the miles long, and to roll through mighty forests, where crocodiles and r live, and where great serpents and parrots live!"

"Foolish one! I must make ten or a dozen new continents before you

Amazons."

Just then the king heard a low, silvery laugh. He looked down, ar was a little mountain brook rippling and laughing along its pebbly chanr face was bright, its eye twinkled, and it danced, and leaped, and almost its hands for joy. The grass was green and the flowers were thick, and bees sung among them, and birds hopped and sang near it.

"Little brook! little brook!" said the King, "don't you want t Amazon? Why are you not in an uproar, and pouting, and wishing y

something great?"

"O," said the little brook, "didn't you make me? And I suppose you me to be a cheerful little brook, and to run here and keep the grass grathe flowers bright, and the bees singing, and the birds happy. I suppose had wanted me to be an Amazon, or a Missouri, you would have made m

"Dear little fellow!" said the king, "henceforward thou shalt be a f

with everybody."

And the brook went singing on, and the lakes and rivers were ashan have never had such a rebellion since!

BE USEFUL.

An idle or useless person in society is like a drone in a hive, living upon without doing anything for them in return; or like the barren fig-tree, a fruitless, but a cumberer of the ground. Every one should live for some Even a child should try in some way to be useful, and may in a thousand something for the comfort or happiness of others. He should not permit pass without having done some good. If he begins life by permitting d

months to pass idly and unprofitably, he is getting habits which will by-and-by render him a burthen and not a blessing to the world. No one respects the man or the child who lives for his own pleasure alone, and who only thinks of or cares for others as they minister to his own selfish purposes. It is the man who devotes his time and talents, whatever they may be, to the good of his fellow-men, who is most happy himself, and who gains most of the respect and love of others. I have somewhere read of a rich and a poor man who once fell among a savage people as their prisoners. The poor man, determining to make friends of his captors, found some osiers, with which he made very pretty ornaments for the head. As one after another of the savage tribe received from him the simple gifts which he had made, he rose in their esteem, and was treated by them with kindness and attention; while the rich man was compelled to go out and collect the materials with which his poor fellow-captive might carry on his work, and so became his servant.

Thus it is everywhere in society—the useful man is respected and loved. person to whom God has given wealth, and who uses it as his steward, in making the world the better for his living in it, is honoured far above him who spends all God's gifts upon himself, in ministering to his own pleasures and appetites. And so the poorest child can make himself blessed, and be happy, if he but try to make himself useful to others. He may be able to do nothing more than give a cup of cold water to a thirsty disciple, but even that little act "shall in no wise lose its reward." My dear children, try to be useful. There is enough for you to do. Sorrow, and want, and ignorance, and vice are all around you; and if you are but faithful, you may do a work even while you are young, that shall be felt for good in

years and ages to come.

"Little seeds of mercy, Sown by youthful hands, Grow to bless the nations. Far in heathen lands."

THE BURMESE FLOWER GIRL.

THE wife of a missionary says,—"I remember a case in Burmah of a little girl who cast in her mite, and it was blessed by God, and made to do a great work. We were sending a preacher to a heathen village to distribute tracts. Among those who contributed to this object was a little girl, who brought in a penny which she had earned by selling flowers. The preacher went. Among the people was a man who seemed interested, but would not examine our religion until the preacher told him that his own countrymen had sent him forth; and then he mentioned the little girl who gave a penny, which she had earned by selling flowers. The man's heart was touched at the act of benevolence from a child. and at once he asked for a book, and began to study the law of 'Love thy neighbour as thyself.' Not long after that, he professed his faith in the crucified Saviour."

"SMALL SERVICE IS TRUE SERVICE."

THE brakes with golden flowers were crowned, And melody was heard around; When, near a stream, a dew-drop shed Its lustre on a violet's head.

While trembling to the breeze it hung,—
The streamlet, as it rolled along,
The beauty of the morn confess'd,
And thus the sparkling pearl addressed:—
"Sure, little drop, rejoice we may,
For all is beautiful and gay;
Creation wears her emerald dress,
And smiles in all her loveliness;
And with delight and pride I see
That little flower bedewed by thee.
Thy lustre with a gem might vie,
While trembling in its purple eye."

"You may rejoice, indeed, 'tis true,"
Replied the radiant drop of dew;
"You will, no doubt, as on you move,
To flocks and herds a blessing prove;
But when the sun ascends on high,
Its beams will draw me to the sky;
And (I must own my humble power)
I've but refreshed a lowly flower."

"Hold!" cried the stream, "nor thus repine; For well 'tis known a power divine, Subservient to His will supreme, Hath made the dew-drop and the stream. Though small thou art—(I that allow)—No mark of Heaven's contempt art thou. Thou hast refreshed an humble flower, And done according to thy power. All things that are, both great and small, One glorious Author formed them all. This thought may all repining quell,—What serves his purpose serves him well."

THE ECHO.

A LITTLE boy knew nothing about an echo; but one day he cried out as he jumped about in the grass, "Ho! H-o-p!" and immediately, from a little wall close at hand, he heard, "Ho! H-o-p!" Astonished, he cried out, "Who are you?" The voice at once answered: "Who are you?" "You're a stupid little fool!" cried the boy, beginning to be angry. "Stupid little fool!" came back from the wall.

The boy grew enraged, and in his passion shouted all manner of abusive names; the wall gave them all faithfully back again. Then the child searched all over for the mocking boy, that he might take vengeance on him; but no creature could he find but a harmless pussy hunting sparrows.

Indignant and surprised, the child ran home and complained bitterly how a wicked boy, hidden somewhere behind the old wall, had been calling him hard names.

"There!" said his mother, "you have betrayed yourself! You heard only your own words reflected from the wall, as you have seen your own face, sometimes, reflected from a glass. If you had given kind tones and friendly words, kind tones and friendly words would have returned to you again."

And so it always is; the conduct of others is but the echo of our own. If we treat others kindly and considerately, they will treat us kindly and considerately in turn; but if we are rough and rude to them, we must expect nothing more ourselves.

JESUS ONCE A CHILD.

And was my Saviour once a child— A little child like me? And was he humble, meek, and mild, As little ones should be?

O why did not the Son of God Come as an angel bright? And why not leave his fair abode To come with power and might?

Because he came not here to reign,
As sovereign here below;
He came to save our souls from sin,
Whence all our sorrows flow.

And did the Son of God most high Consent a man to be? And did that blessed Saviour die Upon the cross for me?

And did my Saviour freely give
His life for sinful men?
What! did he die that we might live?
O, how he loved us then!

Accept, oh dear redeeming Lord!
An infant's humble praise;
Teach me to love thy holy word,
And serve thee all my days.



J. HEATON AND SON, 21, WARWICK LANE, PATERNOSTER BOY

A CHILD DOING GOOD.

A LITTLE girl who had a heart to do good, once became very much discouraged because, as she said, she was nothing but a little girl. If she were only a woman and had ptenty of money, she could do a great deal of good in the world, she thought; but as it was, there was little she could do.

But when she went away slone to pray, God met her, as he meets all who pray sincerely to him, and he taught her how she might serve him.

She rose one morning with a new purpose in her heart—a purpose to make every one about her as happy as she possibly could. She soon found her hands full of work. She ran on errands for her mother, and she helped her little brothers and sisters, and gave every one a smile and a pleasant word, and all the house was full of the sunshine of the little girl's love. She began to see that love can accomplish a great deal; and when night came she was very happy, as she reviewed the day, and counted all the little things she had been able to do to assist and comfort others.

"I know now," she said, "why I have done more to-day than I've ever done in any one day before. I wanted to do a great deal, and I watched for the opportunities." The well-spent day convinced her that the had influence and talents too.

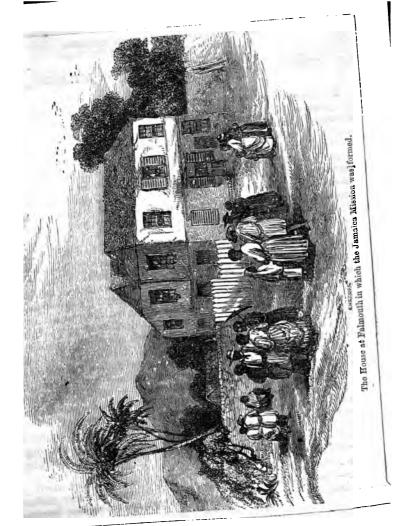
In all these efforts of the little girl she did indeed work many good works. She found that she had influence, and talents, and money—all she needed to work with. She learned, too, that a *loving heart* always finds a great many ways of doing good, and that those who love God will always find work enough to do in the world.

The old man whose hair is white, and who walks with trembling steps, has often felt the power of a child, and been made better by it.

The strong, stout infidel, who says the Bible is not true, has been led by the simple words of a child to read the Bible and love it, and pray to God for the forgiveness of his sins.

The profane swearer, who dares to use the name of God lightly, has been induced by the gentle pleading of a child to give up, his profanity, and revere and worship God.

There are innumerable instances showing that children have done what others seemed unable to do. No one, my reader, is too small and unnoticed to do good!



THE JUBILEE OF THE BAPTIST MISSION IN JAMAICA.

It will interest our young readers to hear that next year will be the jubilee year of the Baptist Mission in Jamaica. On the 23rd of February, 1814, the Rev. John Rowe landed at Montego Bay, and soon after commenced the mission at Falmouth, in the house of which a view is given on the opposite page. Since then, there have laboured, in connection with the mission, such men as Coultart and Tinson, Burton and Gardner, Burchell and Knibb, who have finished their labours and have passed to their reward; and now, at this moment, a large number of honoured brethren are labouring with equal faithfulness and devotedness, and with many signs of the approval of the Master.

It cannot fail to interest our readers to be told of what has been done in Jamaica during the fifty years that have passed away. In 1814, when the Mission began, slavery existed, with all its attendant evils. The great bulk of the people were held as chattels, and bought and sold and whipped as if they had been brutes. The power of the law was exerted to keep them in ignorance, and to punish any who sought to instruct them. The free black and coloured people laboured under great disabilities, and were the victims of prejudice and wrong. Superstition and irreligion were rampant in the island; and the Lord's day was to the slaves a day of toil or of merchandise, and to others of sport and dissipation. Now we see slavery abolished—civil disabilities removed—caste distinctions abrogated—equal rights, liberties, and privileges enjoyed by all-education unfettered—the Sabbath a day of rest and worship! What a mighty revolution is this! it has been brought about by God's blessing on the self-denying, selfsacrificing, persevering, patient toils and sufferings of the missionaries of the Cross, in which none shared more largely than the missionaries of the Society whose jubilee occurs next year.

The following facts are given in illustration of the statement just made:—The Baptist Mission has established itself in every parish in the island. There are 74 regularly organized churches, having a

nembership amounting to about 30,000; and there are several hurches in the island which have sprung from the operations of the sission, though not now in connection with it. These churches are, and have for many years been, supported entirely without foreign aid. They are presided over by 22 European and 19 native pastors, or 41 all. The mission has its own College and Training School for the ducation of its pastors and teachers, maintained at an annual cost of 300 to the churches, for board and residence of students. It has also so wn Missionary Society, and raises, for Home and Foreign Missions, from £1,000 to £1,300 per annum. Its Day Schools number bout 90, and it has in operation about 70 Sunday Schools, with pwards of 1,100 teachers and 1,300 scholars, and a large proportion f these scholars are able to read the Holy Scriptures.

Such are some of the results of fifty years' labour. It need not be dded that, during the fifty years, thousands of poor black people have een saved by God's grace, and have been called from the Church on arth to the Church in heaven. No wonder that our brethren purpo co celebrate the fiftieth year as a jubilee year. "What hath God rought!" is their language and ours. We hope to tell our young eaders more about this jubilee in future numbers of the Herald; and perhaps we may ask them to join their thanksgivings and offer-

igs to those of their brethren far away.

TEACHING THE HOTTENTOTS:

A STORY OF A CASTLE IN THE AIR.

It was on what she called "the hottest ay of all the year" that Alice Somerille lay dreaming in a shady nook of one f the most delightful valleys in the ordd, wishing for something which for he present was quite impossible. It ras just the place for a castle in the air; that fresh green valley, with its tinkling brook, and its green sward sloping upwards to the bower among the trees in which Alice, after tiring herself by gathering and arranging wild flowers for her mother's guests, had contrived a very cozy little sofa. A fluttering of leaves and a twittering of birds were the only sounds that broke the stillness; for the brook tinkle could not be heard so far away, and the cows in the higher valley were half-asleep. In the corn-field on the top of the hill, beyond the wood, stood the sheaves which the reapers had cut down the day before; but even there all was silent now, and the great shocks seemed, in their grave and stately way, to be taking a long siesta, perhaps to fortify themselves for their approaching journey to the "mow."

"I wonder," thought Alice, as she lay dozing there-" I wonder how people feel in those very burning hot countries where there are no brooks, and bowers. and things!" and her mind wandered away to Africa, and Australia, and Arabia; to Elijah, beside the dry channel of the Cherith; to Ishmael, when he laid him down to die; to the children of Israel in the wilderness: to David, longing for the water of the well of Bethlehem; until she grew thirsty herself, and ran off to the brook-her Cherith. as she called it-to drink, and, if truth be told, bathe her feet too, in its clear, cold waters. She would have made a good picture, this demure little Alice, as she sat on the plank which she called her rustic bridge, and, with a background of woods and harvest-fields, paddled daintily in the running water. Shading her face as completely as an umbrella, her broadbrimmed hat was tied down, gipsyfashion, by a ribbon under which the stems of half a score of ferns had been twisted, while a bright red handkerchief.

which was presently to be hoisted on the flagstaff by the bower, was made to do duty as a towel for the little feet.

The little girl was so busy with the brook that she did not observe how, one by one, from the deep shadow of the wood, there came five or six very superior-looking people, who, as soon as they saw her, drew back, and put their heads together, whispering. These were no other than her mamma and cousins. accompanied by friends from a neighbouring village. By the time Alice saw them they were all laughing heartily; and as, blushing, she ran to her mother, everybody inquired how it was that the flag which should have been raised in honour of their arrival had been forgotten. Alice tried to explain how she had wearied herself, and taken to castlebuilding, and forgotten how time went by: but she did not get on very well, for her friends had been so much amused by what they had seen of her proceedings that it was almost impossible to secure a patient hearing, and at last Hannah, the voungest of her cousins, a tall and graceful girl of seventeen, ran off with her, saying that Alice had been questioned long enough, and must be permitted to hoist her flag immediately.

So the pair ran down one slope, and up the other, crossing the bridge, and pausing for a moment that Hannah might drink of the brook. Five minutes later, and the red handkerchief was floating high in the summer breeze, while, resting beneath, the two cousins compared notes, as Hannah said, about the weather. "I call it the hottest day we have had," said the younger; "though there is a breeze."

"And I think it quite cool," said the elder, "compared with times I have known in Africa."

"Yes, of course. I was thinking of that before you came."

"In the midst of your paddling?" asked Hannah, smiling.

"No: just before that, as I lay here building castles about you, and Martha, and the Hottentots, and—and me."

Hannah looked round quickly. "Hottentots and you?" she repeated doubtingly.

"Yes. Will you promise not to laugh if I tell you something?"

Hannah promised.

"It is one of myl castles'—remember you having promised not to laugh!—that I will one day come to you and my uncle in Africa, and teach the Hottentots."

"My dear little Alice!" exclaimed her cousin, kissing her.

Alice went on gravely: "For, you see, there are so many of us that mamma and papa could spare one child easily; and I like keeping school, cousin Hannah; I do indeed!"

"But Hottentots are not like English children. They are stupid and dirty. You would not like teaching them?"

"Oh yes, I should; the dear, little, awkward, tiresome, heathen things. I would teach them all day, over and over, and make frocks for them in the evenings; and I would write very long letters to people in England, and ask

them to send me great boxes very often; and perhaps, one day, just as I was closing school, and the girls were tying on their hats—if they had any—one of the little woolly-headed ones would come up to me and say, 'Oh, Miss Alice, dere's a box come from England!' and I would go down on my knees, and unpack it, and cry over my letters from home; and next morning—" But here Alice stopped suddenly, for her mother was at her side.

"Go on, dear," said Mrs. Somerville, smiling: "I am deeply interested."

But Alice could only hide her face in her mother's dress, and confess that she had been talking foolishly.

"I am not fit," she said; "I know that; only——"

"Only what?"

"I wish I could some day be a missionary."

Mrs. Somerville made no reply, for at that moment all the other friends drew near; but Alice was sure that she would not forget those earnest, whispered words, or the half-tearful look which accompanied them.

Two days had gone by, and the friends who were so soon to leave their native land had bidden a long farewell to brook and bower, when Mrs. Somerville, holding Alice by the hand, once again crossed the rustic bridge in the little valley. It was evening now, and the long shadows of many trees fell on the grass, as, entering the arbour, they sat down side by side to enjoy a long talk about the Saviour whom Alice, he grass,

only wished to love and serve; a long talk, ending in a prayer, as the stars came forth, one by one, above the hills; a long talk, ending in sweet tears of penitence and hope, as the love of God in Christ was revealed from heaven.

If I had time and space I would give you a full account of that conversation. At present I can only tell how that night, as Alice Somerville lay down upon her bed, she for the first time understood why it was honourable and delightful to be a missionary. And the reason of this was, that she had begun to seek "Jesus, who was crucified."

Whether she will ever go to Africa, and teach Hottentots, I cannot tell; but one thing is certain; and that is, that whenever again she sits castle-building in her bower, she will raise her aerial visions on better foundations than those at which cousin Hannah promised "not to laugh," on that hot day, last September.

I break off suddenly. Perhaps at some future time I may give you other portions of Alice Somerville's history. Until then I would ask you all to remember the simple lesson which she learned beside the brook. If you do not know what that is I have written in vain.

MISSIONARY NEWS.

The chief event of interest which has occurred during the past month is the departure of missionaries to India and China, though Mr. and Mrs. McMechan really went the latter end of the month before. In the one case, a valedictory service was beld in King Street Chapel, Bristol; in the other, in Bloomsbury Chapel, London. Besides Mr. Isaac Allen, the newly-appointed missionary, Mr. and Mrs. Sale, and Mrs. Anderson, were there to receive an affectionate farewell, after a prolonged visit to England, seeking restoration of health. We bless God for his goodness to these dear friends in that they go back to India with renewed strength, and, what in some respects is better, renewed ardour and zeal in the good work. May the Polmaise and the Shannon safely bear these esteemed friends to their desired haven!

The annual report of the Colingah native church in Calcutta is to hand, and I think you would like to know something of it. The pastor's name is Goolzar Shah. He holds a situation in a Govern-

ffice, but gives all his spare time to preaching the Gospel and king this church. It is their custom to have an annual g, to which they invite many native Christians from other es, and the missionaries residing in and about Calcutta. eting the accounts of all moneys received and paid are read. of the money is given to poor widows, and for repairs of poor ans' houses. Then they support a native preacher, and pay a of the expenses of the brethren who have come from different f the country to "the Association." At the close of the s connected with this annual gathering, the friends sit down r to commune at the Lord's Supper. These meetings age brethren living at a distance, and serve to strengthen ids of Christian fellowship between them and those who Eight persons have been baptized and added to in Calcutta. rch during the past year.

letter from Agra, a large town in Northern India, the misgives an interesting account of a native convert, of the writer cell-educated and intelligent, who has recently been baptized

ted to the church there.

acts are briefly these. Some years ago a New Testament was him by a missionary. He read it, and was led to reflect on read. By God's good providence he was thrown in the way native Christians, by one of whom especially he was inland warned. He became deeply concerned about his soul, hed to embrace Christianity. There was no missionary near, answer to his inquiries he could find no one nearer than ore, nearly 400 miles away. He wrote to this missionary, blied, requesting him to come. This he could not do, and so he d, studying the Scriptures. But his conscience was uneasy, resolved to set off in search of a missionary. He came to met with the catechists there, who wrote to Mr. Gregson. leasted this earnest inquirer to come over to Agra.

so over he came. But they were a little suspicious of him at ad why, think you? They found him so well informed about nity that they feared he had been connected with some

Christian church, and had been dismissed. But his account of himself was so consistent with itself (and liars and impostors always contradict themselves sooner or later) that they began to believe him true and honest. They found out that he had not been living with Christians in a very curious way. You would never guess if you were to try ever so long. They noticed that when he came to chapel he did not take his hat, or turban, off. I will explain this. In the East it is thought a mark of disrespect to remove the covering from the head on entering a house. What do they do then? you say. Do? why take off their shoes or slippers and leave them at the door! So you see the reason why he did not uncover his head when he came to chapel. Now had he lived among Christians, he would have done as they did.

Finding, moreover, that he had relations in Agra, Bernard, the native pastor of the church, went with him, and found all his statements confirmed by these people. So after he had appeared before the native church, he was baptized by Mr. Bernard, and gladly

welcomed to Christian fellowship.

He now wished to return to his family, and a native Christian accompanied him. His friends, who are respectable, and even rich, abused him with the foulest language, and refused to give up his wife, and were mad with rage. They locked up his wife; but a boy of the family let her out, and she slipped away, and joined her husband, taking with her one child. His eldest son reviled, his aged mother wrung her hands, pulled her hair, and frantically weeping, cried out that her son was dead. All Hindoos regard their relatives who become Christians as dead. At length, having robbed the wife of her pearls, and the husband of his money, they were allowed to depart. Thus far he has shown an admirable spirit. May God keep and bless him! To which you will all say, Amen.

Is not this a remarkable story? A missionary gives a Testament to a man whom he never sees again. Years roll on. The man reads, and is brought to repentance. He wants more instruction. No missionary can be found nearer than 400 miles. Alas that it should be so! By-and-by he sets off to find one. Meets with

ative Christians. They bring him to our missionary. He is suspicious because the man is so intelligent about religion. they find that he is a true man, and he is received. Thus a person may be converted, and the missionary may never t. Here is seed springing up that one might suppose was gh dead. And see what the heathen who turn to God have ure! They must love Christ much to give up all like this d. Think of these things, and may you be more zealous than supporting this good cause.

F. T.

House, Moorgate Street.

BENEVOLENCE OF A CHILD.

rolence is one of the great lessons taught in every well regulated Sundaynd many of the most liberal Christians in all the churches of our land med the habit of giving in childhood, which has strengthened with the of the Christian character. It is pleasant to know that the same spirit is 1 in other countries. An Australian paper, published in Melbourne, following incident:—

1 R. was a scholar in my infant school. She was between four and five age. One night her father brought her out to one of our missionary, where she heard us speaking a great deal about poor black children in

lands.

ness meetings we used generally to have a long table set out, on which iged all the missionary boxes in which our friends had been collecting uring the past year; and after the speaking was over, we used to open tes, count the money, and tell our friends how much money we had got, when the time came for opening them that night, Ellen's father took a arms, and held her up above the heads of the other people, in order that t see all that was going on; and, to be sure, when the boxes were unlocked, after another their sparkling treasures were poured out upon the little lie Ellen was exceedingly delighted, and when she got home, she said to r, 'Father, me want a missionary box.' Her father told her that he t afford to buy her a missionary box, but that he would buy her a ry bottle. Now, I dare say, my young friends, you do not know what

earthenware, closed all round, except one small narrow hole at the top, through which the money is slipped, but through which it cannot be easily got out again.

This is a missionary bottle. In Scotland this is a penny pig.

"Well, Ellen got her missionary bottle, and regularly each week she put into it a penny, which her father used to give her to spend any way she pleased. However, she did not live to gather many pennies. About three months after she got her bottle, she fell sick and died. And happy was she to die; for young as she was, she knew the Saviour, and loved him. And happy as she was in being her father's darling, she rejoiced to think she had another Father—a Father in heaven—of whom she used often to say, and so simply, 'Oh, I do love Him; I do love God Almighty." And why not, my dear young friends, why should not a little child love God Almighty? Does not the Good Shepherd love even the youngest and tenderest of his little lambs? And if the great and glorious God Almighty loves a little child, who can forbid a little child to love him back again?

"When Ellen died, there was found in her missionary bottle fifteen pence, being thirteen pence for the thirteen weeks she lived after she got the bottle, and two pence more, which I believe she had got from some kind friend, and had

added to her little store.

"Little Ellen's bottle, I should tell you, was adorned with a great many precious texts of Scripture, which she had got and pasted round it; and, after her death, her father, who keeps it as a memorial of his little daughter, pasted upon it, just above the money-hole, this short but significant text: 'She hath done what she could.' Ah! would to God it could be as truly said of all of us, as it was of her, that we have done what we could!"

INFLUENCE OF CHILDREN'S PRAYERS.

Iw one of the darkest periods of the Reformation, when Luther, Melancthon, and others were assembled to consult upon what should be done, Melancthon retired from the Council under great dejection of spirit. After a short time he returned, his countenance beaming with confidence and joy; and when all were surprised at the change, he told them that he had just seen a sight which assured him of success. He had seen some little children engaged in prayer for the Reformation. Their mothers, who were assembled for the same purpose, had brought them together; and he was assured such prayers would be heard of God. Courage in the needful hour, for the greatest work ever accomplished by uninspired men, was thus breathed into the soul by children's prayers. Such prayers the Church needs yet. Children, do you pray—not only for father and mother, for brother and sister, but also for the Church of God, and for the world?

THE PUBLICAN'S PRAYER.

TTENTOT of immoral character, being under deep conviction of sin, was to know how to pray; he went to his master, a Dutchman, to consult m, but received no encouragement. A sense of his own wickedness l, and he had no one near him to direct him. Occasionally, however, he nitted with the family at the time of prayer. The portion of Scripture as one day read by the master, was the parable of the Pharisee and the l. While the prayer of the Pharisee was being read, the poor Hottentot within himself, "This is a good man; there is nothing for me." But when er came to the prayer of the Publican—"God be merciful to me a sinner" suits me," he cried; "now I know how to pray!" With this prayer he tely retired, and prayed night and day for two days, and then found peace joy and gratitude, he went into the fields, and as he had no one to whom I speak, he exclaimed, "Ye hills, ye rocks, ye trees, ye rivers, hear what done for my soul!—he has been merciful to me a sinner."

THE HINDOO AND THE ENGINE.

SIONARY was standing at the railway station at Madras, in India, just as a soing off. He saw among the crowd an old native (a black man), a one who had never seen a railway before, prostrate himself before the rhen the train began to move, as if in the act of worship. The missionary to him and touched him, and said, "What are you doing?" The old lied, "Sir, it breathes, pants, and moves, and it can run very swiftly; it, alive and powerful: I have therefore prayed to it." The missionary d to the old man that it was only the work of man's hands, and tried to about the God who made him, and had given such power and wisdom to

d not the children of England pity the ignorance of the heathen, and help I missionaries who are sent to teach them?

LITTLE SINS.

LE sins (suppose them so) are very dangerous. A little leaven leaveneth le lump; a little staff may kill one; a little leak in a ship sinks it; a sw in a good cause mars it; so a little sin may at once bar the door of and open the gates of hell: though the scorpion be little, yet will it lion to death; and so will the least sin, if not forgiven.

"FEED MY LAMBS."

UNDER Afric's burning sun Countless little children live, Who have never heard of God, Or the joy his word can give.

And can we who know his love Keep it to ourselves alone? "Feed my lambs," is his command; We must help to make it known.

There is room enough for all In his safe and happy fold, Gladly little heathens come Who of this sweet rest are told.

Gladly will they leave their gods,
Gods of stone, and wood, and clay;
From a human sacrifice
Turn with grief and shame away,—
When they hear that Christ has dicd
That their guilty soula may live:
This is just the news they want,
This the food that we must give.
Then beneath the palm trees' shade,
On the "word of life" they'll feed;
Blessing those whose mercy gave
To the little lambs in need.

WELL-LIGHTED LANTERNS.

ING my way along as best I could, on a very dark night not ce, as I turned a corner of the street, I saw, but a short ahead of me, a well-lighted lantern. At first I could not was carrying it, but it proved to be a boy, who was whistling

as he walked along.

that lantern was of much service to me. It threw its light the path for many yards. It showed me where to walk, and ed me where not to walk, if I wished to keep out of the mire. thankful to the boy who was thus of so much use in lightway; while he knew nothing about the good he was doing, ent along, not thinking of me, hardly knowing that I was nim; and vet he was rendering me a very kind service. ld not help thinking what a happy thing it would be if all and girls, and all the men and women, who have the privileges Gospel, were well-lighted Christian lanterns! How much ould they do which now is left undone! We are not so nterns in what we say, as in what we do. It is the quiet but uence of a good example that is a light to lighten others. y young child may be a very useful lantern. A small lantern. ited, is of much service; while a very large lantern, without it in it, is of no use. And who knows how many the light s lantern will reach and benefit? Now, children, do not be iterns, or such as give no light; but as you pass along through home, or in school, or in the street, or wherever you are, at you love the truth, and that you seek, by God's grace, to you are taught in his holy word. Show this in your lives. e afraid to let others see that you love God, and desire to do right in his sight. If thus you live, many will be benefited, bless you. Some may follow in the path of your light whom ow not, nor ever shall know, until you meet them in the f glory above. Let your light so shine before your fellows ey may see your good works, and "glorify your Father who wen."

TIME.

Time speeds away—away—away!

Another hour—another day—

Another month—another year—

Drop from us like the leaflets sear;

Drop like the life-blood from our hearts.

The rose-bloom from the cheek departs,

The tresses from the temple fall,

The eye grows dim and strange to all.

Time speeds away—away—away!
Like torrent in a stormy day,
He undermines the stately tower,
Uproots the tree, and snaps the flower,
And sweeps from our distracted breast
The friends that loved, the friends that blessed,
And leaves us weeping on the shore
To which they can return no more.

Time speeds away—away—away!

No eagle through the skies of day,

No wind along the hills can flee

So swiftly or so smooth as he.

Like fiery steed from stage to stage,

He bears us on from youth to age;

Then plunges in the fearful sea

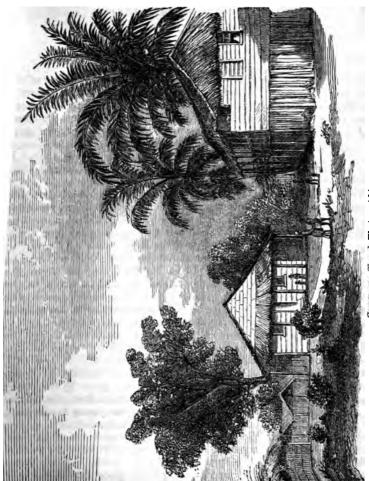
Of fathomless eternity.



HEATON AND SON, 21, WARWICK LANE, PATERNOSTER EC

UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE.

ONE day a boy was tormenting a kitten, when his little sister said to him, with tearful eyes, "O Philip, don't do that, it's God's kitten." The words of the little one were not lost; they were set upon wheels. Many serious thoughts were awakened in his mind regarding the creature he had before considered his own property. "God's kitten-God's creature-for he made it." It was a new idea. The next day, on his way to school, he met one of his companions beating unmercifully a poor starved-looking dog. "Don't do that," said Philip, using almost unconsciously his sister's words; "it is God's creature." The boy looked ashamed, and explained that the dog had stolen his breakfast. "Never mind," said Philip, "I will give you mine, which I have in my basket;" and sitting down together, the little boy's anger was soon forgotten. Again had a word unconsciously been set upon wheels. Two passers-by had heard Philip's words: one a young man in prosperous business in the neighbouring town, the other a dirty, ragged being, who, in consequence of his intemperate habits, had been dismissed by his employer, and was now going home sullen and despairing. "God's creature." said the poor forlorn man, and it was a new idea to him also; "if I, too, belong to God, he will take care of me, though no one else will." Just then, he came to a public-house, where he had been in the habit of drowning his miseries, and then staggering home to inflict new ones on his wife and children. He stopped: the temptation was strong, but the new idea was stronger-"I am God's creature:" and he passed on. His wife was astonished to see him sober, and still more when he burst into tears, and declared he was a ruined man, but that he was determined to give up drinking, and trust in God. At that moment a knock was heard at the door, and the gentleman came in to whom we have before alluded. He, too, had been rebuked by the boy's words, for the scorn and loathing which he had felt to the miserable object before him. "God's creature—therefore entitled to help and pity." He had gone to help the poor man; and all this the result of a little girl's words to her brother!



Cameroons Chapel, Western Africa.

CAMEROONS, WESTERN AFRICA.

In the Herald for August we gave our young friends a view of the interior of the chapel at Cameroons, and we now give them a view of the exterior, together with the teacher's dwelling; and although many changes have been made since this sketch was taken, the house and chapel are in appearance very much the same. We are the more willing to give this picture of the past, as from the present state of decay, and the destruction caused by the wood ants, the chapel is fast falling, and must speedily give place to a larger and more lasting building.

This frail chapel can seat only two hundred hearers; but it is in constant use. Throughout the week the school children assemble for instruction twice a day; on five evenings in the week a meeting is held for reading and prayer; and on the Sabbath day four meetings in succession fill up the hours of the day of rest. At seven in the morning the congregation meet for the first public service; at ten o'clock the Sabbath-school takes the building; at three the second public service for the native preaching; and at seven in the evening a public service in English for those who cannot join in the native worship. The preaching in this later service is maintained chiefly by those who have not yet acquired the native tongue.

Our missionaries are hoping to get their new chapel before the old one falls to the ground. Efforts are now making to provide the needed materials. Some thousands of bricks are already prepared, and more are making. When the time comes for building we doubt not but half the labour required will be freely given by the lowly ones who worship there. Assistance will be wanted from the friends of Africa for this work; and we are quite sure our young readers will

be pleased to help in building a chapel so much needed.

The sheds seen on the left hand are chiefly erections of bamboo. and formed a temporary shelter for the missionary, and also various offices for the printers, carpenters, and blacksmith. These sheds have long since been removed, and in their place stands the new ussion-house, which we hope will be the quiet home of a faithful

dissionary for many many years to come.

This little picture reminds us of another change; for between the past nd the present has come the vigorous growth of tropical vegetation. While our friends have been so earnestly endeavouring to sow the ood seed of the kingdom of God, they have not been forgetful of ne advantage to themselves, and to Africa, of introducing and culvating fruits and vegetables; and so it comes that at this day, in ne foreground of our picture, stands a noble mango-tree, very lofty, nd which twice a year is laden with its delicious fruit. The breaduit and the cocoa-nut trees would not be excluded from a sketch taken now.

Let our young friends earnestly pray that the converts to Christ 1 that land may be very many, and that they may grow and bear the ruits of righteousness.

"TAKING MAGGIE'S PLACE:"

A STORY FOR GIRLS, IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE diamond-shaped panes of a little rindow that peeped out upon a corner nly of Mr. Yarrow's garden were almost overed with shining rain-drops, as a child, arrying a heavy footstool, and a letter rith a foreign post-mark, put aside a rhite muslin curtain, and sat down to ead and think. It was not yet dark out of doors; but the vine which hung ound the easement shut out so much of the evening light that Patience—so was his thoughtful little maiden named—was obliged to look very closely at her ig sheet of news, especially where a few

lines had been written across others with a trembling hand, and, as the writer said, "in haste."

"Dear Maggie!" cried Patience, as she contrasted this little postscript with the four clearly written puges that went before it: "I shall never see her any more till we meet in heaven. Never any more till then! Oh, Maggie! Maggie!"

Her head lay on the window-bench beside the letter, and her tears fell almost as fast as the rain-drops pattered. She was very sad, for her thoughts were of parting and death, and she was young. But at last, by a very great effort, she checked her sobs, and sitting upright or

the wooden footstool, began to watch for the return of her uncle Yarrow, whose custom it was to enter by a side-door in the garden, when, as most frequently happened, he came home tired and hungry to the fireside which, as Patience said so often, was worse than dull "now that Maggie and Charles were gone."

She was scarcely anxious, to-night, to see her uncle: for although she knew that he would feel a deep interest in her letter, she almost wished that it were possible to hide it from him, and go on as if it had never come at all. It would be so terrible if he, too, began to talk of Maggie as going from them; he who had hitherto been so confident that southern air would be the means of her restoration to health and vigour. As she sat there in the gradually deepening twilight, with her eyes fixed on the gate. and her ear strained for the quick, familiar step, Patience sometimes wondered why she-a person of so little note-was spared, and Maggie, so valued by every one, removed.

"I should not have been missed," she thought; "but Maggie—oh, how dull and miserable it is without her!" and thereupon she would have sobbed afresh, had not a clicking sound in the papered wall beside her driven the colour from her cheeks, and made her heart beat wildly.

"There it is again!" said Patience within herself: "that dreadful noise!"

Dreadful or not, it was there; and as the room was by this time full of shadows, Patience, though not really terrified, was excited and anxious. She did not believe what Sarah, her uncle's honest and trustworthy, but superstitious servant-of-all-work had told her of death-watches and winding-sheets, and yet she trembled when she heard the peculiar "click" which Sarah declared to be a "forewarning about dear Miss Maggie."

sighed the watcher, as after a few minutes' rest the sound was heard again. "How the wind howls; and how dark it is! Oh, Maggie!"

She was almost afraid to bow her head, lest one of those queer-looking shadows, which she knew to be Maggie's cloaks and dresses hanging wrong-side-outermost against the wall, or tall, high-backed chairs, keeping guard beside the bed which Maggie had been wont to share with her, should come forward and startle her; but after a while she determined to hide her face, and repeat a prayer which her sister had taught her one evening long ago, when she, Patience, then a very wee child, had been crying for a candle "to light her," as she said, "to sleep."

The little prayer—so simple that I almost think you would smile if I gave you the words—brought a blessing to Patience Yarrow; and for the next quarter of an hour she sat still amongst the shadows, though the wind, rising, flapped the vine-leaves against the window, and waved to and fro the laburnum trees in the garden. It was to be a stormy night, she thought, as the

ed each other across the sky, r for her uncle took the place ue fears which had disturbed ninutes earlier.

Il be wet and miserable!" ience; "and Sarah has put in tched little bit of fire. Oh dear!

And again the child's heart or Maggie, cheerful Maggie, ggie, who could win Sarah to and bring smiles to the doctor's he never so disheartened and ou will observe that the idea to fill her sister's place in the ousehold was one which never he mind of this poor little Maggie had always managed aught her; and to "keep up" mon duties in her absence mpossible: how, then, could ang, undertake new missions?

CHAPTER IL

quite dark before Mr. Yarrow I even then he had scarcely more than change his boots. what Sarah had provided for ment, before he was off again ter a dying patient. All this rain fell heavily, and a strong ok the windows and made a asl howling in the chimneys. who, spite of all her fears, had eep with her head upon the ne shivering to meet her uncle. g him the long letter from began to cry. Sarah, hearing from the kitchen to chide her rying master," and proceeded to worry him herself by making a great show of poking up the fire, which was almost out, and by saying that his chop had been "ready" just three hours, if a single minute.

"Then you cooked it two hours and three-quarters before the time which I named to you this morning," said the doctor,

Sarah sighed. It was certain that she regarded herself as a kind of martyr. Poor little Patience felt a great lump of anger rise to her throat, but she said nothing. Presently Sarah—having poked the fire out—went away, and Mr. Yarrow sat down to eat his cold chop, pour out tea, and read the letter.

He cried over it: Patience saw that. though his face was hidden from her by the big sheet, which he held so near his eves. Down fell the great drops on his other hand, and on the tea-tray, which the child at last drew towards her so gently that he did not perceive it. She was weak, and almost fainting for want of food, but she dared not ask him to give her a cup of tea, for there was comething sacred in his great sorrow. Mr. Yarrow loved both his nieces tenderly; but Maggie was more to him than any other merely human being in the world: more even than her brother Charles, who was one day to succeed him in his profession, and whom he had long regarded as a son. The dying girlfor such, in truth, Maggie was-had been the joy of the doctor's quiet home; tox she was a most cheerful Christian, an excellent housekeeper, en intelligent companion, sometimes even a valued counsellor. What he should do without her he did not know.

Patience had almost ended her tea before Mr. Yarrow laid down the letter, and proceeded to finish his uninviting chop. Even then not a word was spoken, except by Sarah, who, in the kitchen hard by, was singing dolefully what she called the "Old Hundred;" while the clock on the mantel-shelf, ticking loud, seemed to repeat a rhyme which the child, who was fond of such things, had learned that morning:—

"For ever—never!
Never—for ever!"

At last, pushing aside his plate with a great sigh, Mr. Yarrow rose, bent over Patience, took her pale face between his hands, and kissed it; and then—she will never forget the words as long as she lives—said.

"God bless you, darling! you must be Maggie now."

It was enough. As, putting on his damp cloak and lighting his lantern, the doctor went slowly out into the porch, the child followed him in thoughtful silence; and when the door closed behind him with a bang-bang, as if it felt angry with him for going out, she ran up-stairs, and forgetting Sarah's deathwatch and the shadows, knelt down with her eyes wide open, to pray for him.

With her eyes wide open; for this window, as I have said before, commanded a certain portion of the road, and the doctor's lantern was distinctly visible until, just by Elm-tree it disappeared.

"Dear uncle! I will try to be I thought the child. "It will work with Sarah, but I will try.

As she mused about Sarah, felt her heart beat quicker. 'never get on with her as Maggi was her first thought; but the was, "God will teach me;" an with a child's simple faith, sl "Lord, help me!"

A little while after this, as S mending stockings in the kitch was surprised by a visit fro Patience, who came to ask timid fire might be relighted in the par

"Well, I do not see much us said Sarah bluntly. "Master bed when he comes home we times; and a good thing, too."

Patience suggested that he bed because it was so comfortless a fire, and Sarah at last conse take a few sticks, and the bello the sitting-room.

"There," she said, "you may up yourself."

And light it up Patience did, earnest, making such a bright, blaze as had not been seen in th for many a day, and warming al perfection a pair of slippers, an and sundry other garments, whether the sundry other garments, whether the sundry other rose, when at laturned away from the hearth, an to lay the cloth for supper.

"Well, I never did see such a

l Sarah, as she brought in a big a small pat of butter. "Why, n the house down!" And she take out the live coals one by

don't!" cried poor Patience: ning so nicely. Please, Sarah." arah did not please, and the e still applied.

'atience, in spite of all her good lost patience, and sitting down rpet, began to cry.

too bad," she said, "when I be Maggie."

rested the tongs on the bar of ir. "To be what?" she asked ntly.

tience had hidden her face beer hands, and was sobbing, ! Maggie!"

, come," said Sarah, who had kind heart hidden away somewhat is this about your being Though I'm sure you can't be, for the like of her never will be this house, sure as my name's

Patience, encouraged by this one, told her story, not even g the fact that she had asked often Sarah's heart, and incline alleness. And Sarah, melting, pick up the tongs, carried away ster loaf, and brought in its mall dainty one which she had keep till it was stale, and conprepare a bowl of chocolate, n's favourite supper drink, as a surprise.

"Oh, I wish he would come now!" said Patience when all was ready. She was sitting at Sarah's feet upon the rug, and embracing the slippers—Maggie's handiwork—which were now, as she feared, even a little overwarmed. "Only think if the fire should get low, or the milk cold; or if we should both fall asleep as we did last Christmas Eve! I should cry with vexation!"

Sarah smiled. "They ought not to have called you what they did," she remarked, as she held up to the light the needle which Patience, if she had been less intently listening for her unde's step, would have offered to thread for her. "I am sure you can never wait long for anything, without showing that your name is the wrong one. Why in the world do they make such stupid needles?"

Patience smiled in her turn, and then said, "Let me do it for you;" whereupon Sarah was graciously pleased to say, "I wish you would."

It was a needle with a small eye; and as Sarah's darning-cotton was none of the finest, a full minute went by before Patience succeeded in threading it. So intent was she upon her task, that she did not observe that the door of the parlour had been opened, until Sarah, half-rising, exclaimed suddenly, "There's Master!"

"Uncle," cried Patience, jumping up, and putting the slippers as well as the needle and cotton into Sarah's hands, "I am so glad you have come!" and, forgetting his wet closk, she classed

both arms round his neck, and kissed him.

The doctor, who was very tired, took all this so quietly that Patience was almost disappointed. I suppose she expected that he would see at a glance how much his words about Maggie had impressed her. But. truth to tell, he had almost forgotten them. As he hung up his cloak in the passage, and barred the door, he even inquired why Miss Patience was not in bed. And yet he had noticed with pleasure the bright fire beside which his two housekeepers had been seated, and wondered at the cozy appearance of the parlour, which had seemed so damp, and dreary, and comfortless, some two hours earlier.

"Sarah is extra good to-night!" thought he as he put on his dry garments and warm slippers. "I have never known her so attentive to my wants, even when poor Maggie——" He broke down there, and saying aloud, "I must think less and pray more," rang the bell for evening worship.

"Would you have supper first?" said his little niece, answering the summons: "it is hot now; nice hot chocolate."

Mr. Yarrow, who was by this time seated in his lounging-chair, consented. The bright fire, the closed curtains, the Pembroke table drawn towards the rug, the steaming bowl which was at once placed before him, and, more than all, the cheerful and affectionate attentions of his little niece, soon reminded him of the fact, that although *one* mercy might have been withdrawn, a thousand were still his own.

"I have surely sinned," he thought, "in losing heart because He who has given me so much comfort in the child of my adoption, is removing her to his brighter, better, and safer home above. Can he not raise me up another Maggie?"

As this inquiry passed through Mr. Yarrow's mind he looked at Patience. She was sitting opposite, eating a slice of bread-and-butter, and smiling cheerfully. She had been privileged to help her uncle, and she was sure that it was right, quite right, to be very glad about it, even with that sad letter in her The certainty that she would never meet her darling sister again on earth seemed much less terrible since Patience had discovered that a still better friend and guide for daily life was hers, even Jesus Christ, And when, about six weeks later, Charles Yarrow, returned alone, he found no desolate hearth, no despairing hearts. All were indeed serious and grave, and at times. perhaps, even sad: but none were "Little Patience has taken wretched. Maggie's place," said the doctor: and he was right.

MISSIONARY NEWS.

e few words I have to say this month, will be about a part of orld where we have had a missionary for only a few months. It like India, or China, or Africa, or the West Indies, or Ceylon, ands of miles off, but close by. We could get there in three r days. Where is it? you will say: why, it cannot be more five or six hundred miles away. Where is it? Why, in yo. If you were at Hull, or Newcastle, and were to sail right east, or straight as a line, you would soon come to its rocky, where thousands of long narrow inlets of the sea, called fords, between lofty precipices inland. In the summer time these ry beautiful; in the winter, if the weather be severe, they I frozen over.

how came you to have a mission to Norway? you will also is say; they are not heathen. Well, no, they are not, in use in which we use the word heathen. But if we give it a sense, meaning a people very ignorant, and unacquainted with mple doctrines of Christianity, they are! There is a State 1 there, and ministers who preach. But all is formal and dead; to what I was told when in Hamburg the other day, that out pulation of two hundred thousand, there were not to be found t, at one time, in the various churches, five thousand.

I, then, some months ago, a sailor, named Hubert, called at ission House, and after saying he wanted help to enable him to the Gospel to his fellow-countrymen in Norway, he gave, in to questions put to him, an account of his conversion in I, United States, America. The friends out there, finding he me gifts of speaking, urged him to stay as a Sailor's Missionary. If he would go and ask the Lord; and this seems to be his plan. If he wants to know what he is to do, and where he is to asks the Lord. And he thought the answer he got was, in to go and preach in Norway. And so he next intended to sail ip during summer, and when she was laid up in the winter in he would go about and preach. In this he was disappointed.

the owner of the ship objecting to his sailing with his brother. came to England. He told his tale. Many ministers were interested. He was introduced to the Committee. They consented to help him for a year, to see how he would get on. He is settled at Holmestrand, and labours amidst great opposition, but with some success. In a letter, written September 11th, he says, "I was out on a mission to a place called Eidevold, with a brother, by name F. L. Rymper, and six were buried with Christ in baptism! There is a very great field for labour here, and so there is over the whole country; the people everywhere groaning after to hear the true and living Gospel." His method of writing English you will see is a little peculiar. The wonder is he writes it so well, as he is self-taught. is good news; and if I had space, I could tell you a good deal more. But enough for the present. You shall hear more about friend Hubert sometime. Meanwhile do you keep him in mind, and pray God to guide, guard, and bless him, and bless his work.

Well, I suppose you have heard everybody talking about the beautiful harvest God has given us. It is wonderful. The earth has brought forth abundantly, from one end of the land to the other; and it is not plenty of wheat and poor barley, and plenty of barley and bad oats, and plenty of turnips and poor potatoes. No, all crops are abundant, some more so than others, truly; but the worst crops are better than what would usually be called pretty good. I have heard some good old gentlemen who have been farming for more than fifty years, say they never saw anything like it. Eight and nine quarters of wheat to the acre. Now a quarter is eight bushels, and a bushel will weigh, this year, sixty-six pounds; so that one acre will yield nearly 4,800 lbs., or more than two tons, besides the straw.

Wonderful!

But what has all this to do with the mission? Ah, indeed, what! Well, a good deal. Don't you think we ought to have one grand thanksgiving day, to bless the Lord for his goodness; when millions of voices should sing his praises, and millions of hearts pour out grateful joy. And our Committee propose to all our pastors and descons to do so with their people the first Lord's day in October.

nd if we are grateful to God, should we not do something, as well sing and pray? Yes, have a general collection to promote his use; and the Missionary Society would do as well as any to give

, for this purpose.

In October, 71 years ago, the Society was formed. It has sowed ome good seed of Christian truth in the world since then. We ant it to sow more. If the thing of which I have spoken be done, at would help amazingly. Will you, my dear young friends, do our part? Yes, yes, I think I hear you all saying. May my ney prove to be a reality, and then the Society will not only sow the sed, but reap the fruit in souls saved!

F. T.

Mission House, Moorgate Street.

THE STORY OF THE CROSS.

EVERY attentive reader of missionary journals has noticed how often the simple ory of the Cross has touched the hearts of inquiring heathen, and awakened seir wonder and admiration. The case of the Greenlander, Kayarnak, has been iten repeated. He had shown no interest in any truth, till one day the missionary ad to him, from Luke's Gospel, the account of Christ's agony in the garden, hen he stepped up to the table, and with an air of earnestness and surprise said, How was that? Tell me that once more, for I do desire to be saved."

An affecting instance of this kind is recently recorded. It occurred in a school regirls in China. These girls had learned to read, and every morning they read chapter in the Bible, which was explained to them by the missionary. They ere very attentive, and remembered a great deal that they heard, so as to repeat afterwards. When a chapter, containing an account of our Saviour's crucifixion, as read for the first time by these Chinese girls, the missionary saw tears start in the eyes of some of them. Presently there was a low, suppressed sob, and then they all burst into loud weeping. It was impossible to proceed with the lesson, so ifficult was it for the girls to suppress their emotion, or recover their self-control as to study or converse. After this they always heard the story of Christ's seth in a deeply serious and feeling manner.

Why is it, that in this Christian land, the same narrative is read or heard ithout, apparently, the least feeling or concern? Is it possible that, from any repetition and familiarity, that story has lost its power with us, and become

s an idle tale?

The first convert to Christianity in Northern India was Krishnoo, and he was baptized by Dr. Carey. One day a man said to Krishnoo—

"Well, you have left off all the customs of your ancestors; what is the

reason?"

He replied: "Have patience with me, and I will tell you. I am a great sinner; I tried Hindoo worship, but got no good. After a while I heard of Christ, and how he laboured much, and laid down his life for sinners. I thought, what love is this! And here I made my resting-place. Now say, if anything like this love was ever shown by your gods? Did Doorga, or Kalee, or Krishna, die for sinners? You know that they only sought their own ease, and have no love for any one."

A North American Indian, who had been converted to Christ, was one day assailed by a trader, who tried to persuade him that the missionaries were not true

teachers. To this the aged and honest Indian replied:

"They may be what they will; but I know what they have told me, and what has been wrought in me. Look at my poor countrymen there, lying drunk before your door; why don't you save them if you can? Four years ago I also lived like a beast, and not one of you troubled yourself about me; but when the missionaries came, they preached the cross of Christ, and I have experienced the power of his blood, and am free from the dominion of sin."

What shall we say to these things, we who have from childhood been instructed in the things of Christ and his cross? Shall we see the children of China, and Hindoo idolaters, and savage Indians, and crowds from all the dark places of the earth, bowing and weeping at the cross, and confessing its grace and power, while we pass by, as if Christ were no more than Doorga or Kalee to us? Surely, my reader, it were better, a thousand times, never to have known the way of life than to live and

perish thus.

THE COAL-MINE BOYS AND THEIR MISSIONARY BOX.

A Box led a gentleman that went to see the mine into a spacious, gloomy-looking cavern in the mine, where the frail candle glimmered feebly in the dark space around them. "Here," the boy said, "we have our prayer-meetings," showing the gentleman the seats cut out in the coal where they used to sit when the Bible was read; "and here," said he, "is our missionary box," exhibiting a cheet cut out of the solid coal, into which they used to put what money they could spare. See how the way is made, when there is the will. Doubtless, God looked down upon those miner boys, as they put their farthings and half-pence into the coalbox, with as much regard as he did upon the princes of Judah, in the time of king Josah, when they "rejoiced and brought in, and cast into the chest, until they had made an end" (2 Chron. xxiv. 10).—Old Jonathan.

HOW A CHILD MAY DO GOOD.

"On dear! if I were only a boy, and could earn money as Willie does, I might do some good in the world," says some little longing spirit that wants to be of some use to somebody, "but I am only a

little girl, and I cannot do anything."

We can all do more good than we think, dear children, if we only try, and if we are willing to do little things instead of waiting to do some great thing. I will tell you how one little girl did a great deal of good without knowing it. Her mother sat one morning busy at her work, feeling very sadly. Her husband had lost his property, and was out of business, and the future looked dark as she thought of the many many pounds it would take to feed, and clothe, and educate her little ones, so that they could take care of themselves, and be useful to others. The cloud was growing thick about her, and her eyes were blinding with tears, when a dear little child, at her play, broke out in singing the single line,—

"Whatever we want he will kindly provide,"

and then the play went on as before. The little girl, only five years old, knew not how much good she had done by that one line of comfort. Her mother's heart was cheered. She felt reproved, too, for she had been thinking all the time there was no one but the parents to plan and do for their children, when it was the Lord who was going to do it all, and they were only to carry out his plans so far as he should make them known.

That was a very little thing to do, and yet it made the mother happy many days. Another time, when in trouble, very soothing

were the words of the same childish voice, -

"There'll be no more sorrow there:

In heaven above, Where all is love, There'll be no more sorrow there."

My young friends, you can all do so much. You can make home pleasant and cheerful for your mother, who is often tired, and sometimes sad. Why go about with a sour, cross face, or a whining, fretting voice, when, by acting otherwise, you could do so much good in so easy a way?

GIVE.

See the rivers flowing
Downwards to the sea,
Pouring all their treasures
Bountiful and free:
Yet to help their giving
Hidden springs arise;
Or, if need be, showers
Feed them from the skies!

Watch the princely flowers
Their rich fragrance spread,
Load the air with perfumes,
From their beauty shed:
Yet their lavish spending
Leaves them not in dearth,
With fresh life replenished
By their mother earth!

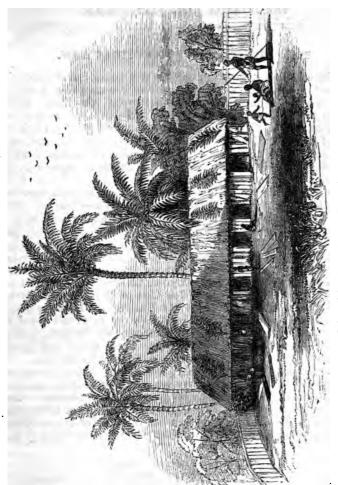
Give thy heart's best treasures:
From fair Nature learn:
Give thy love, and ask not,
Wait not a return!
And the more thou spendest
From thy little store,
With a double bounty
God will give thee more.



10NDON: J. HEATON AND SON, 21, WARWICK LANE, PATERNOSTER J

THE DEW-DROP.

A TEAR-DROP of the morning Hung on a blade of grass; A simple bead of water: A thousand you might pass. But when the slanting sunbeam Came down in morning pride, Then you might see my water-drop Transfigured, glorified. I looked: it shone—a diamond. Bright, sparkling, clear, and keen. I looked again: an emerald Hung pure in vivid green. Again it gleamed out golden. A topaz to the view; Then flamed a ruby, flery red; Then sapphire, summer blue. I saw thus how a water-drop Is kin to all things fair; Can give as bright and beauteous hues As arching rainbows wear; Can shine with light as radiant, And show as varied gem As the city, fresh from glory, The New Jerusalem. And I thought how many an action, Of simplest, lowliest guise, May yet beneath the beam of heaven Shine lovely in all eyes; May show such beauteous motive As angels will applaud : Truth, honour, virtue, justice, Love of men and God. Two mites, that make a farthing. Insured the widow's fame. A single cup of water Can bring a deathless name. The humblest work for Jesus— The gentle word or look, The soothing sigh, the cheering smile-Is written in his book. Fear not, then, lowly Christian; Though deep in shade thou dwell, The Lord will mark thy faithfulness, He will requite thee well. The dew that waits the dawning Shall glitter in the ray. And bright shall shine thy jewelled crown When Christ shall bring the day!



Palace of the King of Bassapu, Fernando Po.

THE HOUSES OF THE HEATHEN.

On the other page, we give a picture of a house. Not only of a house, but of a palace. Our young readers who have seen Buckingham Palace, or Windsor Castle, or, better still, the Palace of the Tuileries in Paris, will scarcely be able to believe that such a poor hut as that in the picture is the palace of a king. And yet it is the palace of the king of one of the tribes in Western Africa; and, what is stranger, it is as much better and bigger than the houses in which many of the people live, as Buckingham Palace is superior to the mansions which surround it.

It is one of the effects of heathenism in degrading a people, that they have to live in such miserable huts as we sometimes hear of. in our own country, the poorer and most degraded classes have to live in such houses as many of our young readers would scarcely dare to enter. One effect of Christian civilization is, to make the people wish for better and cleaner habitations than they had been formerly accustomed to; and thus it is that we hear so much now about model cottages, and of efforts to improve the dwellings of the labouring poor. Oh that something of the kind could be done for Africa. and for other heathen countries! As Christianity advances among them, no doubt something will be done; and in future years the rude huts, with mud floors, and full of filth, will be exchanged for clean though perhaps humble cottages, where father and mother and children will assemble, and sing hymns of praise to God. only for the sake of their immortal souls, but for their social and temporal well-being, do we wish to see the poor heathen taught to believe in Christ. Christianity has the promise of this life to those who accept it, as well as of that which is to come. Let us hope and pray that the time may soon come when the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of the Lord; and let us sing more heartily than ever,-

> "Fly abroad thou mighty Gospel, Win and conquer, never cease:

Let thy lasting wide dominion
Multiply, and still increase:
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around."

"SMITH SENIOR:"

A SKETCH FOR BOYS, IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER L

"How ridiculous!" said John Robinson to his friend Tom Jones—you will see at once that these names are assumed—as, at the close of a long gossip, they walked arm in arm across a playground, of which I need only say that it was a large one, with a school-house at one end, and a dwelling-house at the other. "How supremely ridiculous!"

"Ain't it?"

That was Tom's manner of saying yes. He was a queer fellow every way, and he loved to break, out of school, as many as possible of the rules which he learned in it. A red-haired, round-faced, strongly-built and saucy fellow, who hid away all his good qualities as if they, like his Sunday clothes, were only fit for great occasions, and who gloried in being the son of a very sharp lawyer who had made his fortune in a way which was justly called rather "shabby."

"Old Robinson," as everybody in that playground called Tom Jones's friend and adviser, was as unlike the lawyer's son as a peacock is unlike a jackdaw; for he was handsome in person, courteous in manner, and-so far at least as the outward appearance went, fair and open in all his dealings. Two years had passed since his kind-hearted and, unhappily, too indulgent mother-the widow of a wealthy optician-had placed "her poor fatherless boy" under the care of Dr. Brown, of Brownville House, in Blankshire, and, during all that time, he had been one of the most popular fellows in the school. He was liked, first, for his courtesy, next, for his physical daring, last of all, for his so-called generous way of "standing treat" as often as he could procure any advance of pocket-money from the home in which his will wasnot quite, but very nearly-law.

It is so necessary to the comprehension of my story that its readers should know why John Robinson said "How ridiculous!" that I shall not offer any apology for going back half an hour, and recording a large portion of the conversation thus emphatically closed.

"You know Old Cabbage?" Jones had asked that day when school was over.

His companion nodded.

"Well, I guess he'll come back to the

Den"—this was Tom's way of naming Doctor Brown's highly respectable academy—"to-morrow morning."

- " Who says so?"
- "Solomon."
- "The Doctor?"

Jones in his turn nodded gravely, and began to whistle. Meanwhile Robinson, who was cleaning a spy-glass for his tutor, mused in silence.

"He was rather a brick, that Old Cabbage," said Tom Jones, when he was tired of whistling. "But they tell me that he has never been like the same chap since Cabbage Junior——"

"How I wish you would give up calling them that, just because their great-grandfather was a tailor," interrupted Robinson; "I can't see any fun in it."

"Oh, can't you? That must be because you have bad sight," said Tom Jones; adding, with the most serious manner possible, "so I recommend you to acknowledge it, and wear specs!"

The pale face flushed for a moment, and a scoruful glance shot from beneath the dark brows of the optician's son upon the notoriously short-sighted speaker. But John Robinson had too much pride to quarrel with his inferiors; and as such he, in secret, regarded his schoolfellows generally, and Tom Jones in particular.

"You were saying that William Smith was altogether changed since his brother, poor Smith Junior, died."

"Exactly so; but, I say, what a brick you are, upon my word!"

No answer, except a smile, hali and half-contemptuous.

"But, I say," continued Jones you going to shake hands?"

"I will when I have time. now, about Smith Senior. I know what it is they say about h

"Why he told Spriggins—yo object to that 'elegant appells suppose?—that he was converte was the name he gave it, very so Cabbage Junior—I beg your p young Smith died."

"How ridiculous!"

"Yes, isn't it? Now, of cou ain't like the same fellow, but go with a black-edged prayer-book each arm, and a pack of dirt Sunday scholars at his heels, a 'Oh that will be joyful—when that plum-cake what you promise comin' reg'lar'!"

Robinson looked up. "Go said he, laughing, "with your lor for I don't believe a word of it."

Jones drew his face down as so as he could, as he replied that, so as he was a gentleman there we word of fiction in the story. How there be, when he heard it from I who was told it by Baggs, who ove Spriggins relating it in an in whisper to the Curate, or, as some have a dislike to "pet" name Curate's son?

To all this Robinson answered same style as before by saying, " believe a word of it, and that's flat

"Well, I confess it is only half

exclaimed Tom, in a tone which at last induced his friend to listen seriously. "All that about the plum-cake is an original composition of mine, and is therefore only valuable as so much"—

"Bosh !"

"You think so? Well, I like plainspeaking." Tom was fast getting comical again; but a second glance from the black eyes checked him. "And in fact you may throw over all but this, namely, that Old Cabbage—I mean Smith Senior, has become one of your religious chaps, and a teacher in that Ragged School about which his eldest brother is so mad."

It was at this point that John Robinson again said, "How ridiculous!"

CHAPTER II.

- "But I say, Smith, you're not going to be so shabby as all that, old fellow, are you?"
 - "It is not shabby."
- "But I tell you it is. All the best fellows in the Den give these beer-parties, and why shouldn't you?"
- "Just because I believe they are wrong. I ought not to do what I know to be wicked, Sprig, eh?"
- "Oh it's all bosh and bother! The fact is, you are stingy."
 - "You don't think so, really?"
- "Yes, I do, for, as Jones says, you look twice, now, at a penny before you spend it. I suppose you are saving it all up for your ragged-school tea-fight at Christmas."

- "Perhaps I am. Is there any harm in that?"
 - "Yes, a deal of harm; it's greedy."
- "Which way about? Why, it seems to me it is far more greedy to drink beer and wine till you make yourself ill—perhaps even drunk, as one fellow was last Christmas—than to give a few shillings towards tea and cake for a lot of children who, of course, don't deserve to be poor any more than you."

"Oh, don't they?"

As Spriggins—whose school-name, as we have seen, was "Sprig"—put this last question, a door at the end of the almost-deserted school-room was quickly opened, and a voice said, "Sprig, I want you!"

It was Robinson who thus beckoned Sprig aside to ask secretly if he had heard aright about Smith's refusal to observe the rule about beer.

"Truth it is!" replied Spriggins very gravely; "more's the pity for him, poor fellow!"

"Are you sure that you fully explained it?"

"Quite sure."

"We shall have to cut him,—dead, I s'pose!" exclaimed Robinson. But Sprig—more prudent—said, "Not yet. Speak to him, first, yourself, for he has the money, and those beer-fights are rare fun. Go and ask him."

John walked to the desk over which Smith was bending, pen in hand, thinking how, on the black-edged paper which lay before him, he might beat begin a letter to friends at home. "I way" he

began, and stopped. There was a dignity about William Smith that almost forbade him to go on, but at last he managed to get out something about a rule requiring every lad in a certain class to "treat" his class-mates, at midnight—

"On the sly?"

"Yes, of course, 'on the sly.'"

"Then I call it sneaking—that's the word!" said William. "'Cowardly' might do, but the other is the very thing. Just think,—here are a dozen big fellows hiding as many big bottles until night, when, after pretending, sheepishly, to go to bed, they get up, and try hard to get half, or quite drunk, 'for the fun of the thing.' Now, I call that wicked, sneaking."

"You're a rum chap, and no mistake!" said Robinson. "Where might you have

learned all this?"

"From the Bible which my brother gave me before he died. You remember him, don't you!"

"Oh, very well! He was a smart little fellow, full of tricks as a monkey. I used to like him."

"Yes, everybody did that, and I—I was proud of the clever ways in which he used to cheat the masters and get up rows, and all that. He used to come over to me and 'tell up' nearly every afternoon, and I never once begged him to be honest, and true, and straightforward to the masters, as well as to the

boys. When he lay dying—I shall never forget it!—he forgave me, but I shall not forgive myself while I live. Can't you understand, now, why I refuse to keep to that rule about the beer?"

Robinson mused awhile, and then held out his hand. "Give us a shake, old boy," said he; "I believe you are a better fellow than any of us, and I'll stick by you through thick and thin! Sprig, you rascal, drop it, will you?"

Sprig nodded, and, in due time, and to some extent, obeyed. After that Robinson and Smith became staunch friends. I do not say that Tom Jones was positively discarded, but I am sure that Robinson was always anxious for the society of his new mate, and often willing to hear him read from his brother's Bible of that Divine Boy who, at twelve years old, was "in favour with God and man," Slowly but surely, a great change came to Robinson. He grew more humble, more anxious to make others happy, more concerned to be at peace with God. And although I cannot say that he passed from darkness to light in that eventful quarter, I am very sure that when Smith returned to his little class at the ragged school he carried to the superintendent's desk a very substantial token of kindly feeling from the very boy who had not long before—in relation to him and his work—said. "How ridiculous!"

MISSIONARY NEWS.

SINCE I last wrote to you I have been wondering whether my hint about your doing something more for the Mission, as a thanks-giving-offering for the late bountiful harvest, has been taken or not. You know very well that a good harvest is not merely a benefit to the farmers who till the ground, but a great good to everybody in the land. If the harvest be scanty, the price of bread, which is sometimes called "the staff of life," is dearer, and then every person feels it, except the very rich, to whom the cost of bread, in their large houses, is a very small item of their expenses. It is quite different with the families to which most of you belong. That is the reason why I wrote to you as I did. I hope you will understand all about it now.

The Committee who manage the Society are very much concerned to find the contributions which have come in this year have not been enough to meet the expenditure; not, however, because there is any great falling off in the amount sent in, but because the number of missionaries sent out to preach the Gospel to the poor heathen has, lately, been so largely increased! There are fifteen more now than

there were six years ago.

Well, you will say, of course, if there are so many more missionaries, more money must be given to support them. That is very plain, isn't it? For these missionaries go forth, as the apostles did in early times, "taking nothing of the heathen." The Gospel is preached to them "without money and without price." It is only when some are converted, and formed in Christian churches, that they are expected to give support to Christ's cause. But, alas! these people are mostly poor, very poor, and they can give but little. Now consider these things, and see what you can do to help; for unless we get help, some of these good men must be called home. I am sure you would all be very sorry to hear that the Committee had been obliged to do that!

I have just been reading a long letter from the Rev. J. Williams,

him. When he was there, the poor people who joined the chur all their means of support. He got kind friends in Yorksl send him out some old weaving-looms, and he taught them I use them; and the cloth they made was very good; and friend around who wanted any sent to Chitoura for it: and thus the had work, and were enabled to support themselves. Who mutiny broke out the people were obliged to fly for their live the weaving-shop was destroyed. Since then the property has repaired; and now Colonel Wheler, a pious officer, lives the has established an orphan-school in the place; and the Comare very glad to let him have the old buildings for such a pi Is not that very kind and good of this gentleman? Think of orphans sometimes when you pray, and ask God to bless the their kind benefactor.

Well, as Mr. Williams could well be spared from Chitours gone into Agra, a large city about fifteen miles off, to he Gregson. He tells me that they have four English services a for there are many English people and soldiers there, at services are well attended. During May and June nine preverse baptized, six of whom were soldiers. Besides the I services, they have some in Hindustani, two of which are I private houses, and in which he is assisted by Brother Bern

Now these Mahommedans hate the very name of Christ. They profess to believe in one God, and in Mahomet his prophet. But when Christ is preached as "the Son of God," their rage knows no bounds. And as they think it right to force people to believe their Koran, or sacred book, they would injure our missionaries if they dared. But the Government protects all her Majesty's subjects in India. For that protection let us be thankful; and for the Queen let us all pray.

F. T.

Mission House, Moorgate Street.

THE SOUTH SEA CONVERT.

A MESSENGER, says a missionary, came to say that Kaisara was drawing near to his end. I went directly to see him, and found him very weak, and scarcely able to speak.

"Well, brother," I said, "how is it now on the borders of Jordan?"

"My ship," he replied, "is moored; the anchor is within the vail; all is well;

there will be no shipwreck; all is calm."

Calm, indeed, it was. Not a ruffle was on the surface of his soul; not a doubt of safety was expressed. We spoke together of the labours of past years, and talked of the great love of God to the South Sea Islanders. It was a soul-cheering visit to one just entering the unseen state.

"What shall I say to the church after you are gone?"

"Tell them," he replied, "to hold fast their confidence to the end, that faith in Christ is necessary to salvation;" and then, as strength would allow, his quivering lips repeated John iii. 36.

"This may, perhaps, be our last meeting below."

"Well," said he, "ere long we shall meet again in the far brighter world above, to dwell for ever with the Lord, there to 'see the King in his beauty,' and that land," pointing to the heaven, "which is far off."

I prayed with him, and left his humble cottage.

Just as I was going to the out-station, a little after this, I was sent for to see our dying friend.

You will soon leave us," I said.

"Yes, the chariot is at the door. The body is the clog which keeps back may spirit; but soon the thread will be cut; then shall I fly away."

"Have you any fear in the prospect of leaving us?"

"None at all."

"What is the reason of this peace of mind as death approaches?"

"Christ is mine. To him I have committed my soul: why should I fer

"Is your trust entirely in Christ?"

"In Christ alone I trust for salvation. He is the true foundation—the door."

As I prayed with him, and asked the Divine presence with his soul, I with much feeling. I then took my leave. Next day his son came to say was near death. I went. His pulse was scarcely to be felt; his breat short.

"How is it with you?" I asked.

He replied, "With Christ is my soul."

"Entirely?"

"Yes, entirely."

"No fear?"

"None at all."

"This is the hour of your death."

He was unable to speak, but pressed my hand. After a while he revolened his eyes.

"You will, I trust, soon be with Christ," I said.

"Yes, I shall."

"To-morrow," I said, "is the Sabbath."

He said, "I shall be in heaven."

"How great is the love of God in not leaving you in the ignorance heathen state."

Raising his eyes upward, he said, "Great! great!"

With his son-in-law and daughter I conversed on the difference bet death of a saint and sinner, all of which he heard and understood, as a made fully showed. I left him for a little; but ere I could return, his sfled to be with him who had redeemed him with his precious blood.

Thus died Kaisars, a good man, a consistent follower of Christ, who w

heathen, but died a Christian.—Ch. Miss. Gleaner.

HOW SHALL I TRY TO BE USEFUL?

"You can all be useful if you will, boys," said a teacher to his class bath. "If you cannot do a great deed you can do a little one."

The boys saidnothing, but the teacher saw by their looks that they th

was mistaken. Clearly, they did not believe they could be of any use, so he added,—

" Well, only try."

" How shall we try?" asked one of the boys, timidly.

"Keep your eyes open and your hands ready all this week, and tell me next Sunday if you have not managed to be useful in some way or other," said the teacher.

"We will," replied the boys.

The next Sabbath those boys gathered round their teacher with smiling lips and eyes so full of light they fairly twinkled like stars. He smiled in response and said:—

"Ah, I see by your looks that you all have something to tell me."

"We have, sir; we have," replied the boys in a chorus.

Then each one told his story. "I," said one, "thought of going to the well for a pail of water every morning, to save my mother trouble and time. She thanked me so much, and was so greatly pleased, that I mean to keep on doing it for her."

"And I," said another boy, "thought of a poor old woman, whose eyes were too dim to read. I went to her house every day and read a chapter to her from the Bible. It seemed to give the old lady a good deal of comfort. I can't tell

you how much she thanked me."

A third boy said:—" I went walking along the street wondering what I could do. A gentleman called me and asked me to hold his horse. I did. He gave me five cents. I have brought it with me to put into the missionary box."

"I was walking with my eyes open and my hands ready, as you told me," said a fourth boy, "when I saw a little boy crying because he had lost some pennies in the gutter. I told him not to cry, for I would help him find his money. I did find it, and the little chap dried up his tears and ran off, feeling very happy."

A fifth boy said:—"I saw my mother was very tired one day. The baby was cross, and mother looked sick and sad. I asked mother to put the baby into my little waggon. She did, and I gave him a grand ride round the garden. If you had heard him crow, and seen him clasp his hands, teacher, it would have done you good; and oh, how muck brighter my mother looked when I took baby indoors again!"

Thus, by trying, all the boys had found some way of being useful during the

week .- Sunday School Advocate.

A HINDOO SEEKING REST.

A RICH Hindoo asked his priest what he must do to find rest and peace of mind "You must wash yourself," said the priest, "in the sacred river" (Ganges).

did so, but without relief; the curse of sin weighed his soul to the very g A pilgrimage was then imposed upon him to an idol temple. He went a hi and fifty hours through burning sands, but felt as much oppressed by the co He once more sought counsel of his priest. He said, "You sl helped." The Hindoo promised everything. He was then charged to drive nails through the soles of his shoes, to take a heavy block on his shoulder, this manner to walk for fifty hours. He undertakes the severe penance. A he has gone twenty hours, amid the most dreadful pains, when he reaches a where he observes a large congregation listening to a foreigner preach. He missionary, who was saving to his heathen brethren, "Behold the Lamb of who taketh away the sins of the world;" and declaring to them that the S would give peace to all who believed in him. The burdened man drauk message as if it had been honey. He cast the block from his shoulders, dr thorny soles from his feet, and called out in the midst of all the people, " the one that can help me! He it is that I am seeking. In him I will belie him will I follow."

BEAUTIFUL ZION.

BEAUTIFUL Zion, built above. Beautiful city that I love, Beautiful gates of pearly white, Beautiful temple—God its light. He who was slain on Calvary Opens those pearly gates to me. Beautiful heaven, where all is light, Beautiful angels clothed in white, Beautiful strains that never tire. Beautiful harps through all the choir. There shall I join the chorus sweet, Worshipping at the Saviour's feet. Beautiful crowns on every brow, Beautiful palms the conquerors show. Beautiful robes the ransomed wear. Beautiful all who enter there. Thither I press with eager feet, There shall my rest be long and s ve t. Beautiful throne for Christ our King. Beautiful songs the angels sing, Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease, Beautiful home of perfect peace; There shall my eyes the Saviour sec, --Haste to this heavenly home with me.

THE CHILDREN AND THE PEACHES.

A COUNTRYMAN returning from the town, brought five peaches back with him, the finest that were ever seen. His children, however, now saw this fruit for the first time, and wondered at its beauty, its pink colour, and delicate bloom. Their father then divided the peaches amongst them, giving one to their mother.

In the evening, when they were going to bed, the father inquired,

"Well, and how did you like your peaches?"

"Oh, very much," exclaimed the eldest. "It is a beautiful fruit; acid and sweetness so delightfully mingled. I have carefully put the stone away, and intend to grow a tree from it."

"Bravo," said the father; "that is what I call acting prudently,

with an eye to the future, as becomes a countryman."

"I ate mine at once," cried the youngest, "and mother gave me half of hers. Oh, how sweet it was! it melted in one's mouth. I threw the hard stone away."

"Well," said the father, "you have certainly not acted prudently, but it was nevertheless natural and child-like. There is time enough

yet for prudence."

Then the second son began. "I picked up the stone which brother threw away, broke it, and ate the kernel, which was sweet as a nut. But I sold my peach, and got so much money for it as to be able to buy twelve when I go to the town."

But his father shook his head, saying, "That is prudent, true; but it is not natural and child-like. Heaven forbid that you should be-

come avaricious."

"And you, Edmund?" asked his father. Frankly Edmund replied, "I gave my peach to our neighbour's sick son, George, who is ill with the fever. He would not take it at first, so I laid it on his bed and ran off."

"Well," said the father, "who has made the best use of his peach?" And all three cried, "Edmund!" But Edmund was silent, and his mother embraced him with a tear, and his father gave

him his blessing.—From the German.

"I LIVE TO LOVE."

"I LIVE to love," said a laughing girl, And she playfully tossed each flaxen curl; And she climbed on her loving father's knee, And snatched a kiss in her childish glee.

"I live to love," said a maiden fair,
And she twined a wreath for her sister's hair;
They were bound by the cords of love together,
And death alone could those sisters sever.

"I live to love," said a gay young bride, Her loved one standing at her side; Her life told again what her lips had spoken, And ne'er was the link of affection broken.

"I live to love," said a mother kind,
"I would live a guide to thy youthful mind;"
Her precepts and examples given
Guided her children home to heaven.

"I live to love," said a fading form,
And her eyes were bright, and her cheeks grew warm
As she thought of the blissful world on high
Where she'd live to love, and never die!

And ever thus, in this lower world, Should the banner of love be wide unfurl'd; And when we meet in the world above, May we love to live, and live to love!



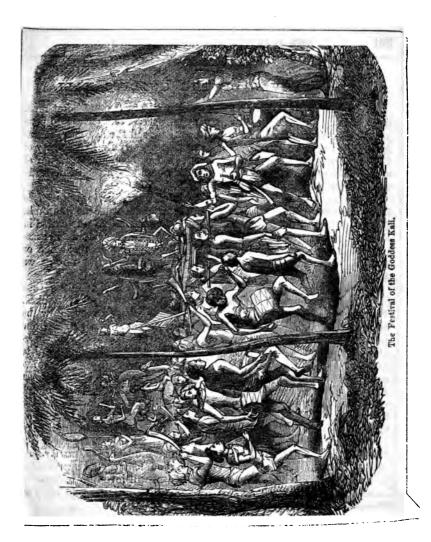
LONDON: J. HEATON AND SON, 42, PATERNOSTER BOW.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Welcome, Christmas, welcome here, Happiest season of the year:
Fires are blazing thee to greet,
Families together meet:
Brothers, sisters, circle round,
Loud is gladness' festive sound;
For old England loves to see
All her children welcome thee.

Welcome, Christmas, for thy voice Calls upon us to rejoice
Not with foolish, idle mirth,
Born and perishing on earth;
Far be such ungrateful thought:
Ours are blessings dearly bought,
Dearly bought, but freely given
By the Lord of earth and heaven.

Fix we then on Christ our eye;
May we feel the Saviour nigh:
May we meet around the board,
All rejoicing in the Lord:
Be the Babe of Bethlehem near;
May his love the season cheer,
And each gladdened heart and tongue
Join the angels' Christmas song.



THE FESTIVAL OF THE GODDESS KALL

What a frightful picture! You may well say so; but what must it be, think you, to see what this picture represents? He who pens you these explanatory lines has often witnessed the sad and mournful sight of Kali's Festival. It takes place yearly in the vicinity of Calcutta, continues for fifteen days, and has been the occasion of much cruelty and wretchedness. The numbers who attend this festival are now greatly diminished.

You may not know that the city of Calcutta derives its name from this cruel goddess of the Hindoos. Before Calcutta was built the temple of Kali existed in the neighbourhood. It was called in the Bengali language Kali Cotta, and this, abbreviated, became Calcutta: Kali or Cali, the goddess, and Cotta, her residence of temple. The Hindoos to this day pronounce Calcutta, not as we

do, but, "Cali Cotta."

Kali is the goddess of cruelty; the poor ignorant Hindoos thus endeavouring to personify all things sad, sorrowful, and wicked They that make such gods are like to them. Ah, if they knew the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent to save an instruct them, and to deliver them from all evil both here and here after, how differently would they think and act! It is delightful to know that many of them have been brought under the gracious influence of the Gospel, and are now members of the Church of Jesus Christ. The writer of this paper has baptized many of them, and rejoiced over them as humble and true-hearted followers of the Saviour, and he hopes to meet them with joy before the great whit throne.

Dear young friends, pray that whilst the heathen are forsaking their cruel and dumb idols that they may find pardon, purity, and peace through the blood of the Lamb, you may each be prompted to say, "He is my Saviour and my Guide; I will love him because he is both graviour and good; and my earnest aim shall be to obey al

his commandments."

GRANDPAPA'S WAITS.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

"Now when I was a boy," said my grandfather.

Everybody looked up. Alice and I moved a little nearer to the arm-chair which nestled so cozily in the angle of the screen; my uncle smiled; and even my aunt, although commonly too much absorbed in her darning and patching to care much about the stories with which we children were so much delighted, paused a moment, just to hear what had happened in those days "langsyne" when my grandfather, now four-score and three years old, was a lively, active, sdventure-loving, and by no means fault-less boy.

We were sitting together in the backperlour behind the shop, and enjoying the quiet half-hour which, after "closingtime." my uncle was wont to spend with his little family. Baby was sleeping in the cradle at his mother's side, and Arty, who had been allowed to sit up nearly two hours later than usual because it was the twenty-third of December, and his birthday, was nodding gravely at the fire from his perch on his father's knee. Alice and L twin orphans who had found a home in that house seven years before, had just dropped our needlework for a chat by the evening fire, and, if possible, a story from dear, delightful, darling grandpapa.

Ah, how we loved him as he slowly declined towards the valley of the shadow

of death! With what tender care we supported his trembling frame as he passed from one room to another! How we reverenced his white hair, and farrowed brow, and the lips from which words of wisdom fell so sweetly as to win every ear—I might almost say every heart! Sixty and two years had my grandfather walked in the ways of the Lord his God. It was nothing wonderful if, with heaven so very near, he was calm, and bright, and happy beyond description.

Sixty-two years! eighty-three years! what long times in the eyes of little children, but how short in the sight of Him who has lived, and shall live, for ever! "For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night."

Nearly seventy summers must have adorned the world with flowers, nearly seventy winters must have hardened the crust of the earth with frost, and covered the hills with a mantle of pure white snow, since my grandfather was a boy. The first French Revolution; the rad murder of poor Louis XVI. and his wife Marie Antoinette; the wonderful rise to power of Napoleon Bonaparte; the great battle of Waterloo, and the exile of Napoleon to St. Helena; the birth and death of the good Princess Charlotte; the French Revolution of 1830, and the English Betorm Bill of

1832: all these were things of which my grandfather could speak, as we of the death of the Duke of Wellington, or the siege of Sebastopol. It was very amusing to hear about it all, and to learn by heart all the personal adventures which gave what my uncle called the "spice" to the narration. I have sat by the hour on a stool at my grandfather's knee, looking up into his delightful face-that "delightful" is just the right adjective, and I will not mark it out-and drinking in every thought as the thirsty earth drinks water; and I was never more pleased than when, as on this twenty-third of December, 185---, he began a long speech with the sentence, "When I was a boy."

After an interruption caused by my efforts to awaken Arty, in order that he too might hear the story, Grandpapa once more, and in the same words, began his tale.

"When I was a boy a most pleasant custom prevailed in our family. On the Christmas morning, long before day-break, my father's servants and his children rose, and, forming a circle in the front of the house, which, as you all know, was a large one, standing in a garden, sang a Christmas carol."

"How delightful!" said Alice.

"But how cold !" put in my uncle.

"Oh, please go on"—this was my speech—"and tell us every scrap about it, grandpapa."

ean promise, my little Minnie. But you shall hear something about the first in

which I was permitted to share. I was ten years old——"

"Just our age!" said I, turning to Alice; but my aunt held up her finger at the interruption, and I was silent.

"Ten years old, when my mother, at the earnest entreaty of all those who were already carollers, gave me leave to prepare my great-coat, woollen gloves, and comforter, over-night, rise at five, and go out with the others, and if possibles sing as they did. I say if possible, because I was commonly supposed to have no voice; a great defect, as you know, in a public singer."

"Grandpapa!"

"Don't you think so ?"

"Yes; but you said it in such a droll way," said Alice; for it was she who now, in her turn, interrupted him. "You are always so funny."

"Not always, my little girl," said grandpapa; "for, as I told you this morning, when you wanted a story from me instead of a writing-lesson from your aunt, 'There is a time for all things.'"

"And this is the time for telling Christmas stories," said I, laughing; "so please go on now, dear grandpapa. You were just laying out your coat and comforter."

"And a cap that might shelter my ears from the frost-wind," said my grandfather, as he echoed my laugh. "Such a Guy Fawkes as I looked when I put it on, just to try, and went down among the servants in the back kitchen, where a huge log blazed on the wide hearth, while a miniature forest of green-stuff

seemed to be growing wrong side downwards from the beams. But I was so unxious to join the 'waits,' that I would have worn a pair of blankets, ather than be obliged to stay in bed that hristmas morning, and so lose my share of the 'largess' which my father was yout to throw from his chamber winlow."

"What is 'largess'?" asked Arty, who was now wide awake.

"Your great-grandfather's was five hillings," replied my grandfather—"five hillings, to be divided amongst the ingers. It was not much, but we bought it very handsome."

"Well, five shillings," said I, "is a leal of money, grandpapa. Uncle said to the other day when I asked him for wo half-crowns to buy a doll."

"And did you get them?"

"No, grandpapa: uncle put them into the little rainbow-box with the hole in the top."

"Ay, that was better, especially as fou have one doll already."

I mused a few seconds, and then said, "Grandpapa."

"My child."

"If I had five shillings of my own, my very own, would you expect me to put it ill into the box with the hole in the too?"

"Most surely no."

"But I might if I liked?"

"Of course."

"If I did, then what good?"

"You would send a few Bibles to the dark places of the earth, dear, that is all."

"I should like that. What a pity it is that we have so little money! If we could knit a few nightcaps, like the little girl in 'Strive and Thrive'...."

Here Alice whispered something in my ear which sounded very much like "waits."

"Eh, what?" said I. "Did you say waits?"

"Hush, do / it is quite a secret yet," whispered Alice again. "Wait till we go to bed, and I will tell you."

Inodded, and after that even grandpapa's long-continued story about the "waits" could scarcely prevent my wishing it was nine o'clock, at which time Alice and I were to retire. I remember that Arty when my grandfather was a boy, and that he was delighted when, at last, a few lines were repeated and hummed over for his benefit. I remember that the story included a description of a bitterly cold winter's morning, and of the way in which the singers spent their money. But my thoughts wandered.

"Good night, dear grandpapa." It was nine o'clock at last, and I was going. "Good night, dear Minnie; and see to

it that you do not, like the wicked Herod, refuse to let the great King reign over you."

I kissed him and went away, but Alice lingered.

"Would you?" I heard her say to my grandfather, after whispering something in his ear—"would you, now?"

"Of course I would," replied my Then grandfather; "let them try me "Then

Alice, satisfied, said "Good night" in her turn.

"Good night, dear Ally. Don't forget about the time for all things."

"And now, what is the secret?" I exclaimed, as soon as we were alone. "Do tell me, Alice."

"It is about the five shillings for the rainbow-box," said my sister gravely: "I think we can get that without knitting nightcaps."

"How?"

Alice whispered again. Perhaps she thought that the walls had ears, or that my grandfather, who was now in the room adjoining, would discover her secret.

My first exclamation was, "Delightful!" and my next, "Will Aunt Mary allow it?" We both fell seleep, thinking about grandpapa and the "waits," and I dreamed that a group of robin-redbreasts came under my window and sang carols until I threw them two half-crowns in a rainbow-coloured box.

The next morning we awoke before day-break, and talked until Aunt Mary came to call us, and to hear our secret, at which, to our great delight, she only smiled; and all day long, Alice and I, being in the kitchen as assistant-cooks, spoke in whispers about Christmas carols.

Long before tea-time all our plans were made, and, with my aunt's full consent, we went early to bed—that is to say, early for Christmas Eve!—in order that we might rise at five o'clock, and sing carols outside grandpapa's window, which, happily for our purpose, opened on our "square"—the leads.

It was starlight, and by no means cold, but we carried a lantern and wore many wrappings, so as to be as much as possible like dear grandpapa "when he was a boy." Then, to the great surprise of our sober-minded neighbours on either side, we raised Luther's beautiful hymn.—

- "From heaven above to earth I come, To bear good news to every home: Glad tidings of great joy I bring, Whereof I now will say and sing.
- "To you this night is born a child, Of Mary, chosen mother mild: This little child, of lowly birth, Shall be the joy of all your earth.
- "He brings those blessings, long ago Prepared by God for all below: Henceforth his kingdom open stands To you, as to the angel bands.
- "Now let us all with gladsome cheer Follow the shepherds, and draw near, To see this wondrous gift of God, Who hath his only Son bestowed.
- "O dearest Jesus, holy Child, Make thee a bed—soft, undefiled— Within my heart, that it may be A quiet chamber kept for thee,
- "My heart for very joy doth lesp i My lips no more can silence keep: I too must sing with joyful tongue That sweetest ancient cradle song,—
- "Glory to God in highest heaven, Who unto man his Son hath given I While angels sing with pious mirth A glad New Year to all the earth."

It was a favourite with my grandfather, and it was not long before he raised himself in his bed to hearken. We did not know this, but we sang with all possible energy, and, I hope, with feeling too, not only that hymn, but three others of a similar character. And at last, just

before we ceased to sing, two bright half-crowns fell at our feet, and a kind voice raid, "Many thanks, dear children!" It was grandpapa's largess, given expressly for the rainbow-hued box with a hole in the top, and we went back to our room with a full conviction that singing carols was the easiest possible way of earning money.

It was foolish, perhaps, and I almost wonder, now, why my aunt yielded so readily to our entreaty; but after that year, so long as grandpapa was spared to us, Alice and I, on Christmas morning, were his "waits." And so long as he had strength to muffle himself in his

dressing-gown and raise the window, so long was grandpapa's annual extraordinary subscription to the good cause thrown down to us as our reward for thus rising and carolling. But at last the time came when the two half-crowns had to be sent to us at breakfast-time, and, awhile after, they came no more.

Grandpapa died very early on Christmas morning, 185—. He sleeps in Jesus; or, rather, his body sleeps, for his soul is in the paradise of God. May all who read this simple story of a Christmas carol join him in singing the sweet song of Moses and the Lamb in a world where there is no death!

C. N.

MISSIONARY NEWS.

During the past two months I have been away from London a good deal, travelling in Hampshire, Berkshire, Somersetshire, and Norfolk; consequently the letters from abroad are not at hand. But I have been thinking of you a good deal since I wrote to you about the harvest thanksgiving contribution, and wondering whether you have taken that matter in hand.

Since then, the Committee have been much concerned about the finances. If any of you don't exactly know what that word means, ask your parents or your teachers. They will tell you all about it. Well, then, you must know that the cost of supporting the mission was a great deal more last year than what we received. We spent more than we got. One cause of this was the large sums given to help the poor starving cotton-spinners down in Lancashire. Very many Sunday-schools, and a great many young through the country, gave all they could give to this object, and the mission funds fell off. This was not to be wondered at, nor do any of us complain. These poor people deserved all the sympathy which was shown to them, and needed all the help they got.

Now you will be pleased to hear that some schools are doing great things. I was at Salisbury the other day, and was surprised to learn that the school there had raised £46, I think the sum was! And I was told that many children in the school were so interested in the mission cause, that they cheerfully, and of their own accord, would put off having new clothes, and other things, that they might have more to give. That was making a sacrifice! At Liverpool, the schools there, and at Birkenhead, have raised nearly two hundred pounds! See what can be done when children's hearts are right in this matter.

In reading over an American newspaper the other day, I met with some remarks about the children in Japan. I have not space to tell you much about them, but we may hope, ere long, to hear of missionaries being permitted to live there, and preach the Gospel. The

following extract will be "news" to all of you:-

"During more than half a year's residence in Japan, I have never seen a quarrel between old or young. I have never seen a blow struck, scarcely an angry face. I have seen the children at their sports, their kites upon the hill, and any amount of intertangled strings or kites lodged in the trees, but no angry words or impatience. They are taught implicit obedience to their parents, but I have never seen one of them chastised. Respect and reverence to the aged is universal. A crying child is a rarity seldom seen. We have nothing to teach them in this respect out of our abundant civilization. I speak what I know of the little folks of Japan, for more than any other foreigner have I been among them. Of all that Japan holds, there is nothing I like half so well as the happy children. They have been my guides in my rambles, shown me where all the streams and ponds were, where all the flowers lay hid in the thicket, where the berries lay ripening on the hill; they have brought me shells from the ocean, and blossoms from the field, presenting them all with modesty and a less bashful grace than a young American boy would do. We have hunted the fox-holes together, and looked for the green golden ducks among the hedges. They have laughed at my broken Japanese, and taught me better, and for a happy, good-natured set of children, I will turn out my Japanese friends against the world. God bless the boys and girls of Niphon."

I am sure all of you will heartily join in the good wishes of Mr. Hall, who gives this account of the character and conduct of the Japanese children. Of this I am sure, that you, dear young friends, having the Bible, ought to be better than they are said to be.—F. T.

Mission House, Moorgate Street.

"I'M TOO LITTLE."

Those words reached the ears of Mrs. Wilson as she came into the parlour one day. She found her three children seated on the sofa, Anna, the eldest, trying to amuse her brother and sister.

She had been telling them a story in her own wise way, of some good little girl who was a great help to her mother, and was showing the example of this excellent child for the benefit of Ella, when their mother came in.

"Too little for what, Ella?" asked Mrs. Wilson.

"I was telling her," said Anna, "the story of Katie Lee; and when I said she must be good, and do as Katie Lee did, she told me she was too little."

"Little girls of four years are rather small," said Mrs. Wilson;

"but my Ella isn't too little to be good, I hope."

"But Katie was older than I, I'm sure," said Ella: "I can't do such things as she can."

"What things?" asked mamma.

"Why, bring in the milk-pitcher. I'm afraid I'd spill the milk, and then Susan would say, 'Oh, you are a plague!'"

Mrs. Wilson smiled, for little Ella was called a "plague" very

often.

"If you couldn't bring the milk-pitcher, darling, you could be useful in other ways," she said. "Now listen to me: you can pick up my ball when it rolls on the carpet, and get papa's slippers, and fetch me a book, or my work-basket, can't you?"

"Yes, I can do those," said Ella.

"Well, then, are you too little to be useful?"

"Why, is that being useful? I thought it meant real great

things," said Ella, opening her eyes in astonishment.

"It means that older girls are to do great things, and little girls are to do little things," said her mother. "Always do little things well, and when you are older you will be able to do great things also!"

FINISH THY WORK.

Fisish thy work: the time is short;
The sun is in the west;
The night is coming down: till then
Think not of rest.

Yes, finish all thy work, then rest; Till then rest never: The rest prepared for thee by God Is rest for ever.

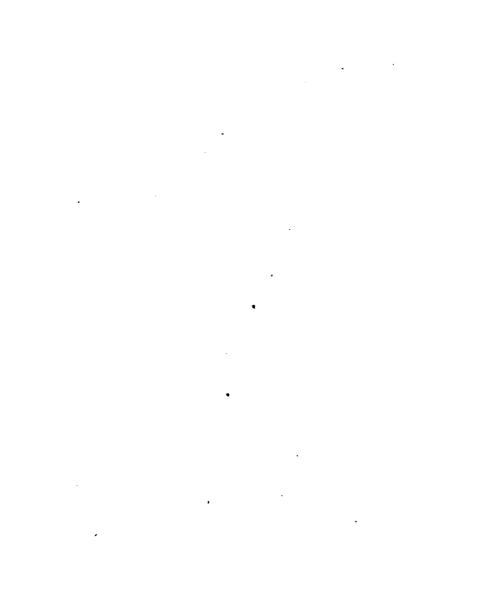
Finish thy work, then wipe thy brow, Ungird thee from thy toil; Take breath, and from each weary limb Shake off the soil.

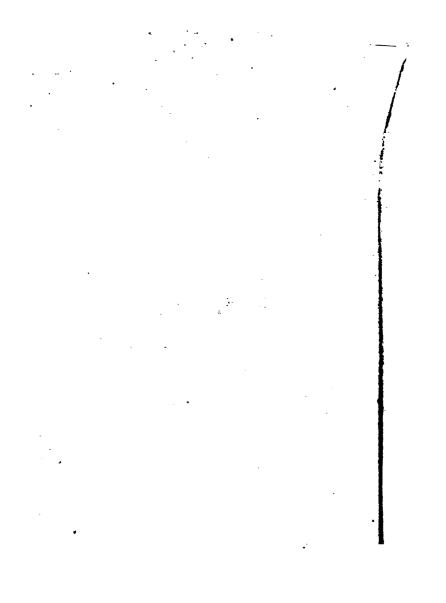
Finish thy work, then sit thee down On some celestial hill, And of its strength-reviving air Take thou thy fill.

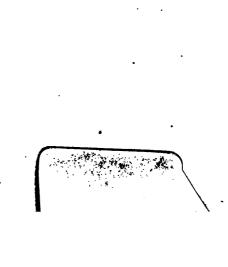
Finish thy work, then go in peace, Life's battle fought and won; Hear from the throne the Master's voice, "Well done! well done!"

Finish thy work, then take thy harp, Give praise to God above; Sing a new song of mighty joy And endless love.

Give thanks to Him who held thee up In all thy path below, Who made thee faithful unto death, And crowns thee now!







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